THE BANJO

Mandolin and Guitar News.

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THE BANJO

Mandolin and Guitar News.

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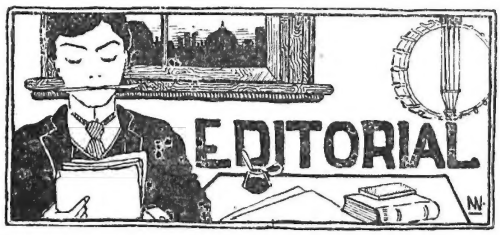
MUSIC:—"Carolina Tar Heel," Cake Walk (Mandolin).
"Rena May," Romance (Banjo).

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]



THE advent of autumn has brought this year but sad tidings in its train. It is with the deepest and most sincere regret that we announce to our readers the death of Mr. S. A. Halfpenny, the celebrated banjo virtuoso, on the twelfth of last month, after a lingering and painful illness. Although it is now nearly a twelvemonth since there first rose occasion for serious alarm regarding his state of health, the news of his death comes as a great shock to his many friends, as to the public generally.

* * *

Mr. Halfpenny's illness dates practically from the beginning of the year, when a severe affection of the lungs kept him in a critical condition for many weeks. After a weary time of anxiety, the balance turned ultimately in his favour, and by the return of spring, there seemed every hope of a permanent recovery. All went well until a sudden and hopeless relapse, probably consequent upon a chill, undid in the instant, as it were, the work of past months, and after a final brief illness of scarcely a fortnight he passed peacefully from this world upon the Tuesday, a little after noon, at the early age of twenty-six.

* * *

It seems only yesterday since Mr. Halfpenny formed one of the merry set gathered together in the editorial sanctum, two years ago this month, to record the official christening of our little journal, then about to make its first venture before a critical public. I remember that there was some little difficulty in finding chairs enough to go round for the assembled company, and much laughter and the spirit of good humour marked the evening's proceedings. Many were the selections

MR. FRED JAGGER.

given "by special request," and Mr. Halfpenny, always ready to help in giving pleasure, was among the foremost to contribute to the impromptu programme. The laughter and the tears of life lie never far apart, and there is at all times a sadness in looking back on earlier days. The years that bring the new faces take away the old. But although their place know them no more, they live their lifetime again in the loving memory of their friends.

* * *

There comes also to us tidings of the death of Mr. A. W. Jackson, who it will be remembered some short time ago took over the business of Mr. John Alfred Mills, in Moorgate Street, which he has since conducted with very great success. Mr. Jackson died on Friday, September 15th, after a brief and severe illness, very greatly regretted by all who knew him.

* * *

Universal notation is still an open question of debate upon the other side. The thing itself is so obvious that all articles upon the subject are bound to take pretty much the same form. The whole of the matter is, that this fictitious pitch of A and E is a thing which should never have been. Having once been, however, the fact of custom is scarcely a sufficient argument for its continued use. It is advanced that many players would hesitate at the trouble and difficulty entailed in re-learning the new notation, which, by the way, is properly the old. But the more advanced of American players now read, with equal facility, in either notation. What one can learn, another can. And the study of music is all difficulty, if we come down to that. The chief practical trouble seems to lie in the fact that publishers are continuing to issue each season quantities of new music set in the false notation, and the re-issuing of these in new editions would entail considerable trouble and expense. This much is true. The question arises: is it worth this trouble? Most decidedly, Yes!

* * *

There is a vague conviction afloat to the effect that this change is bound to take place at some future day. But, we would ask why in the *future?* Why not now? The decision of it is almost entirely in the hands of the musical journals and publishers. It is a problem that should receive more than merely desultory and spasmodic attention, if only for the reason that, until the proper notation becomes universal, the best of musical literature will remain to the average banjo-player a closed book. It is a step which has to do vitally will the advancement of the instrument in the hands of the public.

* * *

We are pleased to note among our contemporaries an increasing tendency to widen the range of subjects dealt with in their columns, thus including the discussion of many topics which were in former years held to be practically without import to the banjo, mandolin and guitar profession. This is distinctly a step in the right direction. No art or profession can be entirely self-existent, but stands in proportionate and immediate relation to other professions. Each, through either direct or indirect channels, is bound to assist the others. Upon the proper recognition and use of these relations will depend in great measure the general advance. It is admitted that the progress of the banjo during the past decade has been largely due to the journals published in its name, these journals having worked both to promote and also to widen the interests of the profession. Not long ago the average banjo teacher knew very little of what was happening outside his own studio, and cared even less. He was concerned solely with his own connection, with the natural result of remaining in one groove from year's end to year's end. Progress being the outcome of universal movement, no real progress was possible while this state of affairs continued, each individual being taken up exclusively with his own single scheme. Journalism has now altered this, and in a remarkably short space of time. By its means new ideas and methods are brought daily under general notice, and it has rendered no excuse possible for the mere drifter. The outlook is widened each month and it is evident that the future years will see it yet further extended.

* * *

We hear that Mr. Will C. Pepper's next concert has been arranged to take place at St. Martin's Town Hall on November 23rd.

CONCERT NOTICE.

A GRAND Evening Concert in aid of the Postmen's Cricket Club will take place at Peckham Public Hall, on Tuesday, October 26th, 1899. Amongst the many talented artistes appearing we notice Mr. Louis Bramley's Æolian Troupe of Mandolinists, Guitarists and Vocalists. Popular prices. Commence at 8.

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

In Memoriam.

S. A. HALFPENNY.

On the afternoon of Friday, September 15th, the friends and relatives of the late Mr. S. A. Halfpenny gathered in the Manor Park Cemetery to render to his earthly remains the last sad service of affection and respect. The scene was both solemn and impressive, and will live long in the memory of those present.

So brief was Mr. Halfpenny's last illness that those about him had scarcely time to fully realize his loss. He had set out upon the Thursday for his studio in Upton Lane, in apparently good health, when on his way through West Ham Park he was overtaken by a sudden and alarming illness. Upon arrival at the studio, and the summoning of medical assistance, it was found that he had broken a bloodvessel. Immediate removal was out of the question, and it was not until two days later that it was judged safe to convey him, by means of a St. John's Ambulance, to his home. Although for a little while he seemed to regain strength, and with it an almost wistful confidence in his ultimate recovery, there was from the first but very slender hope. In spite of the utmost that care and skill could devise for his aid, the end was now only a question of time; day by day brought him nearer to the valley, and on the Tuesday week, a little after noon, he passed very peacefully away, to the last perfectly conscious and full of thought for those near to him.

Many of Mr. Halfpenny's pupils and the members of his orchestra were present at the funeral, also representatives from several of the leading musical papers. The service, the first portion of which was read at the deceased's residence, was conducted by the Rev. J. W. Eisdell.

The coffin was completely hidden under flowers, which were thrown upon it as it was lowered into the vault. Among the most beautiful of the tributes was a banjo, composed of roses and lilies, sent by Miss King; many were in the form of harps, including one from Mr. Cammeyer, and wreaths were sent by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. John Pidoux, Mr. Will C. Pepper, Mr. W. E. Temlett, and many others.

It seems hard to realize this death of one of the greatest of our English banjo artists, harder still when we think of his youth and the future which was before him, and that he leaves a gap in his profession which must remain for some time to come practically unfilled. For though upon every instrument there are many players, there are but few true artists, as has been brought home many a time and oft to those who in days past have listened to Mr. Halfpenny's playing. The work which he has done for the banjo is very great; that which he would have done, had he been spared, is yet greater. His was not the soul to pause at the accomplishment of any given aim; his thought was always towards the future, seeking a still further advance, and laying no limit to the end for which he worked. The artist sees not only that which is, but that which will yet be, prophetic of good, whether the fruit of his labour come in his life time, or only after his death. To many has it come only too late. To Mr. Halfpenny success was already known, though, like all who have helped in the building work of art, he has sowed for others to reap. He knew this, and the knowledge rendered less hard to him the thought of his uncompleted work.

His whole soul was in his art, and it was unflagging toil which in large measure helped to bring about his death, while yet on the very threshold, as it were, of his career. His principles made for thoroughness and perfection of detail, in teaching others as well as in his own playing, and made instruction, to him, a labour of individual care. He wrought beyond his strength. He was always ready in encouragement, and showed a wide-minded appreciation of the achievements of others. He worked practically to the last, for he was giving lessons on the day before his illness, and through his subsequent suffering his mind turned continually to his banjo, and the unfinished task which he must leave behind him. Among almost his last words was the earnest charge—"Work for the banjo and art."

His many classical arrangements, and the exquisite finish and delicacy displayed in his rendition of them, are too well-known to need many words. Those who have listened to him will always remember. His fame was far from being local, and he won recognition for his instrument from the highest musical critics of the day. It is strange that the last selection he ever gave, at a garden party in Woodford, was, by special request, Chopin's "Marche Funèbre." His audience little thought then that he was playing what might be his own requiem.

Sooner or later, into all our lives, there comes the one summons. Very gladly then we would answer, as often to lesser calls, "I will come in a little while. Wait just till I have finished what I am doing." But we know

that Death takes no heed of time, and be we prince or peasant, artist or artisan, we must follow, laying silently down our tools in the closing dusk, caring only to know that the dust will not gather upon them, but that when we are gone, other hands than ours will use them to shape our unfinished work.

We look back down the road of time, and its hills are gray with the rising mist. Written there we see the names of those who in the days before us lived and wrought and in their turn passed away, leaving behind them a memory which endures changeless through the changes of life.

So in the years to come shall others, looking backward, read, and render honour, the names of to-day.

We take this opportunity of informing the pupils and friends of the late Mr. S. A. Halfpenny, that lessons, etc., will in future be conducted at his studio by the Misses Halfpenny, who hope to resume business at an early date.

PHILADELPHIA OVERWHELMED.

(*From our Philadelphia Correspondent.*)

JUST now this city is packed with strangers. The National Export Exposition is drawing immense crowds and all the hotels are filled to the doors. The streets of this reserved city are crowded day and night with sightseers. The Exposition itself is a huge success. The auditorium, where daily concerts are given by the best American bands, will seat 8,000 people, and it is crowded every day.

Banjo players in Philadelphia are impatiently waiting for Farland's appearance here on November 27th. His recital will take place at Witherspoon Hall, Walnut Street, below Broad. This affair promises to be the greatest banjo event of the year. One of the features will be the Hastings Banjo Club of fifty young ladies under the leadership of Miss Emily Hastings. Another feature will be a large banjo orchestra composed of American teachers. Thos. J. Armstrong is the manager of this recital and he is going to make it a success. Richard L. Weaver, the popular composer, is writing a "Festival Overture" for the occasion, and it will be rendered by a huge mandolin band. A forty-page programme, of great beauty, will be issued by the management for this event. This programme will be one of the most unique ever issued for concert purposes.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Botanical and Horticultural Society gave their last concert of the season on the afternoon of Saturday, September 16th, when the famous "Mikado Banjo Party," under the leadership of Mr. John Pidoux, formed the chief attraction of the programme. This clever troupe, clad in Japanese costume, have made a decided success. Among the selections given by them on this occasion were "Entrancement," "Corncracker," Selections from the "Mikado," "Drexel March," "Love and Beauty Waltzes," and "Doppel-Adler." Mr. John Pidoux won enthusiastic applause for his banjo solos "Reverie Pathetique," "Fantasie-Barcarolle" (Elias), "Polish Dance," No. 2 (Tostig), and "Rakoczy March, Hungarian," from Berlioz' "Faust."

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Mr. Harry Claydon writes:—"Things are now in full working order in connection with the banjo. The season has started well and bids fair to be an exceptionally busy one. There is no doubt that the banjo has 'caught on' here, for new pupils are coming along fast. With the exception of a few dinners I have done but little playing out lately, but have a good number of shows booked for the winter. Allow me to wish your paper every success on its second birthday."

BRIGHTON.

Mr. W. H. Plumbridge, who has done so much to cultivate a taste for the mandolin, banjo and similar instruments in Brighton, has made enterprising arrangements for the ensuing season. He starts his popular banjo and mandolin and guitar bands early in October, the first practice for the mandolin and guitar band being fixed for the 3rd, whilst the banjo band commence on October 4th, at Mr. Plumbridge's Band Room, No. 30, Hampton Place, Brighton. Members can join either of the bands at any time. Both bands will be considerably larger than last session, and Mr. Plumbridge has been able to get several novelties in the way of band music, and an interesting season may be expected. As these bands are the only

organisations south of London that play banjo, mandolin and guitar music pure and simple, all lovers of these instruments should avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best compositions of the day for their respective instruments. There are vacancies in the band for tenor and bass mandolas; and it should be noted that anyone who can play the mandolin would have no difficulty in playing the mandola. The mandolin and guitar band will be more complete than ever this season, thanks to the addition of a harp, which will form a better accompaniment to the body of strings than a piano. The banjo band will also be numerically stronger than before. A few more banjeaurine players would be welcomed, and, as in the case of the mandolin and mandola, any banjo player can play a banjeaurine. Mr. Plumbridge has also some quite new American selections for this band, and a harp player will attend the practices. Mr. Plumbridge feels sure that the rehearsals will be more enjoyable than ever. He has already arranged for his own two concerts, one before and one after Christmas. Applications for the gratuitous services of the band for local charities may be made to him. Mr. Plumbridge visits the country to organise and conduct similar bands to his own, and it should not be forgotten that he is also a solo player, and accepts engagements with Mr. E. A. Hedgcock, who may also be engaged separately for any concert. Mr. Plumbridge receives applications at his residence, 30, Hampton Place, Brighton, any day except Thursday and Saturday, on which two days his teaching in London takes him away from Brighton.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Bristol.

On Thursday, September 7th, "Hannah More" Hall was crowded to excess to witness a grand evening concert given in aid of the Orthopœdic Hospital and Home for Crippled Children, when Mr. Albert Monk introduced to the public his Bristol Banjo Band, supported by Mr. Teddy Tegg, of Swindon, also his renowned Swindon Mandolin Quintette. During the evening Mr. Monk rendered two fine banjo solos, which were heartily appreciated, and gained the only double encore of the evening.

Cape Town.

"Last Friday evening's concert in aid of the funds of the Green Point and Sea Point Amateur Gymnastic Club was an artistic and financial success. The large audience was most enthusiastic and recalls were the order of the evening. The Cape Town Mandolin Band, ever to the fore in the interests of sport, contributed to the evening's programme, whilst those accomplished vocalists, the Angelus Quartet, were of invaluable service during the evening. The complete programme was as under:—Selection, 'Circus Queen' Galop, Cape Town Mandolin Band; vocal quartet, (*a*) 'When Evening's Twilight,' (*b*) 'Absence,' The Angelus Quartet; song, 'Eight Bars Rest,' Mr. R. Mathew; banjo solo, (*a*) 'Madala Valse,' (*b*) 'Sylvia,' Mr. Chas. J. Gilbert; recit and aria, 'Scenes that are Brightest,' Mrs. T. Murray Rawbone; mandolin solo, 'Simple Aveu,' Mr. Sidney Chapman; song, 'Is Love a Dream?' Mr. W. Carlton; humorous, 'Stuttering,' Mr. A. E. Hampson; serenade and gypsy dance, Cape Town Mandolin Band; song, 'Life's Lullaby,' Mr. W. Carlton; banjo solo, Mr. Richard Dixon; vocal quartet, Angelus Quartet; mandolin solo, Mr. Sydney Chapman; humorous, Mr. A. E. Hampson; valse 'Americaine,' Cape Town Mandolin Band. Conductor, Mr. Sydney Chapman; mandolins: Miss Nimkey, Miss L. Nimkey, Miss Bösenberg, Miss Alice Bösenberg, Miss Nora Mocke, Miss Fearnley, Mr. F. Chapman, Mr. A. de Korte; mandola: Mr. J. Chapman; 'cello, Miss Grace Fussell; piano, Miss Van Noorden. Mr. W. Stubbings accompanied."—Held over last issue.—Ed. B. M. and G. News.

Chesham.

On Monday, August 7th, the Gospel Hall School Treat took place at Dungrove Hill, when Mr. F. Norman supplied a mandolin and string band for the occasion, consisting of first and second mandolins, first and second violins, piccolo, cornet, harp, and double bass. Among the selections given were "Brazilian March," "Enchantment," Overture "Majestical," "Oxford," "Keystone State," "Rialto," Selection, "Air Varié," "National Anthem," "Golden Leaves," "Over Life's Ocean," "Washington Post," etc. There was a large attendance, and the music was greatly appreciated.

On August 24th, at a garden party given by Mrs. Hornby, the Chesham Amateur String Band played numerous selections to the enjoyment of the visitors and friends present. A vocal and instrumental concert was given on the lawn in the evening, and a pleasant drive back to Chesham concluded a most enjoyable evening.

Manchester.

On Monday, August 7th, at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Mr. J. F. Rastall played

mandolin solos :—" Alice " and Van Biene's " Broken Melody," both pieces being well received by large audiences. On Friday, the 18th, at a private party he played " Amorette" and " Broken Melody," and as encores, " Il Baccio " and Raff's " Cavatina " respectively.—Crowded out last issue.—ED. B. M. and G. NEWS.

SHANKLIN.

The visitors to this town are still numerous, and the series of illuminated promenade concerts, sports, etc., is being continued. The troupes of minstrels and other various itinerant musicians are more numerous than ever, and their prolonged stay in the locality is indicative of the patronage accorded. Some excellent concert parties have performed almost nightly in the pier pavilion, the Follies attracting crowded audiences.—*Daily Mail.*

SOUTHPORT.

" White Coon " Company, No. 2, under the able leadership of Mr. Alban Booth, are doing well here, and, as usual, attracting large audiences. The *Southport Guardian* says :—" The re-engagement of Mr. Alban Booth's quartet of ' White Coon's ' to give concerts in the Conservatory in the mornings and evenings has proved a very happy one. Although the audiences have not been consistently large, the excellence of the entertainment has attracted thither many people, and the general verdict has been that the concerts supply a felt want. Miss Mary Spicer, the ballad vocalist and pianist, acquits herself with equal charm in either capacity. Mr. Alban Booth is a banjoist of very much more than average skill. Indeed, his execution of such pieces as Cammeyer's ' L'Hirondelle Mazurka ' and ' Valse de Concert ' excites a deeper feeling than one of mere interest. Mr. Albert Durand is a smart coon vocalist and a dexterous instrumentalist. The banjo duets by Messrs. Alban Booth and Durand are by no means the least attractive feature of the concerts. Mr. Albert Spearpoint is a first-rate comic vocalist, and some of his ditties are well worth hearing. The concerts are given on each forenoon and evening.

SWINDON.

Mr. Teddy Tegg on September 9th again displayed his marked ability as a zither-banjoist. He was engaged to entertain a party on an outing to the Isle of Wight and Southsea, and he most favourably fulfilled his engagement. His teacher, Mr. A. P. Monk, of Clifton and Swindon, should be proud of such a talented pupil.

WEYMOUTH.

The Royal Pavilion Pierrots started their season here on Monday, August 21st, and are entertaining large crowds daily in the Alexander Gardens and on the parade. They gave a special performance in the Burdon Assembly Rooms, when every item in the programme was encored. Amongst the banjo solos were, " Yacht Club " March, " Drexel " March, " Fascination." The older favourites are as popular as ever.

REMINISCENCES OF THE "QUEEN'S NAVEE."

BY AN OLD SEA DOG.

(*Written especially for* THE BANJO).

(Continued from page 180).

HAVING obtained my banjo, I bought a green baize bag to put it in, a cheap tutor, and a few spare strings and bridges, and considering myself fully equipped and provisioned, I made my way on board, taking care to hold the bag so that passers by could not fail to see what was in it, and endeavouring to look as much like a fully fledged musician as possible. Of course when I got over the gangway I had to run the gauntlet of chaff from all quarters, and equally, of course, I was subjected to a lot of idiotic remarks and questions.

" What's the good of a banjo if you can't play it ? "

" Why, to clean my teeth with, you silly galoot ! " I replied, with crushing sarcasm.

" How long will it take you to learn it ? "

" Oh ! about ten minutes, provided you leave me alone."

" Away with you all ! " cried one, with a reputation as a funny man, tragically, " It is the professor's desire to study ! " and from that time I was known as the " professor," or with the middle syllable omitted," Proffer."

Those who have passed the " Park Crescent " stage will no doubt appreciate the difficulties which beset the path of the novice even under ordinary circumstances, but there is generally somebody to go to for advice, and somewhere to practise, if only a bedroom or coal cellar, but there are no bedrooms or coal cellars on board ship; coal bunkers there are it is true, but to practise in one would mean to run the risk of rolling from the top to the bottom in an avalanche of two or three hundred tons of coal, so I had to practise in my mess, with a gaping crowd standing round ready to laugh at every little slip I made, and not a soul in the ship who could help me a bit

I believe, by diligently studying the tutor, I learnt to tune the thing in about a week, though at the outset, in an endeavour to screw the D string up to an octave higher than it ought to have gone, it snapped with a loud report, and somebody ejaculated "wollop!" The burst of laughter which followed was most encouraging.

My messmates would not allow me to study music, for they regarded that notion as much too high flown for a Man-o'-war, and described the crochets and quavers as "niggers on telegraph wires." In fact they had a decided objection to my studying anything, for as soon as I started I was greeted with such yells as "Dry up! Proffer!" "Put your head in a bag!" "Go down in the sand tank!" etc., etc. The last order was not intended to be taken literally, but it struck me as a piece of advice worth acting upon, so I worked round the affections of the captain of the hold to let me practise in the sand tank.

This was an iron tank, about six feet square, used for storing sand for holystoning purposes, and as the sand was particularly damp, not by any means the most comfortable spot in the ship, but there I sat, night after night in pitchy darkness and a stuffy atmosphere, endeavouring to worry out chords which would fit in as an accompaniment to some of the tunes the "band" played. Think of it ye present day students! who plank down a small portion of your quarterly allowance and take your weekly lessons in a sumptuously furnished studio, fitted up with electric lights and every conceivable device which will add to your comfort, and under the watchful eye of an expert, who not only keeps you on your correct course, but thinks everything out for you, to prevent your brains from being overworked, and spurs you on with exhibitions of his own capabilities!

At the end of three months' hard work, I had found out for myself the common chords of the keys of G, C, F and D, though for aught I knew, they might have been W, X, Y and Z. I had also learned to vamp to all the tunes our somewhat heterogeneous orchestra played, and a few songs which I intended to sing myself, and so considered myself sufficiently advanced to make my début.

There may be some of a sceptical turn of mind, who will feel inclined to discredit the truth of this last paragraph, but I can assure them it is perfectly true, and may be accounted for by the fact that I afterwards discovered I was gifted with an extremely accurate ear, and an innate talent for music, which unfortunately, for the want of proper tuition and opportunity, has never been properly developed. An ancestor of mine, one Tubal-Cain, was also unfortunate in this respect, though he was bound to shine in his day, simply for lack of competition, he being the only person on the face of the earth who could play anything!

Never shall I forget with what a flutter of excitement I made my way to the fo'castle to take my first active part in a "Free and Easy." No one in the ship knew whether I had made any progress or not, because not a sound emanating from the sand tank could possibly be heard in any other part of the ship, and so the audience awaited the opening selection with a certain amount of curiosity. It was the same old tune, "Mousetraps," and I was perfectly at home in it, and did myself great credit. The fiddler was most enthusiastic over it, and voted me a valuable acquisition, as did also the marine who played the flute, but I'm afraid the concertina was a trifle jealous, for he put more energy than usual into his accompaniment and gave as his reason that he thought I was out of tune, which wasn't true. I had my revenge, though, when our principal vocalist elected to sing to my accompaniment only, with a sort of mixed fiddle and flute obligato, and this being pronounced a decided success, my position was assured, and hereafter, a free and easy was always postponed, if it was found that by any chance I could not attend.

The only tunes which upset me were minor jigs and I could not understand why none of my vamps would fit, for of course I did not know such a thing as a minor key existed, much less that it was possible to get it on a banjo, in fact, so little did I know of the instrument, that when asked to play a tune, I used to declare solemnly that it was not possible to play a tune on a banjo, as it was only intended for vamping purposes.

(*To be continued.*)

WHICH WAY?

In the organization of a mandolin orchestra there is one all-important question to be considered at the outset. Which way will the work of the club trend public opinion? Will the club be a power for good in the community; will it tend to elevate the status of the instruments from a musical point of view? In a word, will it tend to the advancement of art? Or, on the other hand, will it serve as an argument for those who say the mandolin is not musical? Will it undo the work that so many are labouring strenuously

and unselfishly to perform? Or, like the log that Juno sent to the frogs as a king, will it be content to remain supinely inactive, content to jog along as an ordinary, not very good and not very bad, club of "stringed instruments?"

These are questions that should be weighed well, and considered judiciously. No matter what the extent of your club may be, whether it be two members or two dozen; whether it be a string quartet or a full mandolin orchestra, let it be composed of good, sound musician-like material. Let there be no "fakes," no amateurish excuses—persons who are admitted to membership because they belong to a "smart set" or because they take lessons from the director.

If you cannot get up a good club of a dozen almost uniformly good players, cast off the incompetent ones, slash your membership list ruthlessly until you have left only such as are in every sense musicians.

Three competent performers can give a more creditable rendering in trio than when they are handicapped by a half dozen poor and indifferent players.

If you find that your organization is so constituted that you cannot master music better than the average mandolin club players do not appear in public. Cut off, as I said before, the dead branches, and then work hard until you have attained a sufficient degree of perfection.

In every city where there are several teachers there should be a high grade club of three, four or even more members. Come together, bury petty jealousies, and if you cannot decide in any better way, draw lots for the different positions of importance in the club. Then start out to practice regularly standard music above the plane of the usual two-step and waltz played by most mandolin orchestras.

But you will say "this music is not popular. It would not pay." Perhaps not. But court a class of patronage that will make it pay. Get out attractive advertising. Play for nothing for a few big church or society benefits. Send out circulars to those for whom you played while your work is fresh in their minds, and solicit their patronage. You will get it. And you will find that in every assembly of educated people there are, at least, a few who will appreciate really fine music, and that these few dominate the opinion of the rest of the fashionable mob.

There is a great flurry and revival of interest in the mandolin when a virtuoso gives a recital in a community. People say: "I never thought the mandolin could be made to produce music like that." Then in a few months Professor Dedeaghesy gives a pupils' recital at which his "Star Mandolin Club" appear. What is the result? A few good players and many bad ones twang away at some cheap composition, out of tune, out of tempo, and out of everything that the virtuoso claimed for mandolin music. And the general public goes forth and does not think much one way or another, and a musical critic praises the "club" for its excellent work, and the few among the masses who love good music and whose opinion is respected, become prejudiced against the instrument, and help to swell the cry of the ultra-conservative musicians: "The mandolin is not truly musical."

And whose fault is it? Let us admit that we are much to blame for the abuse heaped upon our favourite instrument. Let us realize this, and then let us seek to make amends by striving to attain a perfection that most musicians consider impossible for us. Like Cyrano, who "aimed at a star, but was forced instead to cull a wayside flower," let us aim high, even though we shall never gain what we work for.

The virtuoso plays for one night, but the good mandolin club endures as a power for good in a community so long as it maintains its work up to an artistic standard.

JOHN A. FOOTE in *The Musical Tempo*.

THE THREE INSTRUMENTS.

BY C. A. P.

Do you remember when learning to play?
Oh! how sore became your fingers,
The pain in mem'ry still lingers.
Dost remember hearing the teachers say

"Learn the scales, flat, sharp, the trill, the turn.
The signature, the signs, the rhyme,
Practice all of your spare time.
This the only way by which you will learn."

Remember the first melody you played,
A little easy, simple thing,
Perhaps you played it on one string,
But you thought it the finest ever made.

Remember the hours of pleasure, distress,
When you pronounced music a bore,
Would you go o'er it all once more?
No need to ask, I know your answer—Yes.

Musical Tempo.

IF you're looking out for a new one, why not try the 'Ninety-nine "Mozart," the banjo which has earned for itself "A BIG MUSICAL NAME." (*Vide Press*).—ADVT.

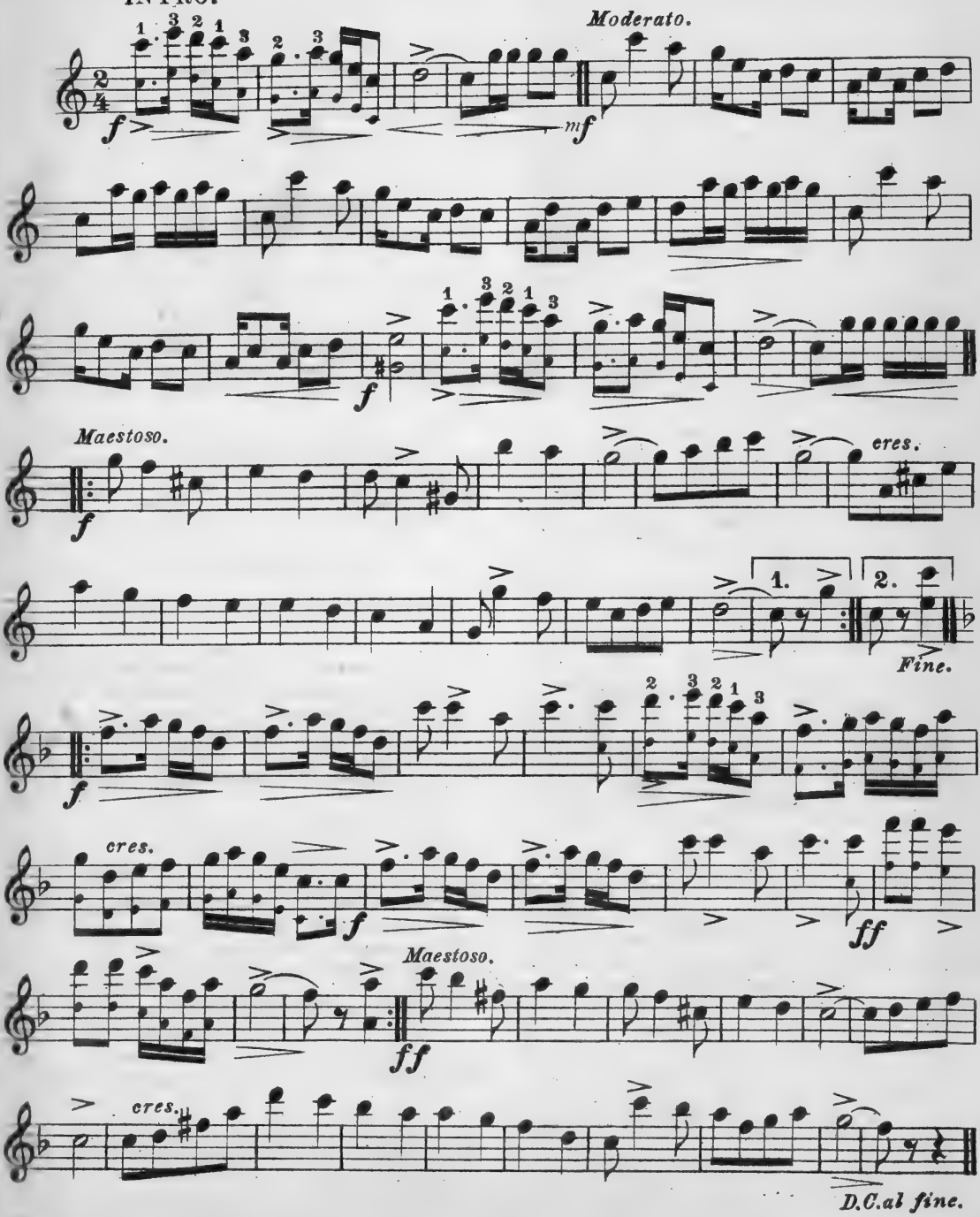
CAROLINA TAR HEEL.

CAKE WALK.

MANDOLIN.

DAN: J. SULLIVAN.

Arr^d by Walter Jacobs.



From THE ALLEGRO

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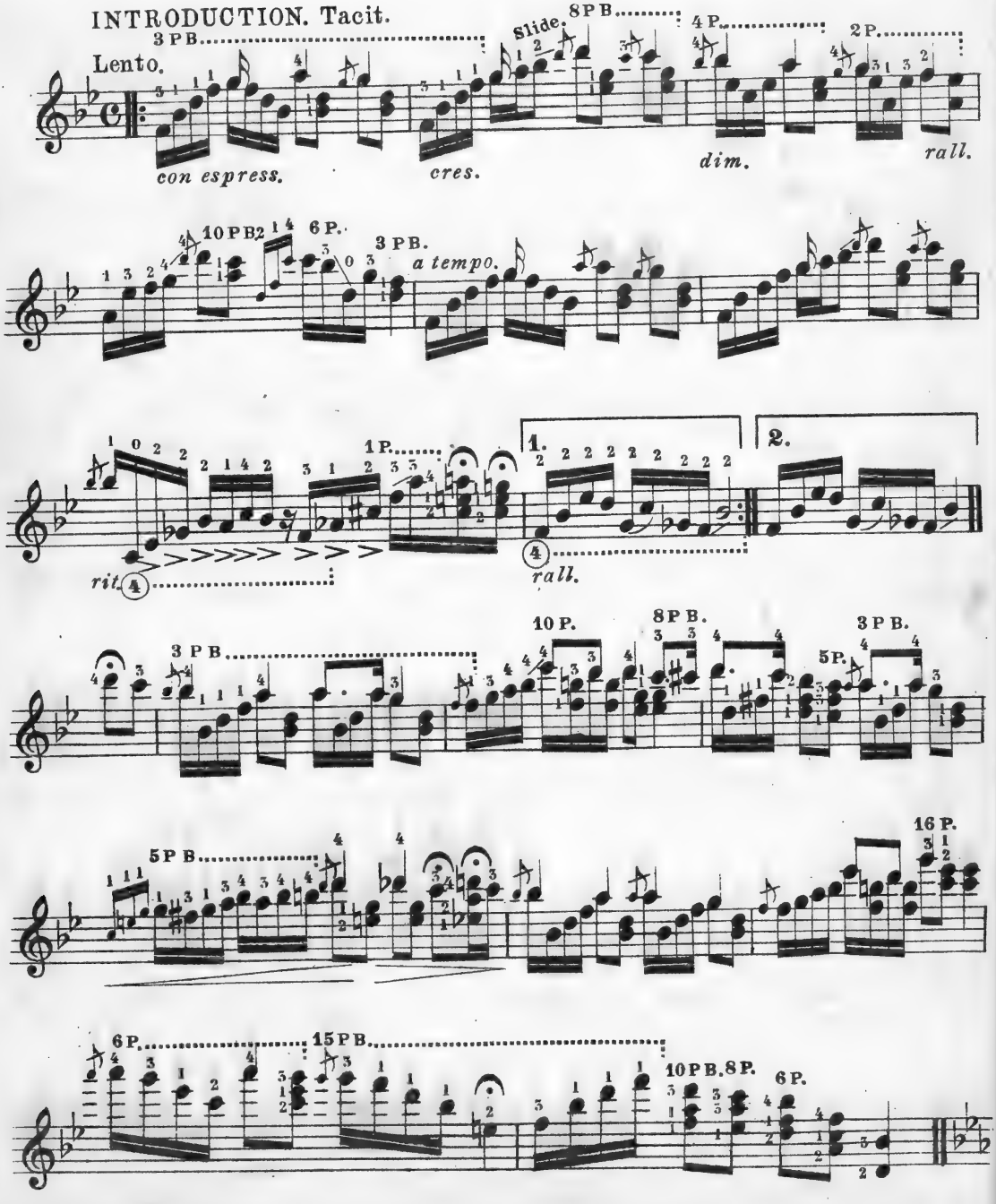
RENA MAY.

ROMANCE.

BANJO SOLO.

Composed by
HARRY J. FISKE.



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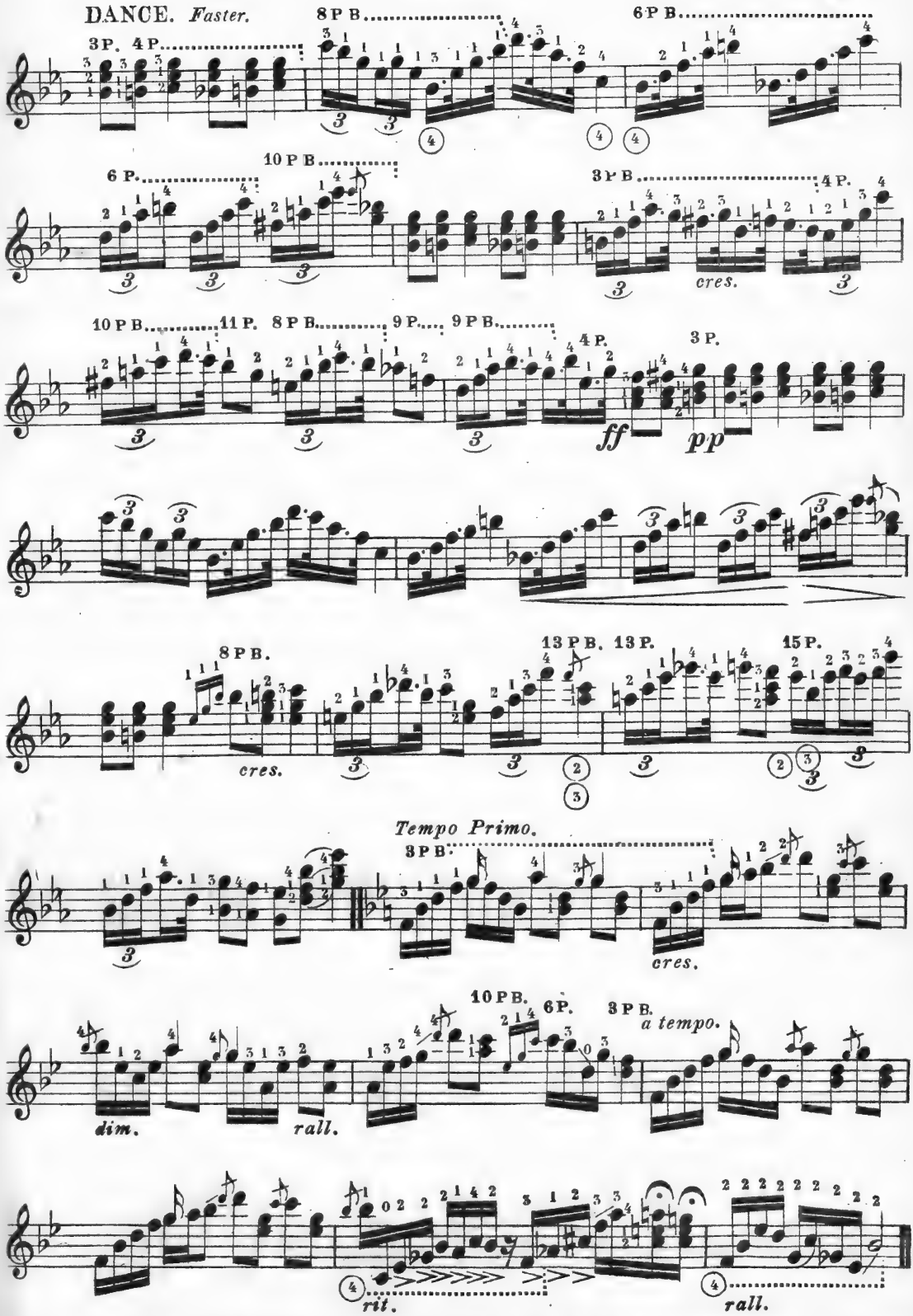


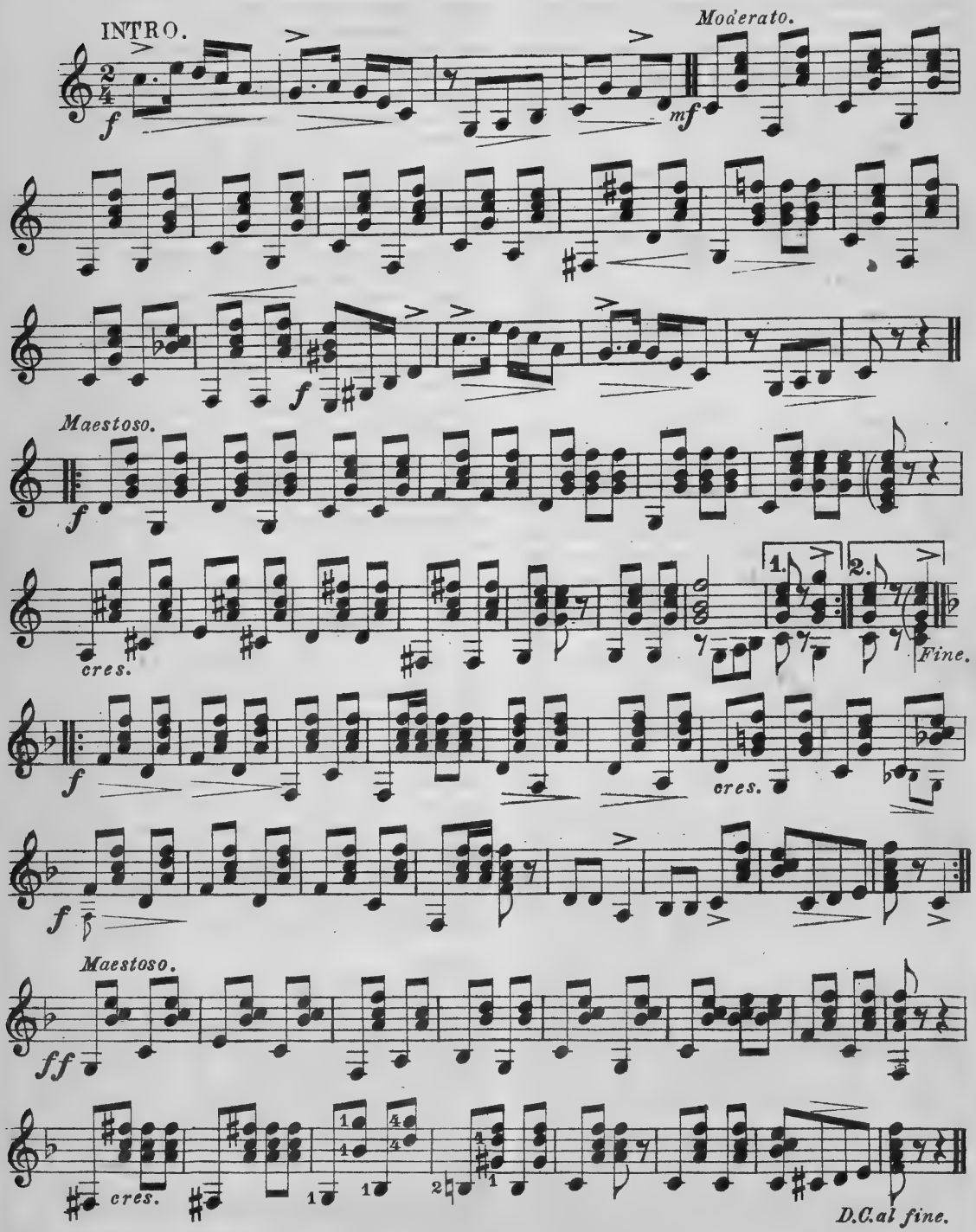
Published with Piano accompaniment by W. E. TEMLETT.

CAROLINA TAR HEEL.

CAKE WALK.

GUITAR.

DAN: J. SULLIVAN.
Arr^d by Walter Jacobs.



From THE ALLEGRO.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

ABOUT YOUR BANJO.

A GREAT many players, and these not only confined to the amateur section, are inclined to consider that to take proper care of their instrument it is merely necessary not to abuse it. After a vision of a few of the banjos one sees, in divers conditions of neglect and ill-treatment, this principle seems at least a step in the right direction, but is by no means all-sufficient. A banjo will stand a great deal, and still contrive to sing sweetly, but to preserve it always at its best, as it should be, you must remember that you are dealing, not with a plain construction of wood and nickle plating, but a really sensitive instrument made for artistic ends.

I have said that a banjo is sensitive, to atmospheric changes, that is. The more ordinary precautions suggest themselves at once to anyone who values their instrument. It should never be left lying about, when not in actual use, to gather dust and moisture, which latter the vellum will absorb from the air like a sponge. A woollen cloth over the head will be sufficient protection, but this is absolutely necessary, and it must be wool, otherwise it is of no use, although chamois leather is a good substitute, and used inside a case, has the additional advantage of helping to keep the nickel bright by constant contact. Keep the instrument well away from either an open fire or outside draught, and during the damp fogs which are such a feature of our winter months, don't practise with the window open.

Always keep a banjo as far as possible in absolute playing condition and always up to concert pitch. This will make all the difference in the world with regard to practice. Many students, accustomed to practise at a lowered pitch, are astonished upon playing on the concert platform to find the sudden difficulty in fingering a well known piece, owing to the increased tension of the strings. It is not well to constantly let your bridge down unless in a long journey, as it is apt to spoil the tone of the strings. Also, if possible, when playing in a strange room, take the banjo from its case a good quarter of an hour before your "turn." This gives both strings and vellum a fair chance of adjustment to the atmosphere, and will prevent much of that annoying tendency to "give" suddenly, and go flat in playing. See that the patent pegs are properly tightened with the little screwdriver supplied, which should find a place in your string case.

After playing, always wipe the fingerboard and strings with a silk handkerchief. Once in a while it is well to remove the strings entirely, and clean the fingerboard by rubbing with a little bit of chamois with a drop of sweet oil on it, polishing afterwards with the silk. Unless the nickle is much handled, it onght to keep its brightness with no trouble beyond an occasional rub with the leather. It is quite unnecessary to remove the brackets in order to do this, as the chamois can be passed easily under each one in turn.

Never undertake anything in the nature of repairs yourself. Any attempts at unskilled tinkering are generally worse than useless, and if through accident your banjo receive any injury, however slight, it is best to place it at once in the hands of a skilled repairer, preferably those of the original maker. Work of this nature should only be intrusted to one who thoroughly understands the construction of the instrument. It is one of those cases where economy is likely to prove a very expensive luxury. F. A. H.

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

FRED JAGGER.

ON receiving an order to repair post haste to the office and interview a prominent North of England banjoist, I buckled on my coat of mail and trusty sword, and snatching up a few pairs of thumb screws and other instruments of torture which were lying handy, ordered my faithful steed to be brought forthwith. The snorting warhorse, harnessed to a chariot and driven by a varlet in a leather apron, soon conveyed me to my destination, where, seated in the inquisitorial chair, I waited for the editor to bring in my victim.

"Let me introduce Mr. Fred Jagger—" The terribly ferocious look which I always assume under these circumstances gradually faded away, giving place to a smile which projected quite six inches on either side of my face. Our hands clasped, and for some seconds neither of us could speak, not so much through excess of emotion, as uncontrollable hilarity,—the idea of being introduced to Fred as a stranger was too funny for anything, why, I have known him for years !

Years ago, when in the course of my peregrinations, I happened to call at a little village called Halifax, I felt I would like to make the acquaintance of the owner of a name which was even then a household word in the North of England, so I accosted a youth of tender years and asked to be directed to the residence of Mr. Jagger.

"You mean the champion banjoist?" asked he. "That's him!" I replied, my enthusiasm getting the better of my grammar, and thus we met, and a jolly time we had together, though all too short.

"Well, Fred, I know all about you myself, but there are others, you know, who are anxious to be enlightened, so where were you born? how old are you? do you prefer coffee or cocoa? what is your opinion of the Boer question? do you consider Dreyfus innocent or guilty? and have you joined the Exhibition boycott scheme? ——"

"One at a time please! I was born in Halifax nearly thirty years ago, though I can't recollect that there were any very great celebrations when the fact became known. As to when I started learning the banjo, I can't give you the exact date, but I know it was the same week in which the Duke of Albany died, a rather melancholy incident to recollect it by, you will say."

I was too lazy to get down the almanac to find out when this occurred, so leave it for our readers to worry out. (*March 28th, 1884.* Ed.).

Long before that, however, Mr. Jagger was a practical musician, being solo flute player, or perhaps I ought to say flautist, in a local orchestra. To digress for one moment, I think it will be found that a very large percentage of our most prominent banjoists were at one time experts on other instruments. Hunter and Cammeyer were, I believe, both violinists of considerable ability before the superior charms of the banjo captivated them, and Pepper was, and is now, a capital harpist, while I myself used to excel as a performer on both the mouth organ and jew's harp!

Up to now Mr. Jagger has favoured the zither banjo, but has now announced his intention of investing in a "Mozart," in which he assures me the sustaining power of the zither-banjo, and the carrying power of the ordinary are combined, thus making the most perfect solo banjo yet turned out.

"What solos do you prefer?"

"For a slow movement I think I like Ellis's "Solitude" best. I can also always count on an encore for either "Yellow Kids," "Milldam," "Narcissus," or "Gipsy Dance," but there are so many good solos published now-a-days that it is hard to pick a favourite."

"Perhaps my next question ought to answer itself, but why do they call you the champion banjoist!"

"Well, I daresay you know that in the North of England, wherever anything like rivalry exists, a competition is always held. We have champion runners, jumpers, and swimmers, and why not champion banjoists? I did not gain the title easily though. I tied three times with my opponent previous to 1893, then I lost it through having brought only three pieces of music instead of four, but got a silver medal with a gold centre as a sort of consolation prize. In 1894 I won the contest easily, thus gaining the gold medal and title. Mr. Ben Doubleday, whose name is pretty well known in connection with the banjo, arranged the contest, and considered it a foregone conclusion. It has been useful too, for I have no lack of pupils."

"Any adventures?"

"None very exciting. I played in the middle of the summer at a large hall in Dewsbury, capable of holding about a couple of thousand, but when I got on the stage I found the audience numbered, I think, eleven all told, including the hall keeper. Oh! yes, I played and enjoyed my own solo as well as anybody, for as you may imagine the empty hall brought out the tone of my banjo wonderfully, by-the-way though, I didn't get paid for that show. I do lots of concert work and I think every teacher should, it does more to attract pupils than all the advertising."

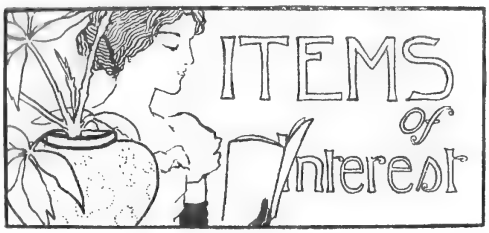
"You are something of an athlete, too, eh!"

"Yes, I go in for football, cricket, fishing, and have won several prizes in swimming competitions, and as for cycling, I ran up here from Halifax in two days, which means about 106 miles a day, but I shall go back more leisurely. Yes, I certainly find that cycling does effect my playing, at any rate, for a time; when I arrived in London I couldn't have played the 'Park Crescent' even to save my life!"

Mr. Jagger regrets he never heard Mays and Hunter, as he was engaged all the time they were in his town, but he hopes to some day. "I have been to Earl's Court and heard the automatic banjo though, but I can't say I think much of it, it is too much like a piano organ."

Then after vainly trying to direct him to his hotel, I borrowed half-a-crown of him and put him in a cab.

"Horace Weston."



We receive good reports from Mr. Sidney Chapman and others of our friends in South Africa, despite gossip of war and its attendant troubles, which at the time of going to press still forms a large-lettered interest for the daily posters. An account of the Cape Town Mandolin Band, unavoidably held over from our last issue, will be found in another column. This organisation is well to the fore, and its members deserve thoroughly all the success they are achieving. We wish them luck, and a shortly peaceable prospect.

* * *

The present state of affairs, however, has necessarily a very marked effect upon the general trade in that part of the world. Caution is there the by-word of the day, together with a most natural disposition to wait and see how things are likely to turn out. Only a few days ago Mr. W. E. Temlett received a letter from Johannesburg, asking that a large order of instruments, about to be shipped there, be retained until further advice, owing to the unsettled state of the country.

* * *

About mid-day on Wednesday, what might have proved a very destructive fire broke out in the premises of Mr. Richard Spencer, banjo and mandolin manufacturer, 50, High Street. Mr. Spencer had just finished giving a lesson to one of his pupils and had gone through to his workshops, when the attention of his shop boy, who was busily engaged in sweeping the forecourt, was called by a passer-by to volumes of smoke pouring through the fanlight. He immediately gave the alarm, when Mr. Spencer with his workmen vigorously attacked the fire with buckets of water. They managed to subdue the flames ere the arrival of assistance from the Clapham Fire Station, that had been rung up from the "Bedford Arms" alarm post, but not before considerable damage had been done to the highly inflammable and delicate stock, some dozen mandolins and banjos being destroyed, a large number of these and other valuable instruments being irretrievably damaged, a large stock of music injured and rendered unsaleable by heat, smoke and water, and the shop fittings and furniture either burnt or otherwise rendered useless. It is supposed that one of the numerous customers and pupils who had called during the morning had carelessly thrown a cigar end into the waste paper basket, where it had smouldered until the draught from the closing of the front door had caused it to burst forth into flame. We are happy to hear that the premises and stock are insured, although not to their full value. Great credit is due to all the actors in this little drama for their coolness and promptitude.—*Clapham Observer.*

* * *

We are in receipt of the announcement for the coming season of Mr. John Pidoux' Amateur Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, which is to commence weekly rehearsals for the winter session on Wednesday, October 4th, in the band room, at Messrs. Joseph Riley and Son's premises in Corporation Street, Birmingham. This large and successful organization have attained considerable prominence by the banjo, mandolin and guitar festivals, held by them half-yearly at one of the large halls in this city. Mr. Pidoux writes us that he anticipates a very busy season, so it would be well for intending members to send in their application forms as speedily as possible. We are hoping to hear that Mr. Pidoux will one day contemplate introducing his orchestra to a London audience. They would certainly be assured of a warm welcome here.

* * *

Mr. J. Fenton, of Fenton and Whitehead, the clever banjo duettists of Manchester, from whom a letter will be found in another column, has been busy booking advance dates, and writes that he and his partner are looking forward to another very prosperous season. As a banjo centre, Manchester is decidedly waking up.

* * *

Music published recently a very interesting controversy respecting the possible injury to the hands of pianoforte students by cycling. The general opinion inclines to the affirmative, the continued position of the hands in riding being calculated to cramp and stiffen the fingers. Ourself, we should say that this effect is dependent entirely upon the individual. With a proper adjustment of the handle bar, and, we may add, a sufficient ease in mastery of the machine, there should be no necessity for cramping at all. One of

the worst, and also the most common faults in cycling is this very tendency to grip the bars with undue force. Its initial cause is nervousness, but it continues to exist unconsciously with many experienced riders, long beyond the first steps of uncertainty. The result is, of course, to cause a persistent tension upon the muscles of the hand, and by contraction to stiffen and render them temporarily useless, and this, continued for any length of time, might easily lead to a permanent injury. Many of our leading banjoists cycle, however, and can note no ill effects from the exercise.

* * *

Among this season's attractive circulars comes one from our friend, Mr. Harry Claydon, of Bishop's Stortford. Mr. Claydon is a first-class worker, and his large connection in the district testifies to his popularity. In addition to banjo tuition, he is also open to accept engagements for concert work and private entertainments.

* * *

Mr. Sucksmith, of Oldham, is doing a good business just now, and has a crowded time before him. We hear that his next pupil's concert is to take place some time in the coming January.

* * *

A well-known publication of Harper Bros., is responsible for the following: It seems that Uncle Reuben had just returned from a holiday in New York, and his mind was a confusion of cinematographs, self-playing pianos, automobiles and phonographs. When he was asked which had impressed him the most, he solemnly replied: "By gosh, the horseless piano beats 'em all!"

* * *

It is rumoured that among the solo artists engaged for the approaching American Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festival are Messrs. A. A. Farland, Vess Ossman, Valentine Abt and C. F. Elzear Fiset.

* * *

The great American virtuoso, Farland, has been for some time hard at work adding to his repetoire and preparing for the present season. Among his new selections are: De Beriot's second concerto, the Lustspiel overture, Von Bulow's intermezzo from the "Carnival of Milan," and an original transcription of "Alice, Where Art Thou." Besides others in preparation, he will use the great prelude from Bach's sixth violin sonata and Moszkowski's bolero, and will have four different programmes of classical, semi-classical and popular music.

* * *

Messrs. Edgar and Eugene are now playing at the "Hammersmith." They were accorded tremendous success at Bristol and Plymouth lately, averaging two or three recalls nightly. "West Lawn" is still "going big."

* * *

We hear that Mr. James Dunn, the clever banjoist and musical sketch artist from the Palace Theatre, has been lately travelling with "The Japs," and assisting them with their pragramme as given at the Town Hall, Cromer, and other towns during the summer season, when his contributions have proved by no means the least appreciated part of the evening's entertainment.

* * *

It seems, by the way, that "The Japs" are still preserving their puzzling incognito. There is a great deal of guessing current. But perhaps, like some other secrets, when you get it open there will be nothing in it after all. In the meantime, those dainty lace masks through which the ladies sing, and the more baffling vizor of the gentlemen, continue to be a source of considerable attraction.

* * *

Mr. Charles Santley, the eminent baritone, has just received from the Pope the distinction of "knight commander of the order of St. Gregory," in recognition of his services to the Catholic church both in Cardinal Manning's and his own time. Mr. Santley, it is not generally known, owes much of his success in life to the generosity of a Manchester draper with whom he was employed as a young man. One day the draper invited his employees to dinner, and of course singing followed upon the creature comforts. On our young hero being called upon, he displayed so fine a voice that the generous draper, a musical amateur, there and then volunteered to bear the cost of a three years' musical study in Italy. That was the making of Mr. Santley. The distinguished vocalist was married some fifteen years ago to a wealthy American lady.—*Musical Opinion.*

* * *

Mr. W. H. Plumbridge informs us that his Mandolin and Guitar Band commence rehearsals for the season on October 3rd and the Banjo Band on the same date. The

Banjo Band has in active preparation such favourite selections as the "Dandy Fifth," "On Guard," "Apollo March" and "Rastus' Honeymoon." Mr. Plumbridge will give his next concert on Saturday, November 25th, at the Pavilion, Brighton. Our Brighton friends should make a note of the date.

* * *

We hear that the Birmingham Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra have in active rehearsal the popular "Dandy Fifth" and "Drexel March." Messrs. Windsor and Taylor are to be congratulated. We consider these two of the finest selections we have heard for orchestras of the above description. Other bands note.

* * *

Miss Maud Trafford writes from Florida, U.S.A., as follows:—"The banjo is very popular here, everybody likes 'White Coons,' 'Columbian March' and 'Dreams of Darkie Land,' and I am encored everywhere I play. My pupils take great interest in their work."

* * *

Mr. Alban Booth has just returned to town from Windermere and informs us that his "White Coon" Banjo Team have been very successful during their stay there. He has several dates for December, January and February next. His most successful banjo solos have been "Rena May," Valse de Concert (Eno), and his own "Andante and Moderato." Mr. Booth played over to us a new Waltz he has just composed, which must become popular, we think.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of THE BANJO. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

96, Upper Conran Street,
Harpurhey, Manchester.

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to tell you of a new library of music which has been opened here at 50, Regent Street, Eccles, Manchester, where the latest publications for banjo, mandolin and other instruments are let out at the charge of one penny per week for each solo, after a preliminary charge of one shilling for a member's card. I think this is a boon to players of our favourite instruments, as it gives you a chance of seeing the best solos without a great expenditure of money. I think if you would kindly inform your readers of this, there would be plenty who would willingly become members, and being able to try over the best music as published, would advance the banjo a great deal here as well as in neighbouring towns. People get tired of paying one and fourpence for solos on the mere chance of their proving what they want, and thus never see one-half of the good music published. This gives one the opportunity of selecting for purchase those solos one really likes, and which are individually suitable.

With kind wishes for your excellent little journal, I am, yours truly, J. FENTON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

J. F. (Manchester). Glad to hear from you. We shall be always pleased to insert any notices you may from time to time send us. You have a large field to work in there.

W. W. (Leeds). The sign you speak of would, in mandolin music, refer to the stroke of the plectrum. As occuring in other music, such as your example in "White Coons," it is simply an accent denoting emphasis. No trouble at all.

R. S. (Clapham). Thanks for cutting, which you will see we have inserted elsewhere. You have our sympathy for a great piece of ill-luck.

S. C. (Capetown). Very sorry to have held your report over for so long. We hope you will send us further news of your band during the season, and we will try not to have any more delays. It is always a pleasure to hear from our friends on other shores.

"TYRO." We have never heard of the piece you mention. There are an increasing number of "coon" songs now published with banjo accompaniment; you would do well to send for Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter's list. You would like "Academy Waltz" (Rogers). It is very pretty indeed and not too difficult.

H. B. (Cromer). Unless the nickel is very tarnished, we should advise you to use nothing but a chamois and plenty of rubbing. In that case, a little good plate powder will do no harm. Removing the brackets one at a time and replacing them, as you suggest, may be all right, but it needs to be *very* carefully done so as to ensure putting them back at the former tension; otherwise it may result in a broken vellum. Screw slowly, and stop when the wrench turns stiff. You will see something about this on another page.

ALF. BATES (Brighton). Farland never elevates his bass string.

ARTHUR STILES (Manchester). We should advise you to take off all the fittings and clean with metal polishing paste.

CLASSIC, No. I. No, classic music must not necessarily be difficult.

F. C. B. (Hampstead). (1) Mr. Will C. Pepper will return to town on or about the 21st inst. we believe. (2) Tighten the regulating screw at the back.

MR. W. E. TEMLETT is again compelled to caution the public against buying imitations of his "Mozart Model" banjo. These imitations, although somewhat similar in appearance, are absolutely devoid of the powerful and sustained tone contained in the genuine "Mozart," which is in every case stamped W. E. Temlett, Mozart Model."—[ADVT.].

CONCERNING OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

A COMPARATIVE new comer is the *Allegro*, hailing from Dwight, Ill., and as yet early in its first volume. The August number, recently come our way, is both attractive and interesting. One of the features is that its musical supplement takes the form of a full orchestral arrangement of one composition, for first, second and third mandolins, mandola, guitar, first and second banjos and piano. This is an idea which will be eagerly welcomed by the clubs. It contains excellent articles and all the latest news. Here's luck and good wishes!

* * *

The July-August number of the *Cadenza* is one of the best yet issued, which is saying much. Journalism is apt to lag a little during the dog-days, but not so our active friend. Among serial articles now in progress are W. J. Kitchener's "History and Development of the Guitar," a series of biographical sketches, illustrated, of the great composers, by E. Pritchard, and the beginning of a new and delightful fantasy, this time in prose, by C. E. Pomeroy. C. L. Partee's "Few Remarks" are always welcome reading, and we hope it may be long before they draw to a close. The music in this issue is well up to standard.

* * *

The National Export Exposition of the immediate future is a topic of great interest to our American contemporaries, inasmuch as one of its great features will be the grand Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Musical Festival, mentioned in our last issue, which is to take place in November in the Exposition Auditorium, Philadelphia. The August number of *Stewart's Journal* is the first of what will be known as the Exposition Series, comprising Nos. 113, 114 and 115 of the paper. These are to contain special articles relative to the occasion. The present number (August-September) in addition to a brief and able outline of "Commercial Science" itself, has an excellent dissertation by Bert S. House upon banjo, mandolin and guitar music; the continuation of John Conolly's serial upon "The Principles of Elocution," a departure meeting with great appreciation; also an illustrated account of a visit to a well-known banjo manufactory. Among the musical contents are "Hot Time in Tennessee" (Haley), and a good March, "The Conqueror," by Elspey and Gilbert.

* * *

Mr. Albert P. Monk forms the subject of a biographical sketch in the September number of *The Troubadour*. Richard Harrison contributes a first-rate article upon "The Cradle of the Violin," and Glen Turriff, M.A., upon "The Mandola." Other articles are full of interest, and in lighter vein we have some clever comments by "Censor" on the subject of "Amateurs we meet."

* * *

The Musical Tempo is to the fore with all the news items of the day, and contains much interesting reading matter. Amongst other articles is an illustrated sketch of that famous professional club, "The Boston Ideals," first organized in the spring of 1883, and still holding a front rank in public favour. The musical supplement is this month devoted to the mandolin.

* * *

The Major issues a detached portrait of C. J. Levin, mandolinist, as supplement to the September number. A new feature is "The European Letter," new in more senses than one, as it tells us a great deal we didn't know before! J. C. McClellan contributes a first-rate article on "The Points of a Good Guitar," and as for the editorials—well, we know what to expect by now, and we always get it. Altogether, our friend *The Major* is still walking the road of success.

EDGAR & EUGENE.

AMERICA'S GREATEST BANJOISTS

Now Touring Europe. Introducing Classical and Popular Music.

We use the 1899 Model Special

"MOZART" BANJO,

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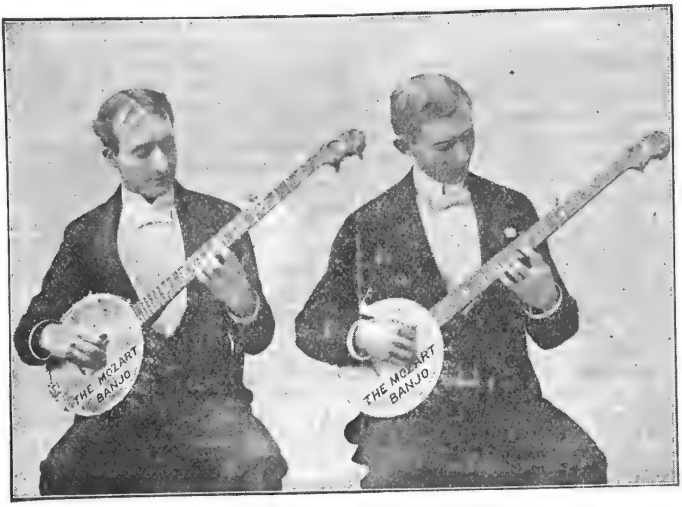

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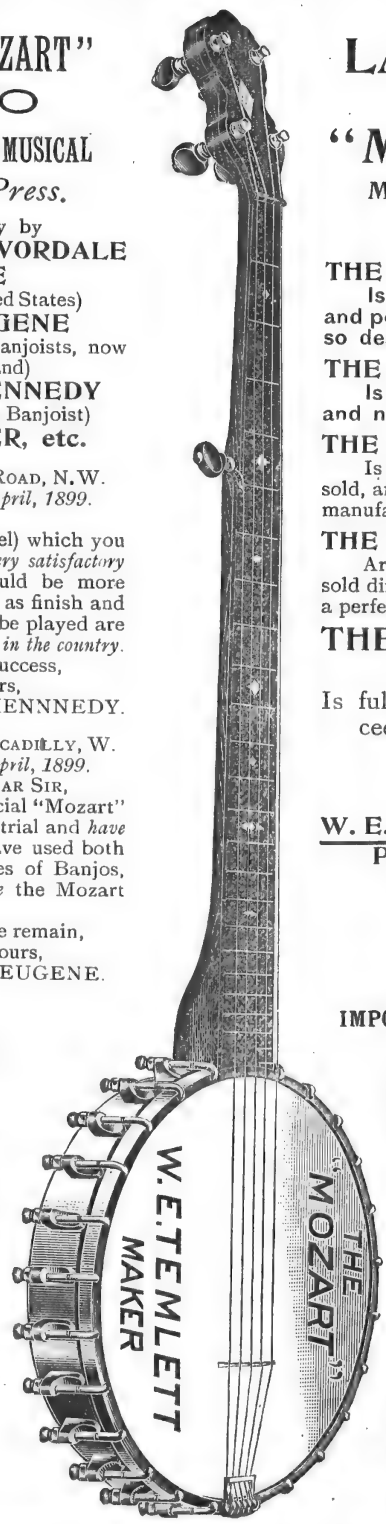

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MUSIC:—"Princess Waltz," (Banjo).
"Patriot March" (Mandolin and Guitar).

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

THERE is always pleasure in noting the response of others to one's own advocated principles. A little over two years ago, at the outset of its career, THE BANJO NEWS stated frankly its policy, since unaltered, that of tolerance and open friendship towards its fellow-workers in the field, one and all. A great deal of question has been raised of late as to priority in this, that or the other movement, from various sources. Such question, amusing to the neutral spectator, has also that touch of the pathetic which is inseparable from little-mindedness, whenever and wherever displayed. Our work from the first has been a task of building. We are not busied over the preferring of claims; we are concerned with the advancement of the banjo, mandolin and guitar, not of ourselves. Our satisfaction lies in the fact that the work has been done; let the credit go to those who clamour for it. As in most cases, it will probably go to those who clamour the loudest.

* * *

There are a great many persons in the world who resemble nothing so much as the small boy running to a fire. They arouse to the forward sweep of a new movement, and make a clutch at the passing rope, just in time to run with it boasting. Their place is far from that of the pioneer, but it is astonishing how they manage to ultimately "arrive." In the scheme of nature, however, everything has its value; there must be shouters as well as workers. Our "friends on the other side" will, we are sure, join with us in congratulating such upon a very timely arrival. We are all, I take it, banded in a common cause, having the same object at heart, the same goal in view. That one or another should be successful in securing the credit, matters

nothing. That the work is done, matters all. Let us keep in mind the old proven adage, "In Union is Strength."

* * *

We are sincerely pleased to see that our contemporary *The Troubadour* is succeeding right bravely with its new innovation, the addition of the violin to its former interests. This movement is significant, as denoting in a measure the increasing connection of the banjo with other provinces in the musical world. The sphere of banjo, mandolin and guitar journalism needs widening, not narrowing; evidently *The Troubadour* recognizes this, and has moreover the courage of its own opinions, no small matter in our present-day world. We wish all success to its aims.

* * *

Owing to lack of space, "Concerning our Contemporaries" is held over this month. Suffice it to say that each forthcoming issue seems an advance. I see *The Major* promises great things for its new volume, now at the starting-point, but in my opinion the cheery and tireless editor will have a hard job if he means it to eclipse the last.

* * *

It is lamentably true that we whose occupation it is to write about the banjo are apt to find ourselves occasionally in the position of saying that which has been said before. This in spite of the best intentions. Our excuse, as a body, is that there are several things which it would appear cannot be said too frequently. My readers who at this point may be anticipating the time-honoured editorial request for new subscriptions, may however reassure their minds; the subject of which I am thinking is in no wise directly connected with the circulation of the paper, or of any paper, except inasmuch as it concerns the banjo itself.

* * *

Those who even now maintain that obsolete attitute of superiority towards the claims of the banjo, find an old weapon in their convictions anent the dissociation of the instrument with musical education. We are beyond the grip of that once-powerful fiend, the "simplified method" principle, but yet as regards the theoretical branch of study, a great many players, of the ranks of the amateurs, and what are euphuistically termed "the lesser lights" of the profession, exemplify a general idea of "thus far need I go and no farther." They do not seem to conceive that musical education, apart from the study of the banjo, is as necessary for banjoists as it is for violinists or pianists. They learn to read with ease, and reach a point in musical comprehension just upon the outskirts of theory, and consider this as a groundwork quite sufficient for the building up of an extensive reputation for banjo playing of an advanced order. Their musical education stops short practically at its beginning. Manipulation in banjo playing is a great deal, but it only represents the mechanical side of the art, not the theoretical side, which can be perfected in entirety only through intelligent study of music itself. I know well the inevitable response of the amateur, which will be met by this assertion. As far as you intend to go in the study of the banjo, so far also should you go in musical theory. The advance should be simultaneous. We take up our amusements even seriously in the present century, and if to a large number of people the acquirement of the art of banjo playing ranks as an amusement, let it be an intelligent one. As long as the study of the instrument involves in general no necessary proficiency in the theoretical branches of music, so long will players of other instruments be inclined to regard it as on a lower plane. This is a point for our teachers, as well as students, to seriously consider.

* * *

"Rag time," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, as quoted on another page of this issue, is at its decline. This is not in any way surprising, as all popular crazes are in time bound to work their own consummation. The law, as read now-a-days, is not only the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the newest. We might not be far wrong in saying that Lansing's compositions have done a great deal towards the popularising of this class of music, though it would be hard indeed to make him even remotely responsible for one tenth of the unequivocally bad compositions, results of unintelligent copyism, of late flooding the market. Not long ago *Stewart's Journal* raised a protest against the modern demination of the coon. Surely the "coon" himself, that unnatural figure of music hall creation, grotesquely tricked caricature of a race which has at least a native dignity of its own, might very well stand for the personification of this "popular" trend, which, commencing in a quaintness that appealed to one's love of novelty, reached at last the point of absolute hysteria.

* * *

Nothing is without its use, and rag time, in moderation, has a recognised place; it is only its abuse which is to be condemned.

In itself, it is nothing more than an effect produced by the accenting of certain notes beyond their natural value; a trickery designed to catch the ear by a departure from normal standards. And it is curiously significent of the spirit of the age that we should be attracted primarily by those achievements which rely for their efficacy upon a departure from law; that the eccentric should attract us rather than the beautiful, the bizarre before the dignified. We are swayed astonishingly by that which is newest, but it is very seldom that the newest endures. Rag time is only one in a series of popular crazes. What will its successor be?

THE BANJO IN CORK.

Our correspondent writes:—The "White Coons" scored one of their greatest successes of the season here on October 13th, playing to a good audience in the Assembly Rooms. They were assisted in the programme, and right ably too, by the Cork Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. H. Green. This organization is really deserving of special notice; their playing is excellent, and shows the result of perseverence and well-directed work. They gave "Love and Beauty" waltz by Armstrong (alias "Baiser d'Amour") and Kennedy's "Entrancement" in splendid style. The latter being encored, they responded with "Highland Dance," a bright selection and done full justice to on this occasion. The members of the orchestra, as present, were as follows:—

Banjeaurines—Miss Doris Cade, Messrs. T. Taylor and E. R. Townsend.

First Banjos—Miss M. Perry and Mr. F. Daly.

Second Banjos—Miss S. Murphy, Miss Murray, Miss E. Hughes, and Mr. J. F. Murphy.

First Mandolins—Mrs. Gale, Miss Murphy, Miss B. Perry, Miss Perry, Mr. W. F. Cade and Mr. D. Keatings.

Second Mandolins—Miss Murray, Miss Murphy and Mr. F. Perry.

Guitars—Miss M. Hegarty, Mr. H. Cronin, Mr. H. Humphries and Mr. C. Murphy.

Accompanist—Miss Madeline Ryan.

Other members of the band, unfortunately absent, are Mr. T. Griffin, banjeaurines; Mrs. Gibbings, first banjo: Miss McDonnell and Mr. C. Fluery, second banjos; and Miss Collins and Miss McDonnell, second mandolins.

The "Coons" were in fine form, one and all. Miss Kate Temple's voice was charming, both in solo and duet. Two new Coons are to the fore; Mr. B. Meredith, a clever banjoist who joins Mr. Pepper in duet; and Mr. Wilson James. The latter shares with Mr. Conyers the honours pertaining to the humorous section of the entertainment, and has won for himself over here the title and degree of C.L.A. ("Compulsory Laughter Artist") first conferred upon him by a certain well-known paper. The programme given by them was as follows:—

Part I.—Banjo duet, "Rose Tree March," (Eno, arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; coon song, "My Ann Eliza" (Williams), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous song, "Big Black Hat" (Bagnall), Mr. Wilson James; song, "Old Marie" (Cowen), Miss Kate Temple; humorous sketch, "Our Conversazione" (Conyers), Mr. Chas. Conyers; banjo solo, "Arkansas Jig" (Mitchell), Mr. B. Meredith; duet, "My Girl" (Temple), Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous duet, "Bobbie's Banjo" (Harrison), Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James.

Part II.—"Dandy Fifth" (Farland, arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; coon song, "Kiss me, Honey do" (Daly), Mr. Will C. Pepper; ventriloquial sketch, Mr. Chas. Conyers; banjo solo, "Reign of Love Waltz" (Eno, arr. Pepper), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous song, "Cyclist's song (Harris), Mr. Wilson James; song, "Piccaniny mine, Goodnight" (Trotere), Miss Kate Temple; banjo duet, "West Lawn Polka" (Glynn), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; humorous scena, "Serial Stories" (Harris), Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James.

Not to make my letter too long, I will only say in conclusion that the reception accorded them was most enthusiastic, and Cork looks forward gladly to the chance of welcoming once more, on a future occasion, "our friends, The Coons."

If you'd be up to date,
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—[Advt.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. Albert Durand (whose letter will be found in our correspondence column) writes us that "he has never been so busy at the commencement of the season." This seems to be pretty general all over the country, and we trust it will continue. Mr. Durand has just finished a most successful season with the "White Coon" Banjo Team, No. 2 Company.

CHESHAM.

On Tuesday, October 17th, at the Chesham Temperance Society's Annual Social Gathering, Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band made their first appearance of the season, giving "Rialto" in excellent form. A mandolin trio, "Evensong," by Miss Child, Messrs. F. Lacey and F. Norman, was well executed, and met with much appreciation, as did also the banjo trio by Messrs. Mumford, J. Stacey and F. Norman. Mr. Norman gave also some odd instrumental selections, entitled "Musical Novelties," and "Petite," by the band, brought the programme to a close.

At the Sons of Temperance Annual Social Miss B. Wallington gave a violin solo, displaying very fine execution. The mandolin solo, "Love Kiss Waltz," by Mr. F. Norman earned repeated demands for an encore, but unfortunately a string was broken on the last note, and lack of time prevented the artist's compliance. A large audience was present.

IPSWICH.

At a concert in aid of the Town Mission, held at the Public Hall, Miss Catalina H. Leader proved herself an able mandolinist in her solos "Entr'acte" (Distin), and won great appreciation from the large audience present.

MANCHESTER.

On September 30th, Town Hall, Pendlebury, and also on October 3rd, at the Ashton Street Schools, Mr. J. Rastall played as a mandolin solo, "Alice," with great success. Mr. Rastall writes:—"Monday, October 23rd, I go on tour with the St. James' Concert Company, including Ap. Thomas, the Queen's favourite harpist; Dewsbury, Halifax, Wakefield, Bradford and Huddersfield being visited the first week."

NEWCASTLE.

At a concert held in the Brunswick Hall on September 30th, Mr. Walter Scott rendered to a large and appreciative audience Eno's "Valse de Concert" and "King Cotton March," both in excellent style, the bass string work on the latter being especially good. In response to a recall Mr. Scott gave "White Coons" in rattling tempo, to the delight of all his hearers.

NEWINGTON.

At a concert held by the Old Choir Boys of St. Mary Newington Church in aid of the Church of England Temperance Society, on October 19th, Mr. Arthur Bailey scored well with banjo solos "Fascination" and Dallas's "Breakdown," this being his first public appearance. Among others who contributed to a well-appreciated programme were Miss Clements, Mr. H. Hancock and Mr. C. Simmonds. Mr. Bailey writes us that he has also been engaged to give selections at the Alexander Institute on November 18th.

NEWPORT (MON).

Mr. F. M. Carpenter seems to be having a busy time, and informs us that he has arranged with Mr. A. D. Cammeyer to give a zither banjo recital at an early date, and also a banjo competition. Mr. Carpenter will no doubt favour us with full particulars, so that our Newport readers may attend and show their appreciation.

NORTHAMPTON.

We hear that Mr. Will Felce is very busy just now, pupils being much above the average in numbers. Mr. Felce is a painstaking instructor, and we wish him the success he so well deserves.

ST. LUKE'S.

Our correspondent reports as follows:—A concert was arranged in this neighbourhood for the benefit of the Georges Row Mission by Mr. Brickell, which turned out very successful. Mr. Hawes was well received for his neatly executed banjo solos, and Mr. Spurgeon for his humorous songs, "Tickling Mad" and "Hiding the button." Messrs. Mettrop and Edgington songs and cornet solo respectively, were much appreciated, and the black sketches were responsible for prolonged roars of laughter and deafening applause.

TYNEMOUTH.

Our readers in this district cannot do better than call upon Miss L. Taylor, who has very fine studios in Front Street. Miss Taylor gives instruction upon banjo, mandolin, guitar and violin, and her terms are very moderate.

REMINISCENCES OF THE "QUEEN'S NAVEE."

By an Old Sea Dog.

(*Written especially for* The Banjo).

(Continued from page 7.)

To give details, step by step, of the progress I made would, I'm afraid, be tedious reading, but, considering that, so far, I had got on entirely unaided, the reader will not be surprised to learn that I very shortly became quite an adept at impromptu accompaniments, and if the Editor does not object (I expect he will though!) I would like to set down here a few of the results I arrived at. I do not want it to be understood that I am going to try and wedge in an instructive article, or any new fangled theories of my own, for I am quite assured that the majority of my readers are much more competent to instruct me, than I am to instruct them. The banjo student of to-day has opportunities which I never had. Only a week or so ago I made an attempt to argue mildly with a youngster who could play the first sixteen bars of the "White Coons" polka, and a little bit of something else, but I couldn't hold a candle to him, he took me out of my latitude altogether, and confused me so with "dominants," "sub-dominants," "tonics" (musical tonics I mean!) "minor ninths," and "superfluous fourths," that I gave in, and following up his advantage, he bombarded me with other hideous weapons, "hemiditones," "trihemitones," "diatessarons," etc., etc., and concluded by telling me that I didn't know the difference between a "redundant third" and a "semidiapente," which I certainly did not.

The banjo is taught now-a-days in a scientific way, and vamping is out of date, but how many teachers are there who have not listened to this little speech? "I don't want to learn to play it *properly*, I just want to be able to vamp to a song!" I have heard it often and often, and I know there are several of the more unambitious beginners who fancy they would be quite content if they could vamp even to their own songs. To them I give the benefit of my early experience, and to all my other readers I apologise!

Firstly, be it understood that our "band" attempted no complicated tunes, but just the simplest we could find, waltzes, schottisches, polkas, hornpipes and songs. I first learnt the names of the keys I could vamp in, and put them in order, commencing with the key possessing most flats, A flat, and finishing with that possessing most sharps, E (I never attempted anything beyond four of either), and any instruction book will show you how they run, A flat (four flats), E flat (three flats), B flat (two flats), F (one flat), C (natural), G (one sharp), D, A and E (two, three and four sharps respectively). Now, taking a song with an eight line verse, and a four line chorus, I soon found that the second half of the verse would invariably modulate into the key which *follows* that of the first half: for instance—the song starts off in F, the second half of the verse will be in C, and the chorus will bring it back to its original key. If the first half is in C, the second will be in G, and the chorus in C again—first half in G, second in D, and back again as before. I say "invariably," but sometimes the second half will modulate into a minor key, but it will always be the minor relative to one of those two keys, the key it starts in, or the one following it.

Now take a dance tune, either a polka, schottische, or hornpipe. Supposing it to start in B flat, the second movement would be in F (the key following). If it started in F, the second movement would be in C, and so on, always coming back to the first key again. Then would follow the "trio," or third part, which I always found was in the key *before* the commencing key, so that I only had to know which key the tune started in to guess to a certainty almost what it was likely to run into—say the time starts in three flats, the second movement would be in two flats and the trio in four flats. Tune starts in two flats, second movement in one flat and trio in three flats. Starts in one flat, second movement in C and trio in two flats. Starts in C, second movement in one sharp, and trio in one flat. Starts in one sharp, second movement in two sharps, and trio in C. Starts in two sharps, second movement in three sharps and trio in one sharp. Starts in three sharps, second movement in four sharps and trio in two sharps.

Waltzes were not quite so certain, for the third movement might be in any key, and make a jump from four sharps to four flats, or *vice versa*. In that case I used to try and *imagine* what the last note would be, not at all a difficult matter, and that would be the key note. Jigs, I found were nearly always in either A minor or E minor, and they worried me for a long, long time. I soon learnt what a major scale was—a scale composed of five tones and two semitones, the latter coming between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth notes, but I could never find anyone who could tell me exactly what a minor scale was, but at last I worked out to my own satisfaction that it

was composed of the same number of tones and semitones as a major scale, but that the semitones came between the second and third, and fifth and sixth notes, and also that the note before the keynote was nearly always made sharp.

Still keeping my keys in their proper order, I will now explain how I found out the chords in each key. It is quite easy to find the common chord in any key : you simply take the first, third and fifth notes of the scale, so the common chord of C will be C, E, G, of G it will be G, B, D, or turn them about whichever way you like, D, G, B, or B, D, G, the result will be the same. Well, you want three chords to each key, you take the common chord for the first, then you take the common chord of the key *before* it for the second, and the common chord of the key *after* it for the third. For instance, you want the chords necessary to vamp in C, your first chord will be C, E, G, your second will be the common chord of F, viz., F, A, C, and your third, the common chord of G, viz., G, B, D. The last chord is not quite correct without the addition of a minor seventh, making it G, B, D, F, but on a banjo the D would have to be left out.

I am afraid I have reached the end of the space allotted to me, and perhaps it is as well, or I might have gone on for pages. I have purposely avoided musical terms, and tried to explain in plain common or garden English what I mean. If any reader has gained the smallest information from my attempt at explanation, I shall deem it a favour if he will write and tell me so, for it took me a long time to work it out for myself. If nobody writes, I shall take it that nobody wants to learn, or that the present generation know too much for me to start teaching them, and I won't offend again, but next month drop back into my proper groove, describe how they spend Christmas day on board a man o' war.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC BY THE WHOLESALE.

THE largest musical instrument on earth will be on exhibition at the Paris Exposition of 1900. It is called an " autoelectropolyphone," and its inventor and builder is an Italian, Antonio Zibordi, who claims to have worked upon it for fifteen years. The instrument executes every kind of concerted music and contains no less than 8,000 different and independent musical instruments. It cost about fifteen thousand dollars.

The inventor has employed most varied applications of mechanical skill and electric apparatus, which are not entirely new, but the composition of which represent an incredible amount of most careful study and human patience. The instruments will be worked by means of two petroleum motors, each of three horse-power, which, by driving a dynamo, furnish the light for the inside of the instrument, showing its countless details and illuminating the hall where it is shown.

A curious combination is the small electric fountain within the instrument which will show in vari-coloured light when the lights in the exhibition hall are turned down, the music from the orchestrion continuing all the while.

There are two separate sets of instruments which can be worked singly or together ; one, a perfect string orchestra, the other a military brass band of 130 pieces. They have separate sets of cylinders, but there are some pieces for both orchestras, where the two cylinders are started together.

The apparatus will be taken from Milan to Paris on two railroad cars, and after having been admired at the 1900 Exposition it is the intention of the inventor to present the instrument to Queen Margherita of Italy.

THEY KNEW THE SONG.

A COUPLE of sailors, returned from a long voyage, strolled into the bar-parlour of a public-house near the docks at Hull. Above the rumble of the traffic in the street could be heard at intervals a harsh, unmusical voice. After listening intently for a moment one of the sailors turned to his companion and said, " Eh, Jack, lad, it's a long time since we heard that song ! " " What song ? " " The one that fellow's singing in the street —' The Light of Other Days.' " " Stow it ! " ejaculated the other, gruffly ; " that fellow ain't singing ' The Light of Other Days ' at all, man. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping ' The Banks of Allan Water.' " Each sailor was certain he was right, and, with characteristic contempt for money, a wager was made—a month's wages depending on the result. " Here, Tommy," called out one of the men to the little son of the landlord, " run out and get to know what that fellow's singing." Tommy departed on his errand, which did not take many minutes. " Well," demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, " which of us is right ? " " Naythur," replied Tommy, grinning. " The fellow's not singing : he's hawking fly-papers."

DECLINE OF "RAG TIME."

THAT trick of music known to the professional as syncopation, and to the public as "rag time," is responsible for evil of no uncertain character. In this city the onslaught of "The Georgia Camp Meeting" brought about the resignatian of the president of one of our greatest financial institutions. The gentleman could stand the turmoil of the worst day on "'change," but he refused to countenance an impromptu "cake walk" every time that an hurdy-gurdy stopped in front of the building and struck up a popular melody. Now we note that the tenament dwellers in New York have been driven from their usual pleasure places on the piers by the orders issued to the bands to play nothing but popular airs. "Popular airs" to a bandmaster means only one thing, that is "rag time."

The trick of "rag time" is an old one, revived with great success by modern musical writers, and for the most part the resurrection is to be regretted. For every single composition in that rhythm that is good, there are a hundred or more that have to be borne with and whose sins have to be forgiven. It is the easiest form of musical expression to write, and when all things are considered it really expresses nothing. In its place syncopation has a high musical value, but when a whole composition is based upon it alone to give a "catchy" value it becomes a musical crime. The human ear and human heart desire something more than suspended accent to give them lasting pleasure.

"Rag time" is doomed to pass away in the very near future, or all signs lie. When the public begins to tire of a style of music, and keeps away from a pleasure place because that class of music is played there to the exclusion of all else, the end cannot be very far away.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Have you seen W. E. Temlett's new illustrated catalogue for 1899—1900? It is "great," and contains some valuable information for banjoists, with Ordinary and Zither-banjos ranging in prices from £1 10s., to £20. There should now be no excuse for the oft-repeated exclamation, "No, Temlett is too expensive. I must have one later on. Buy a cheaper one to learn on." With well known players, such as Pepper, Edgar and Eugene, Sullivan, the Stavordales, Booth and Kennedy using the instruments, this should be sufficient guarantee of an established reputation.—ADVT.

CABINET Photographs of Mr. A. H. Nassau, Kennedy. Post free, 1s. 6d. 105, Brondesbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.—ADVT.

THEIR FIRST OFFENCE.

A MATTER OF FACT.

REPORTED BY "EFEELKAY."

To the uninitiated, Manitoba is a wild North Land—a prairie wilderness across which the Canadian Pacific winds its solitary way—a land of half-breeds, Indians, small settlements and perpetual snows. To the initiated it is a busy corner of the world, with vast prairie wheat fields and respectable cities, with just a sufficient scattering of trappers and Indians to link the present with the past, when settlements were rare and the Hudson's Bay Company "ruled the roost."

Manitoba's capital has its electric plants, street cars, theatres and parks, and—*whisper* it, ye winds—it once had its Mohawk Minstrel Troupe. True, they were but amateurs, although they did not announce themselves as such, and the opening performance came as a *great* surprise to the audience. The nucleus of the troupe was the Apollo Mandolin Club. None of them had ever in the whole course of their lives raised their voices in song for the delectation of an audience, hence their colossal belief in their own latent talent. It took about seven weeks before all the members could be induced to meet at one time. There are always a number of people who imagine that their occasional absence is of no moment. Rehearsals were a farce. They did not mind crowding into the sitting-room of the stage manager's boarding-house, and there, sitting until past midnight, amid tobacco smoke and the vamping of piano and banjo, roaring forth the chorus of popular songs, but when it came to "part singing," chaos reigned; and it is a marvel to me how they learned to sing the opening chorus. The stage manager was also stage carpenter. The leading comic man was the scene painter. The stage was built on an economic plan. Economic plans are often "shaky," and that stage proved it. James, the son of the stage manager's boarding house lady, volunteered to act as usher. He was a nervous youth, but meant well. A large audience filled the hall on the first night, and the troupe was consequently excited. The burnt-cork supply ran out, and every one had a piebald appearance. Someone went out and bought lamp-black from a druggist. The lamp-black refused to be entirely eliminated from their countenances for days afterwards. The costumes got mixed, and there was nearly a fight. At half-past eight no one was ready, and the audience began to make demonstrations of impatience. By a quarter to nine some

yelled for their money back. With a face the colour of chalk James, the usher, rushed into the dressing-room. "For Heaven's sake, hurry up!" he gasped: "the audience is going raving mad!" Some one threw the "burnt-cork cloth" at him, and when he returned to the hall, he thought that the roar which rose from those who saw his half-blacked face was a demonstration of wrath, and he retreated to the dressing-room and refused to leave it until the curtain rose.

A small "string orchestra" had been engaged, and beyond all doubt their music was simply outrageous. The first fiddle made mistakes, the second fiddle was a bad reader and generally lagged half a note behind, the bass fiddler might have been reading his music from right to left, and the cornet blew hard in an endeavour to be the "whole show." When the troupe behind the curtain heard the overture, consternation was on every face. They saw disaster ahead, and their nerve deserted them.

The opening chorus was fair. "Sweet Chiming Bells," as sang by the leading tenor, was a fiasco. He sang four lines of the first verse correctly, albeit timidly, but repeated the opening bars again when taking the last four lines of the verse. Consequently at the end of the last line, he was in great doubt whether the chorus came next, or the middle of the song. The leading bass singer (a late addition to the troupe, and a member of a church choir), being a man of some resource, thought to hide the defect by dragging in the full chorus at once. He nodded to those near him, and whispered, "*Chorus.*" But they were too "dense," and, to the consternation of all, a single voice bellowed out the bass notes of

"Sweet Chiming Bells!"

The orchestra, of course, was paralyzed.

When the deafening uproar from the audience had subsided and all the tears had been mopped up, the interlocutor announced "'The Golden Wedding' by Mr. Pupp, with banjo accompaniment by Mr. Sandos."

Mr. Pupp stepped to the front bravely, but he was so white it almost shewed through the burnt cork. He could not decide what to do with his hands, and his feet, also, were a trouble to him. He looked at Sandos as much as to say, "Are you ready?" and then regardless of what key the banjo might be pitched in, began to warble in F. The banjo vamped in G. At the end of the first line, he felt that something was wrong. He began again, and, not possessing a very accurate "ear," this time in C. Feeling that he had started too low, he mounted a whole octave. The effect on audience was alarming. People were holding their sides in agonies of laughter; some slipped from their seats, helpless with shrieking mirth. Pupp tried again; and, now, *he* was laughing, too, for his nerve had returned (*what a nerve!*) and he got through his song so well that the audience felt that they had been deceived by a piece of admirable comedy, and Pupp was uproarously encored. The banjoist averred it was an encore of derision, but I am convinced that the audience had come to regard Pupp as a clever comedian.

Several items may be skipped. They were bad enough in sooth, but not sufficiently unique to be recorded. Preceding the concluding chorus, the bass singer, aforementioned, was to sing "Old Black Joe." The basso had "looked on the wine while it was red" prior to the rising of the curtain, and as he rarely showed the effects of imbibing except when he sat still for a length of time, he was in a somewhat blurred condition, though not a soul in the audience could have suspected it. The orchestra being incompetent, made matters worse, and the basso growled out "Old Black Joe" at the rate that a snail would crawl up a wall. The orchestra endeavoured to draw him along at a brisker pace, with the consequence that they got ahead of him, and at the end of the first verse, the interlocutor, deeply disgusted, arose and intervened with.

"Close the shutters; Willie's dead."

This was the announcement of the closing chorus, but the audience thought it a great joke, and the whole place vibrated with roars of laughter.

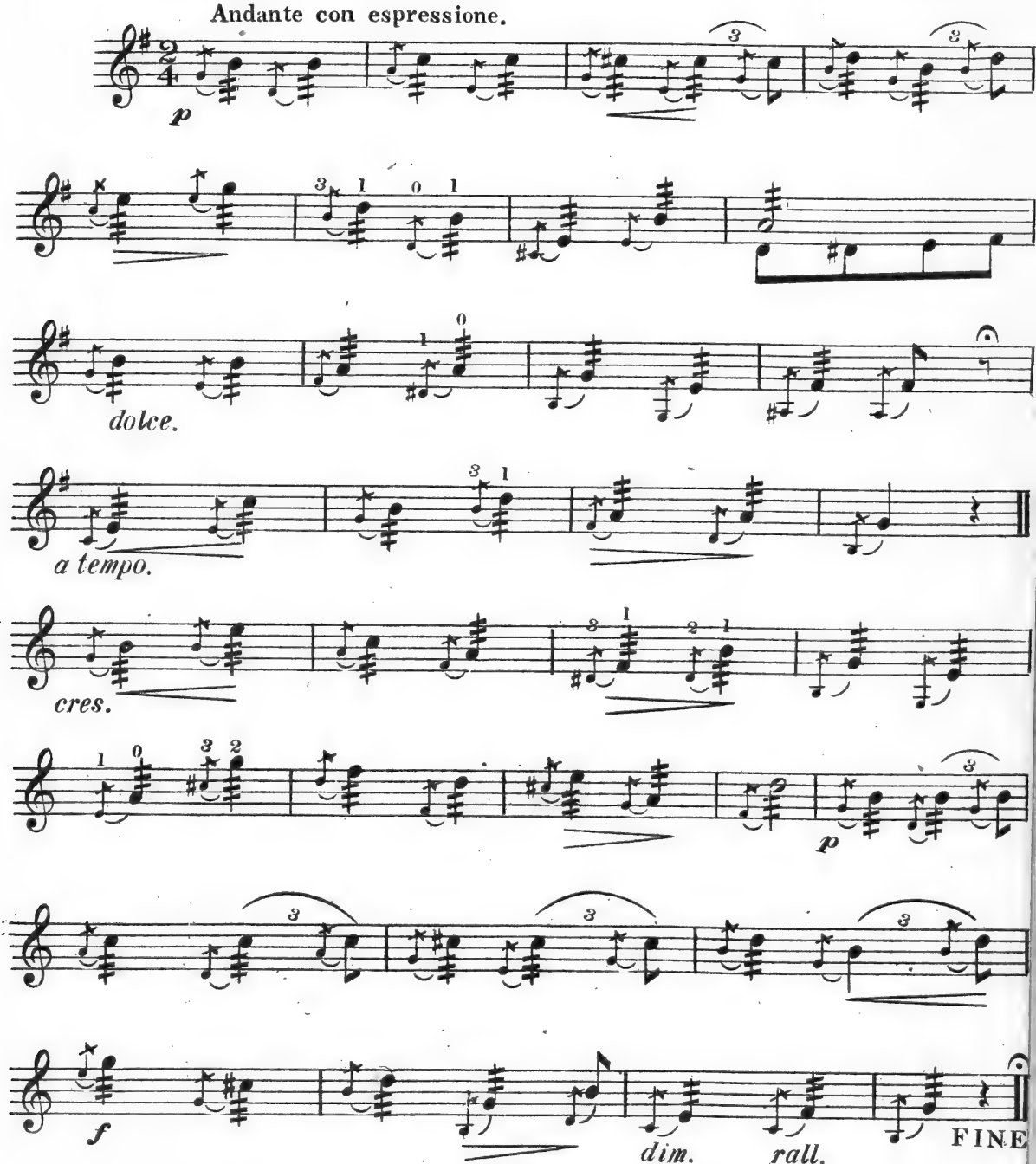
However, at the finish of the chorus, considerable applause was bestowed and the circle sat modestly erect, awaiting the fall of the curtain. But there was no one at the ropes. Just then a loud crack was heard, and the rear portion of the stage gracefully subsided backwards, wings and all, amid a splintering of wood and a chaos of arms, legs and chairs. Two "end men" alone remained seated on that part of the stage near the footlights, and James, the usher, trying at that moment to lower the curtain, inadvertently turned off the gas, and the whole place was plunged in darkness.—*The Major.*

MR. W. E. TEMLETT is again compelled to caution the public against buying imitations of his "Mozart Model" banjo. These imitations, although somewhat similar in appearance, are absolutely devoid of the powerful and sustained tone contained in the genuine "Mozart," which is in every case stamped W. E. Temlett, Mozart Model."—[ADVT.].

Memories of Childhood.

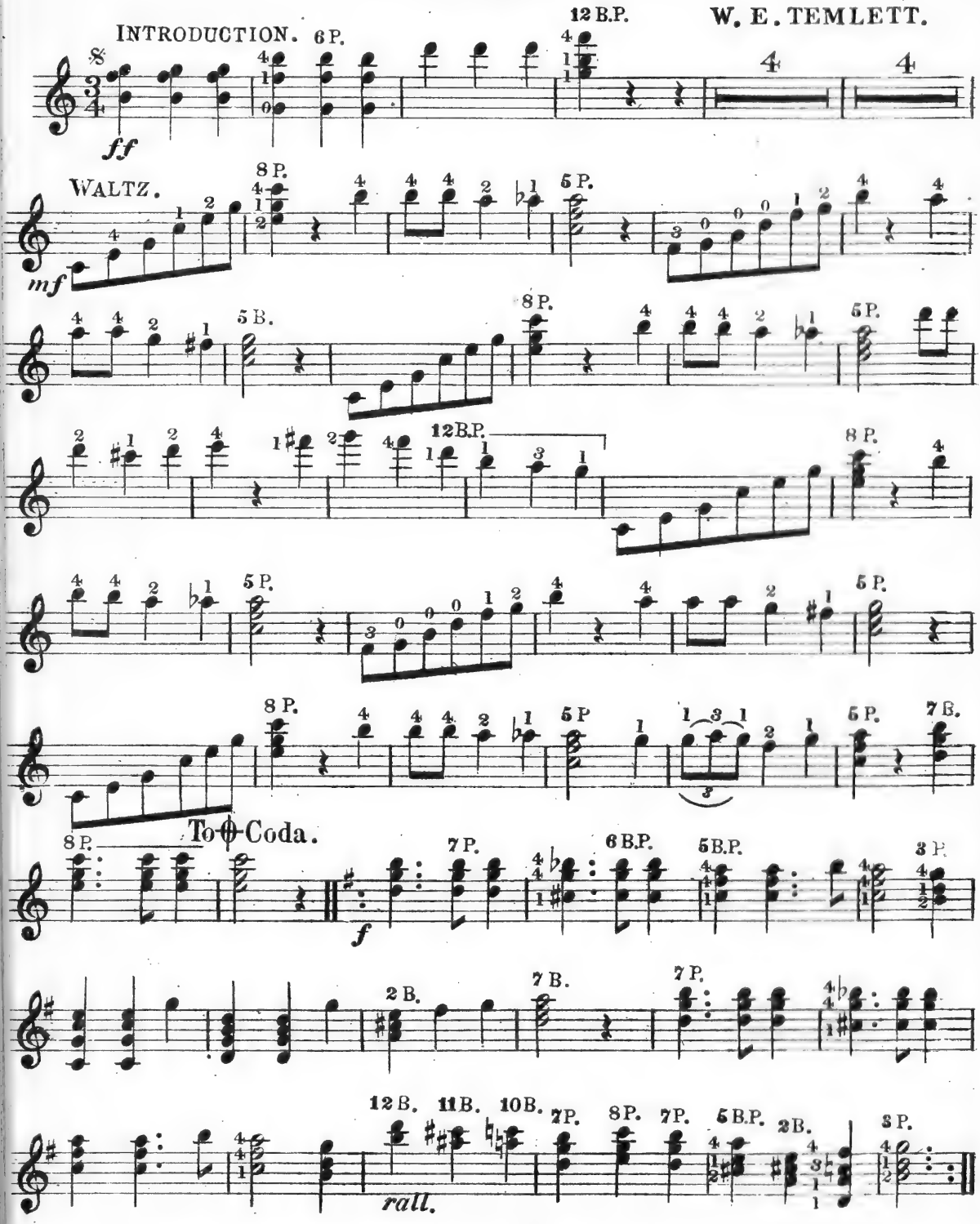
REVERIE.

MANDOLIN. E. H. FREY.

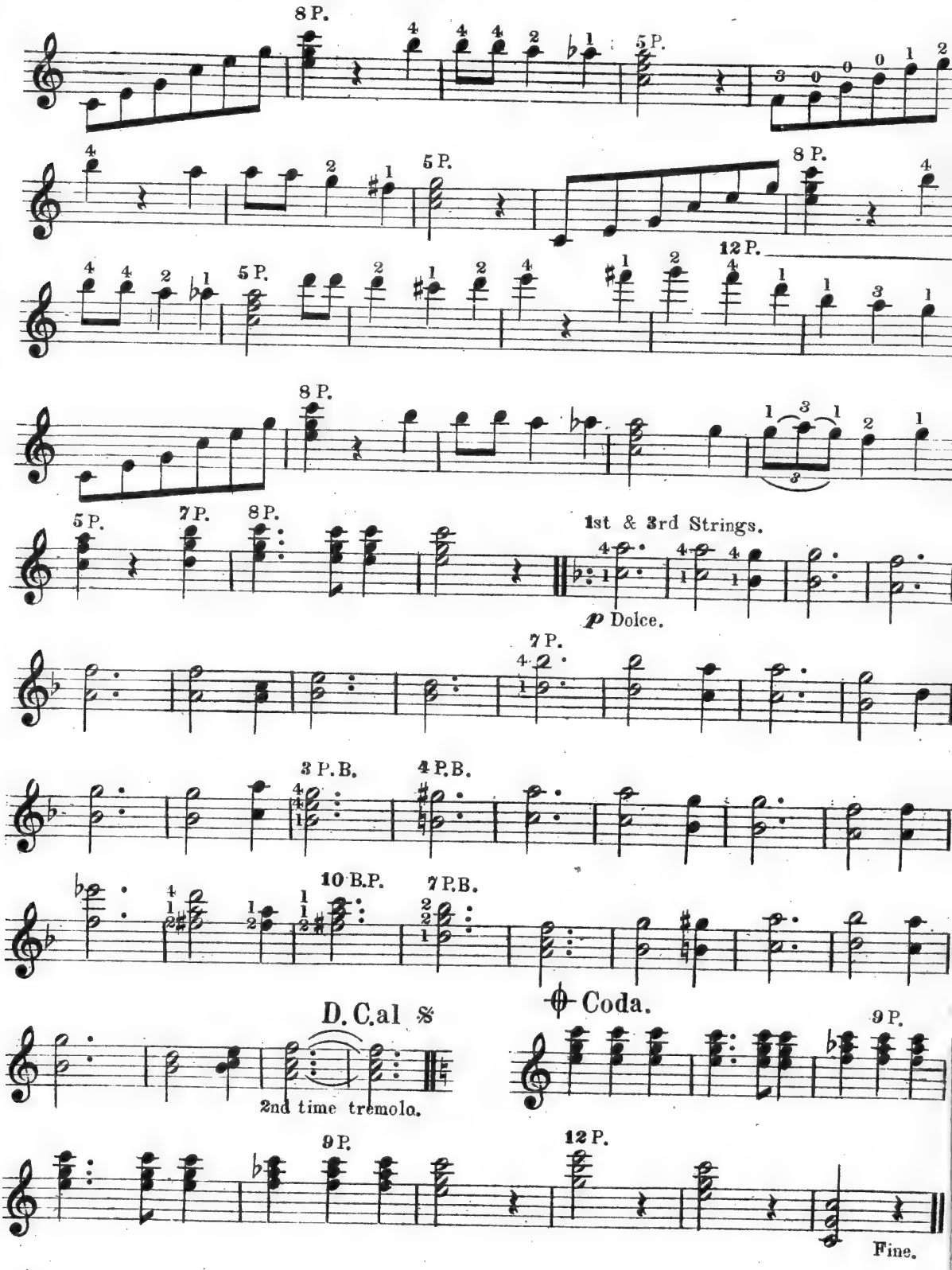


Princess Waltz.

BANJO.



Read the "Banjo, Mandolin & Guitar News" 3d Monthly.


8 P.
5 P.
8 P.
5 P.
12 P.
8 P.
5 P.
7 P.
8 P.
1st & 3rd Strings.
p Dolce.
7 P.
3 P.B.
4 P.B.
10 B.P.
7 P.B.
D. C. al 𝄋
2nd time tremolo.
Coda.
9 P.
9 P.
12 P.
Fine.

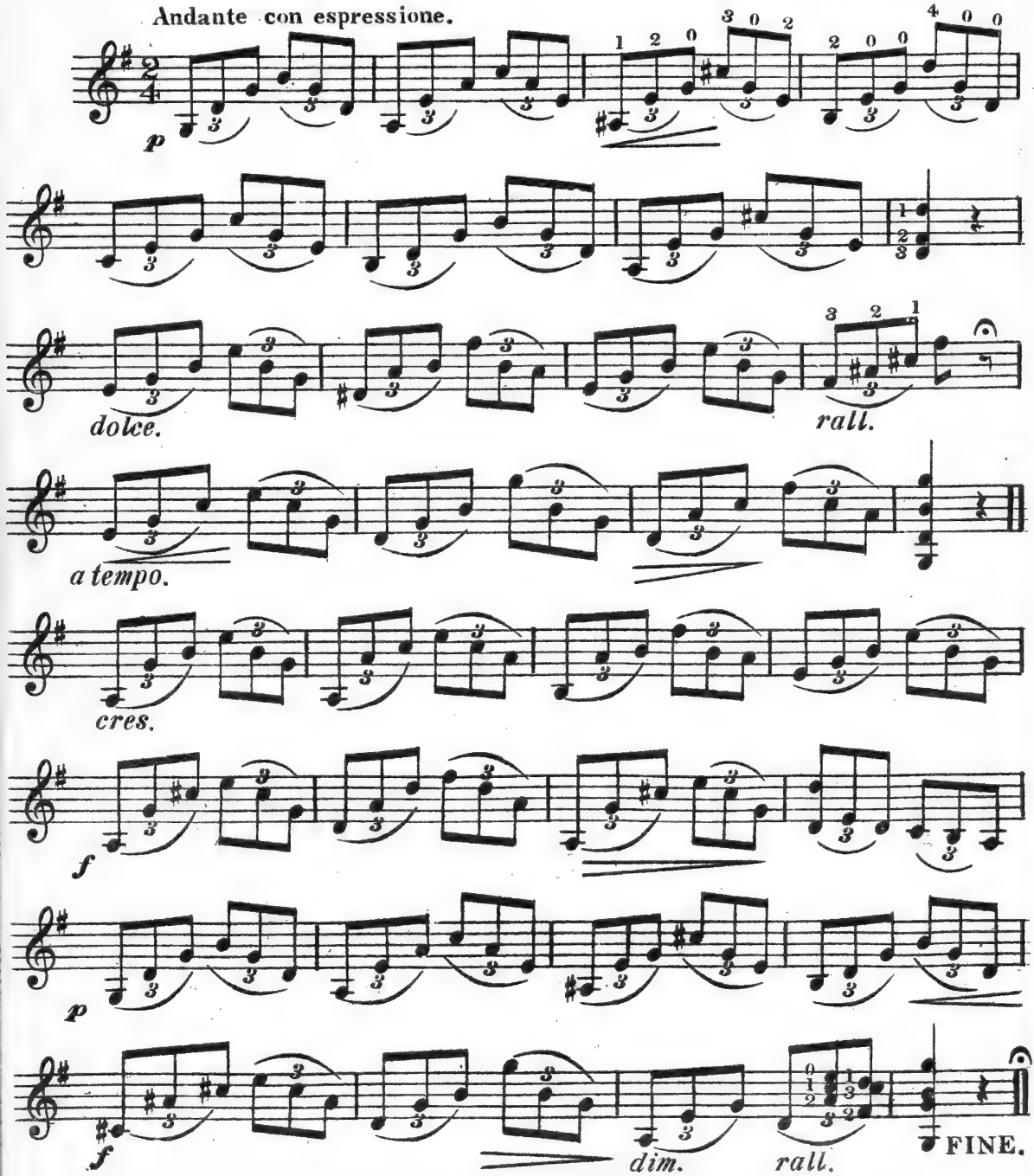
Memories of Childhood.

REVERIE.

GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT.

E. H. FREY.

Andante con espressione.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

A TRIBUTE TO THE BANJO.

A GREAT many writers of the present century have praised the banjo in words destined to live through future ages. We are all familiar with Rudyard Kipling's poem, and also with the loving mention of the instrument by De Maurier and other writers. Perhaps, however, to some few of our readers these words of the great novelist, Julian Hawthorne, may be new. In one of his best known works he says of the banjo :—

"It is an instrument which has been much misrepresented and mis-made, as well as misused. There are nasal, metallic banjos, which are as exasperating as vulgar talkers. You can hear them a mile off, and the farther off the better. There are banjos which are mumbling and demoralized. But there are such things as good banjos, and the only instrument (made with hands) that equals a good banjo is a good violin; but the violin must be heard alone, whereas a banjo is best when married to a sympathetic human voice.

"Its strings seem to be the very chords of being; their music is so near to life, that they seem to vibrate from the emotions of the player. The sounds are mellow; in their essence they are pathetic, though they can rise to a humorous cheerfulness, as one laughs with a sorrow at the heart. It is the music of nature, ordered and harmonized. No charlatan or coarse minded person can play on such a banjo; it is a fatal revealer of character. Passionate and gentle natures use the instrument best, and men oftener than women."

IN one of our leading daily papers appears an advertisement eulogistic of a certain cork carpeting. Heading the paragraph are the words "Harmony in the Home" accompanied by the representation of—a banjo. Here at last is the beginning of what our friends across the way would term "outside recognition." To be sure the instrument in the illustration would not be to the average banjoist strikingly suggestive of harmony—it has in fact an air of store-tubbiness—but the spirit of the thing, at least, is all right. Who mentioned discouragement?

NERVOUSNESS.

NERVOUSNESS before appearing in public occurs to many professional musicians, singers, speakers and students. When once on the stage the fear is gone; but, oh! the apprehension that comes before the entrance! This occurs to every true artist, no matter how it may be concealed for the time being. Anyone who is so self-confident or so diffident as to be absolutely regardless of an audience is not, in my opinion, a true artist. I feel that the following illustrations of nervousness among great artists will be encouraging to many young people who fear they will never be able to cultivate sufficient self-reliance to appear in public. It has been my good fortune to have been present just before the entrance of the artists engaged to appear, and I hope that the behaviour of some of those I have seen will be as interesting to all my readers as it has been to me.

My old teacher in Philadelphia had many peculiar notions. One in particular, I attribute to nervousness; however he would never allow a thought of this kind to be presumed. I recollect very distinctly one evening, it was symphony night by the Theodore Thomas orchestra at the Academy of Music, and Lumbye's "Traumbilder" was on the programme. A zither solo occurs in this composition and my dear old teacher had been selected to play it. We had made arrangements to attend the concert, and had an appointment to leave his residence together. Before leaving he called me aside and whispered into my ear in an excited manner, "Maurice, I am not superstitious, but should it happen that the first living object we will meet after we leave the house perchance to be a woman, my playing will be a dead failure."

Naturally, I was dumbfounded at such nonsense, and tried to convince him of the unreasonableness of such an idea; but it was of no use; he had made up his mind. Fortunately, it was a black cat, and not a woman, that crossed our path as we stepped out of the house, and my friend was in a peaceful mind again.

What had been the matter with him? He was nervous; it was that apprehension preceding the concert—over-anxiety. Once on the stage among the orchestra and facing the conductor, all was forgotten, and he had regained his self-possession again. After the concert I asked him about the woman, but he showed signs of embarrassment and I did not press the question.

Almost everyone is curious to know just what is occurring in the dressing room before

a concert. Many ridiculous assertions are heard from members of the audience. As an instance, all sorts of reports are circulated regarding the methods used by Farland, the banjo artist, to bring his hands into condition before playing. We are even told that he soaks them in Florida water. I wonder why? Perhaps to make his playing more florid! Well, Mr. Farland is too sensible an artist to resort to any tricks or rubbish of this kind.

But there is one thing he clings to, and it is that dear old well-worn, battered-up, through-the-mill and fire-proof folding chair. When that gentleman has a concert engagement to fulfil (and you know these are many) you will see that identical chair. It sometimes looks out of place when there is an elegant stage setting. But what is the difference? It suits Farland best, and the audience does not mind it. And why is a chair of that kind preferred? It brings ease and comfort, self-possession and composure to the player; it makes him feel perfectly at home, and should at any time something happen to this dear old friend, nervousness will surely be the result. Never mind, Mr. Farland; some day the boys will make you a present of a chair set with diamonds. You are entitled to all the honours due to an artist.

I had the pleasure to meet the late Senor Romero at one of the Stewart banjo contests given at the Association Hall. I had often heard of the excellent qualities of this artist, and prized very much the opportunity to have a personal interview. Mr. Thomas Armstrong introduced me to the gentleman, and I tried my very best to get him interested in a conversation. I spoke to him about guitar and zither playing, of music and concerts, of well-known persons in the profession, of Boston, the city of his residence, and other things. It was of no avail; I received no answer; he had nothing to say. I was beginning to think that what had been said of Romero must be a mistake. My impression of the man was not what could be considered a favourable one, when suddenly a thought passed through my mind —perhaps he was nervous. My thoughts did not deceive me. After we had completed our parts of the programme, Senor Romero invited Mr. Ross and myself to enjoy a supper with him, and said he owed me an apology for his strange behaviour in the earlier part of the evening. We accepted the kind invitation, and agreed to make the rest of the evening as pleasant as possible. After we were comfortably seated Senor Romero told us his experiences pertaining to concert playing; that when he had an engagement demanding exact work it would excite his nervous system to such an extent as to make him mopish and disagreeable, unpleasant to associate with. His appetite would leave him for the day, and it would be a constant worriment; what would be the result in the evening? How would the audience be pleased? Would it not be lost labour? etc. But after all was over, new life would take possession of the man, and then he wanted something substantial to eat and friends to talk to. This was another case of apprehension and nervous temperament. I would like to remark that his playing on this evening was something remarkable. His selection was an Air Varie, "Das Mailuftl," a German song, and it was exquisitely done. It was one of those performances through which you hold your breath, and when finished listening heave a sigh and say: "Oh, how wonderful!"

Experience and time may remove the dread of entering the concert stage, but we want no remedy to cure the anxiety to please, and render one's performance artistic. This very nervousness is the vital part of an artistic temperament.

MAURICE JACOBI, in *The Cadenza*.

CONCERT NOTICES.

Mr. WILL C. PEPPER'S Sixth Grand Evening Banjo Concert, Thursday, Nov. 23rd, at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross. The leading exponents of the Banjo are engaged. Popular prices, 5s., 3s., 2s. and 1s. Commence at 8 p.m. For further particulars see page advertisement in present issue.

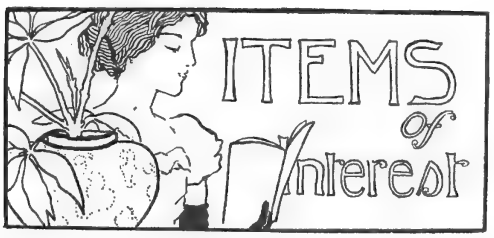
* * *

Great Hall, Bishops Stortford. A Grand Banjo Concert will be given on Wednesday, November 8th. Artists including the Royal Pierrot Banjo Team and the Bishop Stortford Banjo Band, under the direction of Mr. Harry Claydon. Tickets of Messrs. Perry and Son, Music Warehouse, South Street, Bishops Stortford. Commence at 7.15.

* * *

Town Hall, Birmingham, Thursday, November 23rd. Messrs. Windsor and Taylor's Grand Banjo Concert. Artistes including Messrs. A. D. Cammeyer, James Dunn, Olly Oakley, and Signor Leopoldo Francia. Commence at 8 p.m.

MR. W. E. TEMLETT begs to inform the readers of this journal that in response to numerous enquiries he has added a studio to his offices, No. 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., where the best known teachers of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar will attend daily. Terms from £1 1s. to £3 3s. per term.



Our friends the "Coons" are with us again after a prolonged tour, account of which will be found on another page. The general opinion is to the effect that this is the very best season they have had up to the present. A great many dates have been booked in advance for next year, and the team have scored successes all along the line.

* * *

We are pleased to hear that Miss Nellie Austerberry, the clever little mandolinist of Oldham, pupil of Mr. G. W. Sucksmith, who made her first appearance in London at Mr. Will C. Pepper's last concert, has been engaged by Mr. Harry Claydon for his forthcoming concert at Bishop's Stortford, on Wednesday, November 8th. Mr. G. W. Sucksmith will also appear on this occasion as mandolin soloist.

* * *

We have been asked to state that Mr. H. Nassau-Kennedy has been engaged exclusively to teach for A. W. Jackson, late J. A. Mills, at 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

* * *

The Piccadilly Coons.—"Of the little Alabama Coon, in Hattie Starr's pretty song, it is fairly generally known that she 'hadn't been born very lo—ong.' It is different with the able-bodied Piccadilly Coons at St. James's Hall, under the fatherly care of *debonnaire* Major Brian Williams. They were just five-and-thirty years of age on Wednesday of last week, when they celebrated the occasion, to crowded houses, with a capital anniversary programme. To prevent misconception, I may state that it was as an institution (for the Moore and Burgess Minstrels are nothing less) rather than as individuals that the Coons celebrated their birthday, for those veteran comedians, Messrs. Norton and Birchmore, are rather more than thirty-five, though you wouldn't think it to see them dance, while young Mr. Wilson Hallett, the whistler and delightful child-mimic (Major William's latest find), won't be that age for a good many years to come, as neither will sweet-voiced Master Buffery, whose mellow and sympathetic rendering of 'Nellie Gray' is worth going a very long way to hear. This particular song is, of course, a very old favourite, but the bulk of the generous anniversary programme provided—songs, dances, jokes, etc.—is entirely and delightfully new. I was glad to note that 'Coonland,' a charming 'musical act without a plot,' brought the house down—and a packed house it was, too. For I happen to know that 'Coonland' is a god-child of *M.A.P.*, the title having been suggested to its genial creator by a chance phrase used on a former occasion, when it was stated that the St. James's Hall was the 'Capital of Coonland.' As then, so now, only more so; but readers should be independent, and go and see for themselves."—*M.A.P.*

* * *

The London Pierrot Team have been meeting with great success in their engagement this season at the Bridlington New Spa, their programme comprising many of the most popular songs and selections of the day. In addition to Mr. A. Vowles-Reeves, whose talent is well-known, the team comprises Mr. Surrie Lindon, Mr. Harry Collard, and Miss Emerson Hurst.

* * *

We are in receipt of the announcement of Mr. Sid. P. Herbert's First Banjo Concert, to take place in the Concert Hall, Blackheath, on November 29th. Among the artists will be Messrs. Will C. Pepper, Alban Booth, Herbert and Wilson, etc. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s.

* * *

The Bros. Mitchell, of Prestwich, are clever musical artistes, and thoroughly competent entertainers. They are open to accept engagements for concerts, garden parties, etc., and their programme, which is well up to date, comprises vocal, instrumental and elocutionary selections. Mr. Fred Mitchell is also an able teacher of the banjo, mandolin and guitar, and the conductor of a large and well-known orchestra of these instruments.

* * *

We see from a programme received that Mr. John E. McKenna, the clever and well-known banjoist of St. Paul, Minnesota, is at present travelling with Clark and Scott's Operatic Minstrels, who are enjoying an excellent season.

* * *

Our friend, Myron A. Bickford, at Greenfield, Mass., who, by-the-way, is a strong advocate of "universal" notation, informs us he is very busy, and has placed an order

with Mr. W. E. Temlett for several of his publications, which should "catch on" rapidly in the States.

* * *

The last three concerts given by the "White Coons" in Ireland were as follows: Athenæum, Limerick, on Friday night, travelling all the same night to Dublin, and then giving a very much appreciated programme at Mr. Jameson's, Leeson Park, Dublin, on Saturday afternoon, then driving straight to the Antient Concert Rooms the same evening (Mr. George Grossmith had given a matinee the same afternoon) for their Farewell Concert to a splendid house, that encored every item without exception! Mr. Mick Enright deserves great praise for the important part he took in the management of the tour, and now that the Coons "*know his people*" everything should go well next season.

* * *

Banjoists on the look out for a really good concert number should not fail to try the new galop by Nassau-Kennedy. It is going to be a big hit this season.

* * *

"There are those who appear to think that all instruments, such as the banjo, violin, zither, mandolin and guitar are fated to disuse, simply because of the influx of mechanical instruments, such as the roller-organ, music box, improved hand-organs, etc.; but this we consider a very shallow reasoning, for no person who possesses music talent is going to give over his talent to the mechanical work of a crank, either by foot power, hand power, or spring motor. There is little real enjoyment in mechanical-sounding tones; it is not like the expression of the human voice or the tones of a stringed musical instrument when under the control and trained will power of the cultivated musical mind. The musical intellect finds its pleasure in the cultivation of its genius, which must increase and grow from year to year. The real cultivation of the genius of banjo playing has not yet reached its zenith, and as much as has already been accomplished is but a start upon the road to a far greater future. No mechanical wound-up instrument can take the place of a good banjo in the hands of an accomplished player, and, as the faculty of music is cultivated in this land, so must the banjo, the only native American instrument, increase in popularity. Let the good work continue. There are plenty who will be just as well pleased with a mouth-organ, and also with various kinds of mechanical musical boxes, bnt still there are plenty more who occupy the higher plane and prefer to develop their own musical accomplishments."—*S. S. Stewart.*

A VIRTUOSO OF THE DAY.

HYDE GOWAN.

THE banjoists of the East are looking forward with a very lively interest to the coming of Hyde Gowan, who finishes his Western tour within the next two months, and who then comes this way to show what things he has accomplished.

Banjoists are expecting great things from Gowan, partly because the West has given him so royal a welcome, but chiefly because he unites in his personality all the qualities which go to the make-up of a great artist. Possessed of a rarely emotional temperament, a personal magnetism that is irresistible, a breadth and *finesse* of intellectual conception and a lofty ideal for his art, no matter what his technical qualifications might be, he is just such a type as is wanted in the banjo world.

The distinctly emotional music has been a good deal neglected by banjoists, hitherto, and it is just such a forceful personality as Gowan's that is wanted to exploit this more or less undeveloped field. It will not be long ere there will be as distinctly an emotional school of banjoists as there is of pianists, and in Gowan we have an enthusiastic and highly endowed pioneer.

On the score of technical qualifications, moreover, Gowan is by no means lacking. An indomitable will and a keen critical judgment have led him to a rigid rejection of mannerisms and the attainment of a purity of tone and finish of execution that plays an important part in the results he has sought to attain.

It is these results that make the young virtuoso's work so important. Realising keenly that there is a higher end in music than mere technical excellence, he has sought for that which would be the most vivid and most tangible expression of himself rather than choose his material for its technical showiness or its superficial power to please.

That Gowan has succeeded to a remarkable degree, has been the general verdict of his critics everywhere, and there is little doubt that he will instantly be placed at the head of all living banjoists when the critics of the East have the opportunity of passing judgment.

CARLYLE ELLIS in the September *Major.*

THE WHITE COONS BANJO TEAM.

AUTUMN TOUR.

IT is a very old saying that "nothing succeeds like success." Certainly the White Coons have found occasion to prove daily the truth of this adage in the course of their summer wanderings. Everywhere they have met with enthusiastic welcome, alike from old friends and new; the Irish press bears full and frequent testimony to their popularity, and altogether a complete account of this season's campaign and its triumphs would contrive to fill a good sized volume.

Their autumn tour, occupying in all about four weeks, commenced on September 25th, and proved a becoming finale to the summer's doings. It was a case of "quick work" as Mr. Conyers would say, the morning "show" at Bray being still continued during the first fortnight of the tour, which meant a good bit of time spent in travelling backwards and forwards. Their wanderings afield comprised Dalkey, Wicklow, Kingstown, Howth, Arklow, Rathmines, Maryborough, Parsonstown, Nenagh, Naas, Cork, Queenstown, Killarney, Mallow, Tipperary, Clonmel, Limerick, Dublin, etc., and they met with a royal reception at all points. That public character, "Sir" Davey, of Kingstown Pier fame, has a great deal to say about the Coons at one time and another, remarks upon one occasion: "The White Coons have proved a distinct success in the Premier Township, and thousands have patronized their brilliant and up-to-date performances." The *Irish Figaro* is "glad to learn that Mr. Will C. Pepper's celebrated White Coon Banjo Team is on the war-path again," and later says: "The White Coons, whose entertainments have been a source of enjoyment to thousands during the past summer, have made a final tour through Ireland during the week, and give a farewell concert in the Antient Concert Rooms on Saturday at eight p.m. This troupe is certainly a most talented one. The banjo playing of Messrs. Meredith and Pepper is in itself a great attraction, and Mr. Will C. Pepper's coon songs are rendered with a becoming mingling of pathos and humour. Miss Kate Temple possesses a sweet voice, and is particularly happy in such songs as 'Bright Little Glass' and 'Down the Vale.' As humourists Mr. Wilson James and Chas. Conyers have few equals, while the latter has considerable ventriloquial power. I hope the White Coons will have a bumper house, and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing them next year 'come with summer o'er the wave.'"

"Although the season is now drawing to a close," the *Bray Recorder* stated in a later issue, "yet the above popular team are drawing bigger crowds than ever to their morning and evening performances on the esplanade. One evening last week applications were received from Dublin by wire and letter for over fifty seats to be reserved. . . . The attendance at their entertainment at the Royal Marine Gardens, Kingstown, last Wednesday week proved to be a record one, and without a doubt the most representative gathering, socially, that has been seen in Kingstown for some time."

It would take too long to quote all that the press has to say about the Coons. From all quarters comes the same tale, and unless the members of the team have learnt by this time that sublime indifference which we are told is the outward air of the truly famous, they must have been put to the blush many a time by this persistent chanting of their praises. It was our intention to have concluded this record with a little well-chosen eulogy on our account, but it appears that there are only three dictionaries and an encyclopædia in the office, and after the remarks of the Irish any effort in this direction would be apt to fall flat. So we will leave it with merely a timely quotation. "Pride goes—." No, that isn't what we wanted. Ah, we have it, now.

"Enterprise is the pivot on which turn all great achievements."

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of THE BANJO. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

16, Montpelier Street, Brighton,
October 1899.

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Just a few lines to let you know that after a very successful summer tour with the "White Coons," No. 2 Company, I have settled down once more at my studios, 16, Montpelier Street, Brighton, to what appears to be a record season. I may say that I have never been so busy at the *starting* of the season as I am this year; in fact, since my concert my clientéle has gone up by leaps and bounds. My Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band has become so large this season that I have had to throw open doors to another room. I have vacancies for mandolas, and would be glad to welcome any new members, which are admitted at any date. Subscription rate 10/6 per session of three months.

I notice in your October issue of the BANJO NEWS that there is only one Mandolin and Guitar Band south of London that plays its music pure and simple. Without wasting any valuable time to go into details, I would like to see the matter explained in your next issue.

I have arranged for my next concert to take place in

December, at the Royal Pavilion, but have not yet been able to fix the date; probably the 9th, when Mr. Will C. Pepper and Mr. Alban Booth will appear.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, I have not trespassed too much on your valuable space

I remain, yours sincerely,

ALBERT DURAND.

[The statement in question occurred under "London and Provincial Notes," in a cutting from a non-musical contemporary, which, arriving at a very busy time, just before we went to press, was inserted verbatim. That it should have been thus overlooked and allowed to appear unchallenged is our fault, and we greatly regret the unintentional injustice to our friend Mr. Durand, who we trust will accept this apology.—ED.]

Leeds, October 21st, 1899.

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR SIR—As an old time banjo player I write to express my pleasure of your BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS, now appearing monthly. I am pleased to note the recent publications for the Banjo, although somewhat difficult to a student who has been used to the more ancient style. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Charlie Brown, of this city, who has a heart ever open and a hand ever ready to help those poor victims who are struggling in deep waters. Mr. Brown, I am pleased to say has a great number of pupils, and is a thorough musician and a conscientious and painstaking teacher. It is my intention to purchase through that gentleman a W.E. Temlett Banjo with raised frets.

Wishing you and the journal every success, I am,

Yours very truly,

TOM HAIGH.

P.S.—I was very pleased to see my old friend and pupil, Mr. Fred Jagger, in your last number.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

G. E. (Croydon)—If you want to work up some good and fairly difficult solos on the banjo, you would find any of the following well worth trial:—"Rena May," Romance (Fiske); "Parke Hunter's Waltz," "Valse de Concert," "Violet du Bois." We believe Mr. J. A. Turner, 33, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., publishes some "classical" arrangements for the banjo. The greater number of artists playing such selections make their own arrangements from the score of other instruments.

H. F. (Bournemouth). 1. When you first put the wire string on, rub it with chamois leather moistened with a drop of sweet oil. 2. We have left off "noticing"—the thing has become a bit monotonous. Thanks all the same. 3. Yes.

"NEW SUBSCRIBER." Your friend would do best to address Mr. A. W. Newton, The Promenade, Cheltenham.

"Z. Z." Thanks for your kind wishes. When the articles are unsigned, it is simply because the writers prefer to identify themselves with the paper. We are not at liberty to say.

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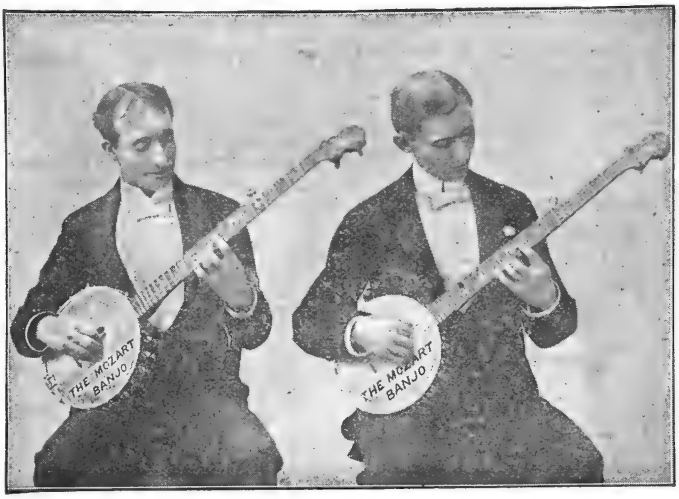

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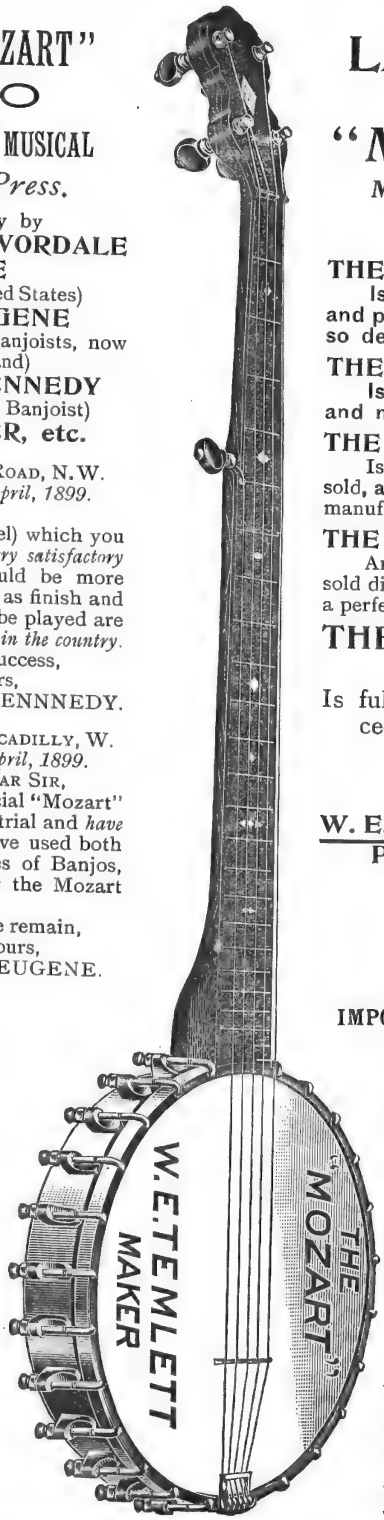

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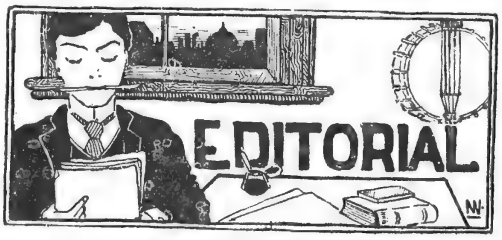
MUSIC—"Apollo March," Banjo and Guitar.	

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]



A HAPPY Christmas to our friends at home and abroad, and the best of New Years to follow! It is the season of universal good will the wide world over, and may it serve to cement yet more firmly one or two friendships that have been long a-building. However, the houses that take longest in the making are the surest in the end, and—let me whisper it—nobody can say that the good fellowship existent among the profession and those journals voicing it, is in any sense of the word jerry-built. But Rome wasn't made in a day, and neither was anything else that is worth having. Suffice it that the present season is in more ways than one the most promising that has befallen in many years. 1899 is slipping past us very rapidly now. We wish we could look back on it with unmixed kindliness and pleasure, but that is one of the things that will never be, as long as the seasons shift. It has wrought us much good in its turn, but not without some counterpart, and in remembering the new friends it has brought to us, we can none of us be forgetful of those others which it has taken away.

* * *

We note with great regret, and, it is only fair to add, considerable astonishment, that Farland is not appearing as soloist at the Festivals of the National Export Exposition, as was originally reported. We hear that this alteration is on account of the conviction that Mr. Farland's playing is too delicate to be heard to advantage in so large a hall. In our opinion, this is a matter for very great regret among all banjoists, and individually to each member of the audience present. Mr. Farland stands practically alone among the virtuosos of the day; he is representative of the banjo at its highest attained develop-

ment, and we should scarcely imagine that a Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festival of such prominence could be considered either complete or representative without his presence. We believe that in saying this we express the opinion of a large proportion of the banjo public. Mr. Farland has filled good-sized halls before now, and that without any apparent exertion. His touch has that clearness which is best adapted to carrying a long distance. At any rate—I speak now merely personally—if the auditorium were as big as New South Wales I would be only too willing to take my chance of hearing Farland from the back of it, rather than have the certainty that he would not play at all.

* * *

It will not be long before the banjo achieves a distinct literature of its own, fictional as well as didactic. The gentleman in the gallery may remark: "It has done this already." But we take the word fictional here in its purely literary sense. Short stories and sketches have already appeared from time to time, written by banjoists about banjoists, and there seems a growing tendency to make these a feature in several of our leading journals. Many of these compositions show astonishing imagination, and a disposition to compass sensation at the expense of probability; the instrument is brought into queer company, and assists its owner to effect hair-breadth escape at critical moments. In time, however, banjo fiction will outgrow this, and we shall have tales which will be none the less interesting because their plot is within the range of everyday experience. The banjo profession is yet a comparatively untried field for the novelist, and in the course of time will unfailingly produce its interpreters, and these not "outsiders," but of the rank and file. They may in future days prove no small factor in bringing the general public into closer and more intelligent sympathy with the world which centres round the banjo, mandolin and guitar.

* * *

In an appreciative notice of the late Mr. S. A. Halfpenny, the *Major* says: "We believe that in his own country the deceased occupied a position similar to that of Farland in America."

* * *

We regret having to hold over several contributions this number, including "Reminiscences of the Queen's Navee." Those crowded out however, will be included in our next issue.

MR. WILL C. PEPPER'S CONCERT.

(*Special to* The Banjo News.)

Evidently the man in the street was at some loss to account for the atmosphere of interest pervading the entrance to St. Martin's Hall last Thursday night, for in crossing the pavement I heard one onlooker demand earnestly, "What's on 'ere? One of these war fund affairs?"

I did not wait to catch the reply, being in a greater hurry to catch my seat. Clocks wait for no man, and experience has taught that on certain occasions in the year this hall has a remarkable knack of filling up in a very short space of time, giving but slim chance to late arrivals. In fact, the house was already fairly crowded, and as "Apollo March," the opening number of the Mozart Club, was just then in full swing, a polite but inflexible usher kept me on the outside of the glass doors until the turn was ended, and I slipped in with several others under cover of the very hearty storm of applause.

The orchestral arrangement of this March is certainly splendid, and the club does it full justice. Following came Mr. Harry Collins, of Liverpool, whom we were glad to have the opportunity of welcoming to a London stage. I had heard a great deal of Mr. Collins's playing previously, and it fully bears out all reports. He gave a new composition, "Banjoista," well described by its title, for it was distinctly "banjoey"; and in encore an arrangement of the "Lost Chord," which displayed some good tremolo work. Mr. Wilson James sang "The Ladies' Penny Paper" (*Pearson's*, by the way, ought to regard this song as a good advertisement), and justified his Irish title of "Compulsory Laughter Artist" to a degree. He was recalled persistently, and responded with a coon song, "My Susie." Mr. Alban Booth's MS. Waltz is charming, and "ordinary" as well as zither banjoists will anxiously await its publication. His rendition was exquisite, and to my mind deserving of an even better reception. Mr. W. J. Fletcher, Junr., is one of our foremost mandolinists, and a composer of no ordinary merit. His execution is superb, and delicate as is the tone he produces, it has great clearness and carrying power. He was heard to advantage in his solos, "Air Varie" (Dancla), and a "Hungarian Dance" of his own composition, being enthusiastically encored. Mr. H. Nassau Kennedy gave his new solo, "Kennedy's Galop," with characteristic spirit, and in response to the demands of his audience, another selection equally bright, but of which

I do not know the name. Mr. J. Edward Fraser, whom we had the opportunity of hearing before at these concerts, and who possesses one of the loveliest baritone voices I have ever listened to, sang "Love, could I only tell thee," and in encore, "The Ould Plaid Shawl." Later in the programme he gave a very pretty lullaby of his own, "Slumber Town," just published.

Mr. Will C. Pepper's playing impresses one as being strongly individual, and it is this which sets him apart among banjoists of the day. He puts his own construction upon the music he plays, and he carries, so to speak, his audience with him. He was entered on the programme for a March, MS., by Fiske, which was very good, and he gave in encore Hunter's "Moderato and Waltz."

The Mozart Club opened the second part of the programme with "On Guard," and a persistent recall was not complied with as time was already running short. Mr. Arthur Sullivan played his Andante and Waltz upon a zither-banjo, responding with a very pretty composition, "Music of the Pinewood" (Farrand). I do not know whether Mr. Sullivan's reversion to the zither-banjo is to be permanent, but if so, incline—with a critic's apology—to the opinion that the ranks of the "ordinary" banjoists will thereby lose rather more than the zither-banjoists will gain, faultless as was his handling of the instrument on this occasion. Mr. Harry Collins came next, with "Princess Waltz," which I hear is having a great run of popularity in the provinces, and certainly deserves it. Mr. Collins's recall was as hearty as before, and he responded with a whistling solo, "Home, Sweet Home" to banjo accompaniment. He met with quite the reception of the evening. Messrs. Herbert and Wilson were successful as usual with "Rosetree March," which lends itself well to duet. Mr. Fiske's playing is in every sense artistic, and he possesses great delicacy of touch. He is essentially a zither-banjoist, and has studied his instrument to advantage. His two solos were "Songs without Words" (MS.) and Arditi's "L'Ingenue Gavotte."

Next in order came "Our friends, the Coons." It is quite a good while since their last appearance at a London banjo concert. Having heard so much about them on all sides, and yet having contrived to see so little of them, one was almost justified in regarding their rumoured achievements much as those of a certain Mrs. Harris not unknown to novel-readers. However, we take it all back! Certainly they had nothing to complain of in their reception by a London audience. First came a banjo duet, "West Lawn Polka," given good account of by Messrs. Will C. Pepper and Bert Meredith; an encore was exacted, and responded to with "Yacht Club March," A ventriloquial sketch followed, laughably conducted by Mr. Chas. Conyers, with the assistance of a sixth member of the team, in civilian attire and with a most expressive visage, who, I noticed, spent the remainder of the time in a forlorn attitude at the back of the piano. A vocal duet, "My Girl," by Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Will C. Pepper, was succeeded by "The girl in the Big Black Hat," sung with good effect by Mr. Wilson James, who was encored. Miss Kate Temple then sung, "You, just you" (Jensen), in charming form, to her own accompaniment. Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James were inimitable in their humorous duet, "Serial Stories," and kept the house in peals of laughter.

Mr. A. H. N. Kennedy gave as his second item, "Among Comrades," another new solo of his own composition, which will become very popuiar, to judge from its reception. Mr. W. J. Fletcher was again encored for Alard's "Valse Brilliante," and gave a selection which called for some wonderful execution. Following which, and Mr. Edward Fraser's second song, the Mozart Club ended the evening appropriately with "White Coons."

Mr. Conyers gave some humorous sketches which were thoroughly appreciated, and as accompanists Miss Bryant and Mrs. Morris Franks were perfection. The programme was rather long, but I don't think many of the audience were inclined to complain on this score, as every moment was enjoyable and there was no delay between the turns.

A rumour is going the rounds to the effect that this is the best concert Mr. Pepper has given yet, which opinion is thoroughly endorsed by

"ONE OF THE CROWD."

THE Bijou Banjo Club are at present in active rehearsal at Chard's Music Warehouse, High Road, Tottenham. Twenty-one members have joined up to date. There is a good attendance, and they have in rehearsal "Yellow Kids' Patrol," "Dandy Fifth," "Love and Beauty Waltz," "Columbian March" and "Dreams of Darkie Land." The conductor is Mr. C. White Rule, the secretary Mr. H. Gray, and the club deserves all the success attending capable management and hard work on the part of the members.

ALDERSGATE.

Mr. W. E. Bromley, hon. sec. of the Eversholt Banjo Club, reports :—"The first annual dinner of the Amalgamated Association, P.O.E.D. (Holloway Section), took place on Friday, November 3rd, at the Royal Mail, Aldersgate Street, E.C., a great feature of the occasion being the four selections given by the Holloway Banjo Orchestra, largely augmented for this occasion by members of the Eversholt Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, viz., Master Cook, P.B. (aged eight, a little marvel), Messrs. Reux and Bromley, banjeaurines ; Cook and Sell, first banjo ; Frith and Edwards, second banjo, and Baldwin, mandolin. Messrs. Baldwin and Edwards were also successful with mandolin solo, "Celia Gavotte," and the banjo solos by Messrs. Chenery, Harrison and Bromley (*a*) "Jolly Darkies" and (*b*) "Leisure Moments" (Gavotte) were heartily applauded. The above banjo trio were also greatly appreciated at a concert held at St. Michael's Hall, Caledonian Road, where they gave Eno's "Valse de Concert," which seems always to be fresh to the public. The Eversholt Banjo Club are at present hard at rehearsals, this season's repertoire consisting of "On Guard," "Dandy Fifth," "Love and Beauty" Waltzes, and "Georgia Camp Meeting Hymn" (arr. Vess L. Osman).

BALLYKELLY (IRELAND).

At a concert in Ballykelly (Co. Derry), on November 17th, a banjo solo, "On the Mill Dam" (Babb), by Mr. Douglas Boyd, was considered one of the choicest items of the evening, and well deserved the hearty applause which it elicited.—*Londonderry Advertiser.*

BISHOP STORTFORD.

"Mr. Harry H. Claydon, of North Street, Bishop Stortford, gave a very successful banjo concert in the Great Hall, on Wednesday evening. The concert was patronised by all the resident gentry, and the audience numbered nearly 800. Three parts of the hall was booked for numbered seats. Mr. John Barker, J.P., of the Grange, lent palms and plants for the decoration of the platform. The Bishop Stortford Banjo Band, which was formed last winter by Mr. Claydon, opened each part with a well-played selection, giving Reverie in F (Hind) and Columbian March (Eno). The players were :—Miss Hughes, guitar ; Miss Nellie Austerberry and Mr. G. W. Lucksmith, mandolin ; Miss Brown, Mr. Douglas and Mr. H. H. Claydon, zither banjo ; Mr. E. S. Goodfellow, banjo ; and Miss E. Perry, piano. Miss Nellie Austerberry, a young lady of twelve, gave a well-played solo, 'Alice, where art thou ?' and with Mr. Lucksmith played a duet, 'Cavatina' (Hucke). Miss Emilie Perry, of Bishop Stortford, was encored for her song, 'A summer night,' and Miss Dewhurst, of the Pierrot Troupe, was encored for her contributions, 'Irish Folk Song' (Sprague), and 'Love is a bird' (Del Reigo). Mr. Claydon effectively played a zither banjo solo, 'Mazurka Hongroise' (Cammeyer). The other items on the programme were given by the well known Pierrot troupe, Messrs. Clifford Essex, Joe Morley, and J. Blakeley. The accompaniments were played by Miss Dewhurst and Miss Perry."—*Essex Newsman.*

BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC.

A successful concert was given at the above institution on Saturday, November 4th, by Mr. Louis Bramley's "Æolian Troupe," assisted by Mr. Geo. Lorimer (tenor), Mr. Chas. Conyers (humorous) and Mr. Will Mitchell (banjo). Among the selections played by the Troupe (Miss Rose Batchelor and Messrs. Louis and Ernest Bramley, mandolins,and Miss Maud Cheshire and Miss Annie Bramley, guitars) were some choice operatic selections and National Airs, which were rendered with great delicacy and expression and gained enthusiastic applause. Miss Rosa Batchelor also deserves great praise for her spirited singing of Arditi's "Il Bacio" accompanied by the mandolins and guitars. Other successful items were contributed by Mr. Geo. Lorimer, Mr. Chas. Conyers, Mr. Will Mitchell and Mr. Louis Bramley.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. Albert Durand writes :—"My Mandolin and Guitar Band has been very busy these last few weeks, appearing at several of the leading concerts here, and on every occasion received a most enthusiastic encore. I was equally successful in my coon songs and solos. I have a special engagement for Tuesday, 21st inst., for a Café Chantant at the Royal Pavilion, afternoon and evening.

My band will also appear on this occasion. Enclosed programme of my concert which kindly announce in your next issue of BANJO NEWS. I have also to inform you that a pupil of mine, Mr. Caithness, and I are organizing a concert on 15th prox. at Hove Town Hall in aid of the Transvaal War Fund."

The *Brighton Gazette* says:—"A short time ago we had an interview with Mr. W. H. Plumbridge, and heard from him his hopes and wishes in regard to his mandolin, guitar and banjo bands this season. Last week, at the genial professor's invitation, we visited his band room, at 30, Hampton Place, to hear how far his hopes were realised. Arriving soon after eleven, we found the band hard at work on a "Grand Fantasia" by Francia. This, as are all works now under rehearsal, is fully orchestrated for first and second mandolins, tenor and bass mandolins, guitars and harps, and the effect was excellent. Although presenting many difficulties, the work went with a swing and finish that would have surprised professional players, and showed that careful preparation had taken place. A piece in a lighter vein followed, viz., a Spanish dance by Greenop, and here again the various parts of the orchestra blended into a harmonious whole. Other pieces were rehearsed, and now and then first one section and then another were bidden to play their particular parts until the conductor secured his required effects. To complete our visit, a second call was necessary on the following afternoon to hear the banjo orchestra at work. Here again, we found the band properly balanced, and divided into banjeaurines, first and second banjos, guitars, and harps, and we could not but notice what a splendid support and accompaniment the harp gives to both mandolins and banjos. The first piece attempted was "Apollo March" by Sullivan. This appeared difficult, and at first the various parts were here and there called to order; eventually, however, the conductor was pleased, and the band went on to Rastus' "Honeymoon," a typical American banjo piece, and here the band were quite at home, and rendered the composition with a "snap" that drew a word of praise from the leader.

CHESHAM.

At a bazaar held in the Town Hall on October 25th and 26th, Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band were to the fore with several well-played selections, among others given being "Keystone State March," "Bologna," "Lyndhurst," "Rialto," "Petite," "Levanto," etc. The items on each evening were much appreciated. Mr. F. Norman was very successful in his banjo solos, "Dreams of Darkie Land," "Mill Dam Galop" and "Columbian March;" a mandolin trio, "Evensong," was contributed by Miss G. Child and Messrs. F. Lacey and F. Norman, also a banjo duet by Messrs. Munford and Norman, "White Coons," which gained an encore, to which they responded with "Gaiety." Equally enjoyable were the banjo trio, "Terpsichore," by Messrs. Munford, Stacey and Norman, and "Dreams of Darkie Land," played by the latter as a banjo and banjeaurine duet.

CLAPHAM.

Two smartly rendered banjo duets, "Bonnie Scotland" and Bell's "Polka March," by Messrs. E. Jones and F. Winding, were among the most appreciated items at a concert held on October 14th at Clapham Hall. The Brainț Bros. gave very successfully as a trio for two mandolins and guitar, "Alice Where Art Thou," and later, "Frivolity" (Folkestone), banjo, mandolin and guitar trio.

FULHAM.

Messrs. Shackell and Terrey gave a select instrumental and variety concert at the above hall on November 21st, which was a great success. The first item on the programme was Arthur J. Shackell's banjo band, who played "Bonnie Scotland" (Kennedy) with great success. Mr. H. Ryan was next with a comic song; Miss Lizzie Love sang the "Holy City" which was encored. Mr. Fred T. Daniels gave "The Runaway Motor Car" and "How they nurse the baby," and was loudly applauded. Master Chas. Rogers played banjo solos, "Belle of Columbia" and "L'Américaine," displaying considerable talent. Miss Eva Miles made a great hit with "The Market on Saturday night," and was recalled. Mr. Will Mitchell played as mandolin solos, in his usual excellent style, Raff's "Cavatina" and "Loin du Bal." Mr. Bert Lascelle, of Moore and Burgess Minstrels, gave "Melinda" (whistling serenade), and "The Popping Corn," and was encored. Messrs. Shackell and Terrey played banjo duet, "West Lawn Polka," and in response to the encore gave "Fun and Frolic." The following artistes also appeared: Messrs. Geo. Rathbone, Hy. Webb, Bros. Wood, Melrose and Freeman, Tom Giles, Frank Bass, G. Bokenham, Arthur Lawrence, Percival Read, Will Cragg, Master Gathercole and Miss Alice Hester. Mme.

Saunders presided at the piano, and the stage was under the able direction of Mr. A. Surman.

Hull.

Mr. D. Milner gave a most successful banjo concert at St. George's Hall, Story Street, on November 3rd. The banjo and mandolin band gave in excellent style "Talisman" overture, "Powder and Patches," "Darkies' Dawn," "Highland Dance," "Darkies' Dream" and "Fun and Frolic." The band is composed as follows —banjeaurines: Messrs. C. F. Roberts, A. Hobson, W. J. Wright, G. Fisher and D. Milner, leader; first banjos: Miss Kitty Roberts, Messrs. J. E. Toogood and H. J. Holme; second banjos: Miss Alice Milner, Messsrs. C. C. Sawyer and R. J. Ward; mandolins: Miss Gertrude Holdsworth, Mr. D. Milner, jun. Messrs. C. F. Roberts and H. Hobson, banjo duettists, gave "Bonnie Scotland" and "Highland Dance" which was well received, and Mr. D. Milner, jun., who is a clever banjo soloist, was heard to advantage in "Rabida March" (Hunter), and the well-known overture finale, "William Tell." The vocal part of the programme was well carried out, and Mr. A. W. Lambert proved himself a competent accompanist throughout the evening.

"The Working Men's Committee (Newington Wards) of the Royal Infirmary are to be congratulated and thanked by their audience for the very successful issue of the concert held last night, promoted and carried out by the Hull Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra in the West Hull Hall, Boulevard. An audience which completely filled the hall afforded testimony, both to the public interest in the object aimed at and appreciation of the performers' previous efforts, which have always been exercised in some similar cause. The whole of the items were rendered in a manner which made it hard to believe it an amateur performance, the conductor (Mr. J. H. Wilson) having that thorough control of the orchestra which proved both competent training on his part and musical ability on theirs. The first item, a barn dance, 'Merry-go-round,' by the full band, who presented a pretty picture in their pierrot costume, left nothing to be desired, and their second contribution, a galop, 'Fun and Frolic,' was perfect in tone and execution, both items being encored enthusiastically. In fact, encores were so much the order of the night that part of the programme had to be deleted. A banjo duet, by Miss A. Smith and Mr. T. Sharrah, with piano accompaniment, did full justice to that old favourite, 'Killarney,' while Miss Broughton's good style and sweet voice were heard to great advantage in 'The Toilers.' Miss L. Parker, who we shall hear of again, sang 'Hello! my baby,' with both taste, voice, and audience in her favour. Two of the gems of the evening were a mandolin solo, Van Biene's 'Broken Melody,' by Miss S. Smith (encored), and 'Forging the Anchor,' by Mr. A. Wilson (who did not respond), the latter being sung with full justice to the song itself. 'Alice, where art thou?' by Master C. Edmondson, was rendered in an alto which only left compass to be desired, and Mr. G. Duffil's efforts, 'My Little Octoroon' and 'Courtship,' were (especially the latter) thoroughly worthy of the applause they received. Our old friend 'Peggy' Smith filled the chair in a manner to leave nothing to be desired, and a most enjoyable evening terminated by the playing and singing of the National Anthem. We understand the same combination are shortly to give another concert in aid of the Mayor's War Fund, when, if a similar success is achieved, a substantial sum will be raised for still another deserving object."—*Hull Daily News.*

Kennington.

Mr. E. Jones, of the duettists, Jones and Winding, writes:—"We have been well received at concerts lately, and also took part in Arthur Shackell's banjo band at Fulham Town Hall on November 21st. Forthcoming engagements are at the Despard Club, Wandsworth Road (banjo duets); Drill Hall, Kennington Lane (songs and mandolin band), Plough Grand Hall, Wandsworth (banjo duets and mandolin band), and we have several others in view."

The Adelphi Dramatic Company held a successful entertainment at St. Anselm's Hall, Kennington Cross, on November 23rd, at which an instrumental selection, "Elsie," was given in good style by Messrs. E. Jones, F. Winding, W. McAndrews and H. Hislop, who responded to the encore received with "Levanto" Polka. Later they gave a selection of popular airs. Messrs. Jones and Winding scored well with banjo duets. "Bonnie Scotland" and Bell's Polka March.

Lambeth.

At a concert given by the young Men's Friendly Society on October 9th, a banjo and mandolin quintette, comprising Messrs. McAndrews, Hislop, Shrimpton, Jones and Winding, met an with excellent reception for their items "Elsie" Waltz, "Levanto" and "True Blue."

Liverpool.

On November 11th, one of the series of popular concerts held at the Aintree Institute, the programme was provided by Mr. Harry Collins, and carried out most successfully under his direction. Both the vocal and instrumental items were very good. Among the latter we note a zither-banjo duet, "Fascination," by Messrs. Parkinson and Collins; also the still popular "White Coons," played as a banjo trio by Messrs. Parkinson, Orford and Collins. The orchestra gave several excellent selections.

Manchester.

Mr. J. Fenton, of Fenton and Whitehead, banjo duettists, writes :—"Just a few lines to let you know the banjo still holds its own here, myself and Mr. Whitehead, assisted on the mandolin by my brother, R. Fenton, having fulfilled several engagements lately, meeting with great success. At a smoker held at the Derby Inn on October 24th, myself and brother played "White Coons" which was heartily appreciated; also on the 26th at the Ben Brierley Hotel, we appeared with Mr. Whitehead, playing "White Coons," "Fanfare des Dragons," and "To the Front." Then, again at Wilbert Street Schools on November 4th, myself and Mr. Whitehead played banjo duets, "White Coons," and "To the Front," with the Monsall Minstrels, and were very well received. We find "White Coons," and "To the Front" always go very well, and are pieces which require some beating. Best wishes for your excellent little journal."

Newington.

A very enjoyable concert was given by the St. Mary Newington Old Choir Boys' Association at the Carter Street Lecture Hall on Nov. 18th. Messrs. Hand and Saunders played a mandolin and banjo duet, "Spanish Waltz" (arr. Hand and Saunders), also an arrangement of popular selections, in which item they were joined by Mr. Arthur A. Bailey. Mr. Bailey also showed no slight ability in his banjo solos, "White Coons" and "Camp Parade March," which were given in very good form. Songs were contributed by Miss Rose Clements, Messrs. W. Parkinson, E. Hinde, Harry Sargent, C. W. Simmonds and E. Gutheridge, and recitations by Mr. Bertie Gow, who gave as his second item Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar." The evening was very successful.

Northampton.

Mr. Will Felce's Connaught Banjo Team made their first appearance at the annual parochial gathering in connection with St. Crispin's Church recently, and met with a splendid reception, their selections being in fact the feature of the evening. The team consists of Messrs. Tite and Walker, banjeaurines; Messrs. Cave, Toseland and Webb, first banjos; Messrs. Archer, Tite and Cockle, second banjos; and conductor, Mr. Felce. The latter also contributed to the programme an excellent banjo solo, "The Piccaninny's Birthday," which received an enthusiastic encore, to which he responded with "White Coons."

At the Terrier's Club Dinner Messrs. Tite Bros., clever banjo duettists, and pupils of Mr. Will Felce, gave several selections which were thoroughly appreciated.

Putney.

The Putney Constitutional Club gave their first concert of the season on November 11th, when Mr. Will C. Pepper contributed banjo solos "Yacht Club March" and "Rena May." Mr. Wilson James was also in great form, and delighted the audience with his humourous songs.

Solihull.

At the Solihull Chrysanthemum Society's Show, which took place at the Public Hall on November 15th, the well-known "Mikado Banjo Party," under the leadership of Mr. John Pidoux of Birmingham, carried out a very successful musical programme during both afternoon and evening. The instrumental selections given were "Drexel March," "Love and Beauty Waltzes," "Queen of Diamonds," and "Dandy Fifth" in the first programme (2.30 to 5.30), and in the second (7 to 10 p.m.), "La Typica," "On Guard," "Yellow Kids'" and "Doppel Adler." Mr. John Pidoux's solos on the zither-banjo were thoroughly artistic, and met with enthusiastic reception. He played "Une Pensee," "Pizzicato" (from "Sylvia"), "Rakoczy March Hungarian" (from Berlioz' "Faust") and in the evening, "L'Hirondelle," "Polish Dance," No. 2 (Tostig), "Reverie Pathetique" and the Grand March from "Carmen." The vocal items were excellent, and the programme well arranged throughout.

Sydenham.

Upper Sydenham Conservative Club.—The first ladies' concert of the season was given on Wednesday, being kindly arranged by Mr. Fred Limehouse, who is to be con-

gratulated on its great success. He was most ably assisted by the following gentlemen:—Messrs. Wm. Nash, C. J. Willoughby, Walter Walters, Geo. Wade, Fred Ashby, C. G. Boyland, Ernest Foster, and the Lawrie Banjo Team. Messrs. Walter Perrin and Lavelle were very successful with "Camp Parade" and "Skipping Rope." The concert was much enjoyed by the large audience, and the artistes were accorded a hearty vote of thanks.—*Sydenham Gazette.*

NOTE.—One or two reports have been held over this month, owing to lack of space. Will our correspondents kindly note that communications *must* be written on one side of the paper only, and that either press cutting or written account should accompany all programmes sent in.

"MUSIC IN THE EAST" (END).

"Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12 were selected by the audience last Saturday, November 11th."

An *Evening News* representative had paid twopence for his seat, and bought his programme; these were the words that appeared on the top of it.

The occasion was last Saturday night, when the "Oxford House Dramatic and Musical Association" gave the third of a series of "pops" which is to last through the winter. Last season the "Pops" took place on the regulation Monday, and were so successful that they have now been promoted to Saturday. They would have gone on popping all the summer if it had not been for the fact that during that period the Excelsior Hall has been used as a swimming bath. It has only just got over its drenching and returned to concert pitch.

On Saturday its floor and galleries were filled with an East-End audience of a thousand men and women. It was about as critical and appreciative as an audience could be. Some of it had parted with as much as sixpence for its seat, but it knew that it was going to get its money's worth. There were composing it tailoresses and coal-heavers, factory hands and pawnbroker's assistants, with a sprinkling of charwomen and sixth standard school children; all sorts and conditions of East-enders were represented. Over all hung a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. Placards on the walls request that whistling shall be kept within due bounds, but there is no edict against fags, penny cigars (Flor de Whitechapel), and pipes.

These were the people who the Saturday before by means of little voting papers supplied to them by the man at the door had "selected" Nos. 2, 4, 6, etc.

"Yes, its 'ere," said a man in a back row, as he opened his programme and marked it with a toil-begrimed thumb. "'Ere you are, the overture from 'Die Meistersingers.' I voted for it last week all right. 'Aven't you 'eard it? Well, you're in for a treat." Wagner had come in an easy first.

"There's 'Peer Gynt,' too," cried a voice further in front. "Grieg's a jolly good composer; just you wait for this second movement, the 'Death of King Ase,' and listen to the instruments die away with 'im."

Others with less classical tastes found that their favourite "Annie Laurie" and the "Star of Bethlehem" had been included, too. The popular songs, however, had received much fewer votes than Wagner and Grieg.

"No," said a member of the orchestra after the last number had been given, and while the audience were filing out and handing in their voting slips. "No, from the very first when this voting scheme was started we had perfect confidence in Bethnal Green's taste. They understand what high class music means perfectly, and would as soon think of asking for the Boer national anthem as for 'What ho, she bumps!' They are all for Wagner. Last week their first choice was the overture from 'Tannhauser.'

"I doubt very much whether you could find in the whole of London audiences with a better musical taste than ours. Of course our orchestra is absolutely first-rate. Mr. H. Burry, its manager, is already being talked of as the coming Richter. It consists of musicians from all parts of London. Some of the ladies you have seen playing the horn, clarionet, and drum come all the way from Paddington and Kensington. The only time a singer realises that he is not performing before a first-night audience at the opera, is when he has long hair and somebody from the back invites him to get it cut."

"What do you think will come out first in the voting to-night?"

"Oh, Tschaikowsky for a certainty, the movement from the 'Fifth Symphony.' You noticed how everybody went wild over it to-night. They'll want it again. I heard one man shout during the applause that he would have a 'bob on Tschaikowsky both ways.' But Berlioz and Gounod may run him close."

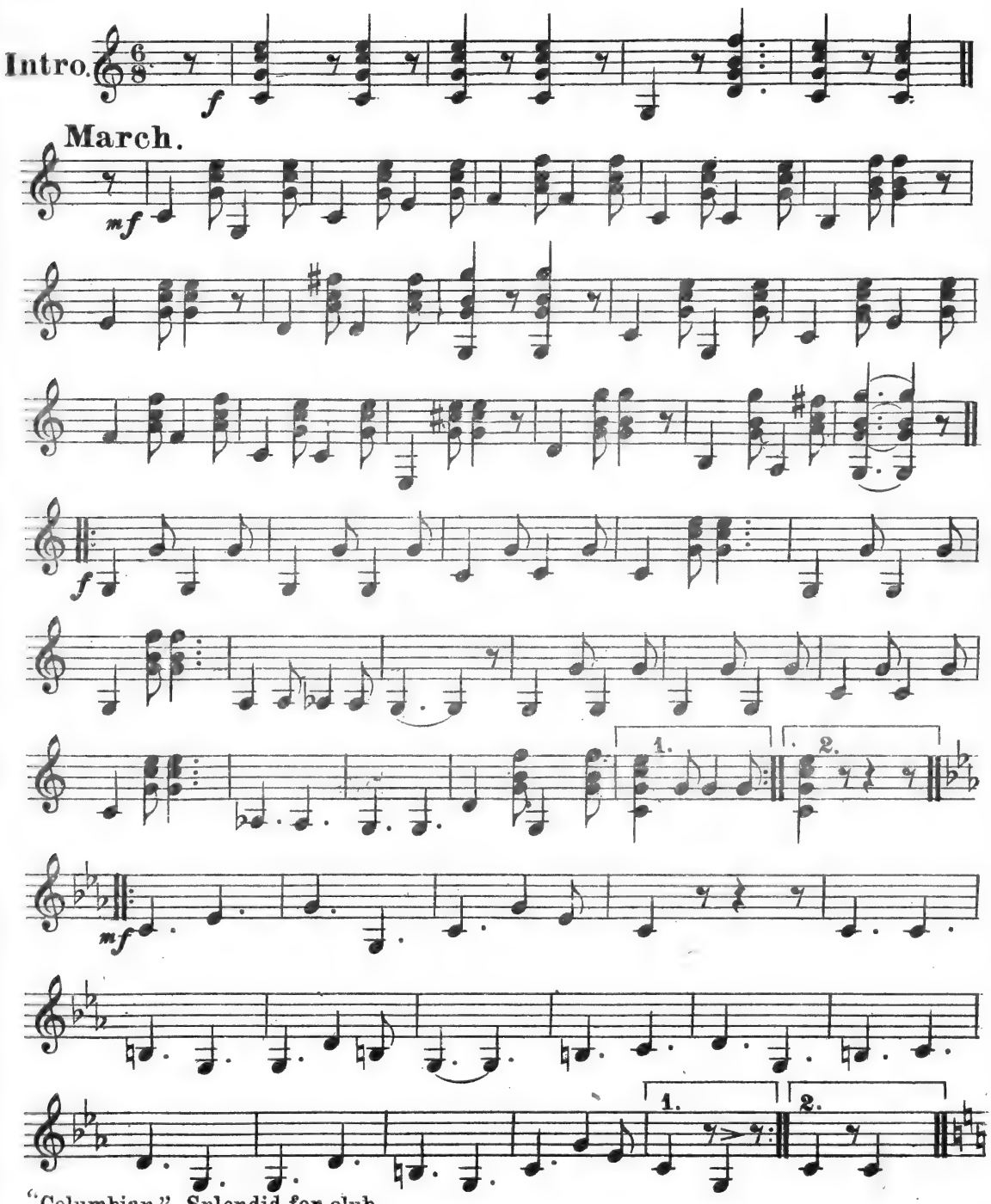
Then our representative left, trying vainly to reconcile Tschaikowsky and Bethnal Green. —*Evening News.*

THE APOLLO MARCH.

Orchestrated by
A.H.N-KENNEDY.

A.SULLIVAN.

GUITAR.



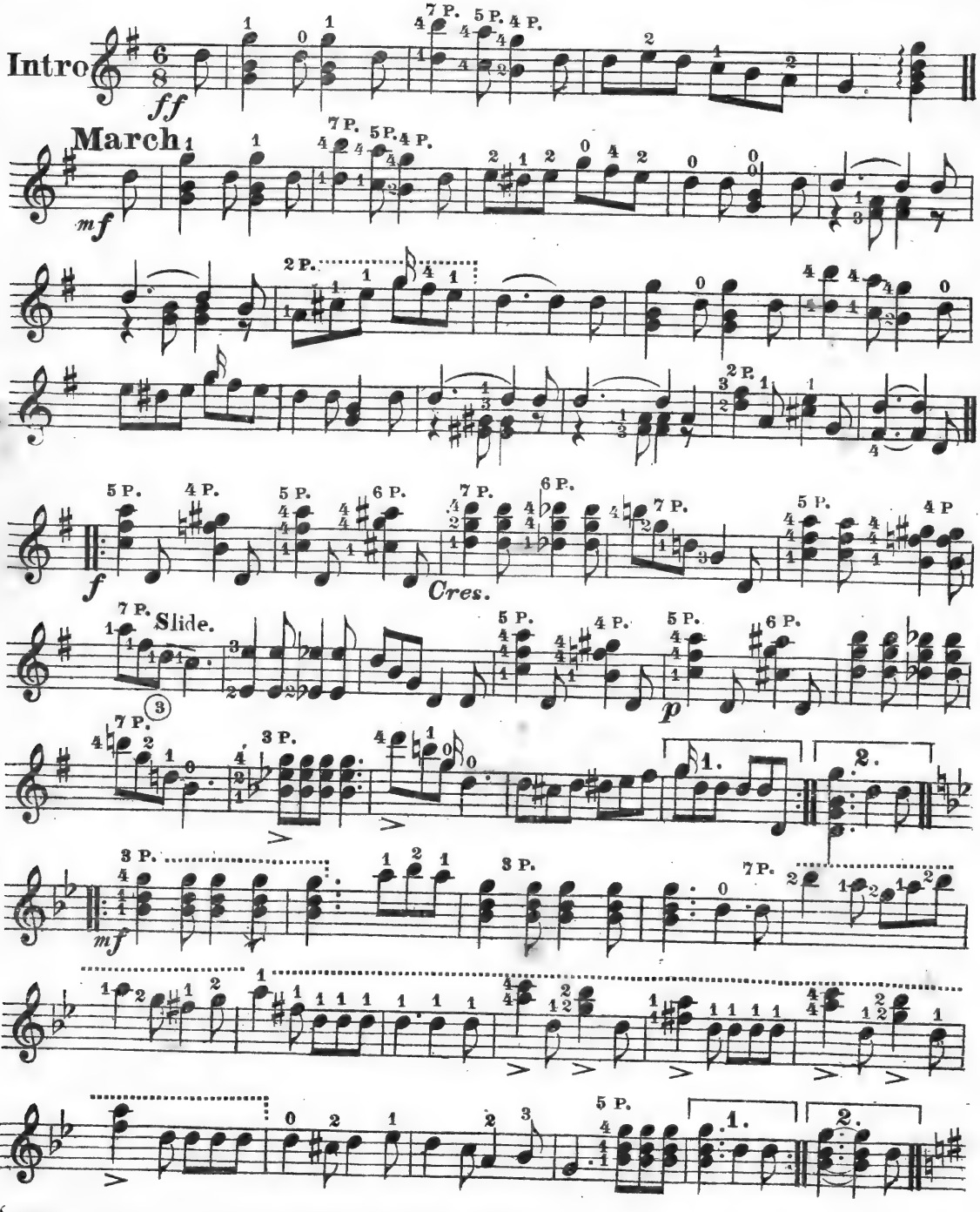
"Columbian" Splendid for club.

THE APOLLO MARCH.

Orchestrated by
A.H.N-KENNEDY.

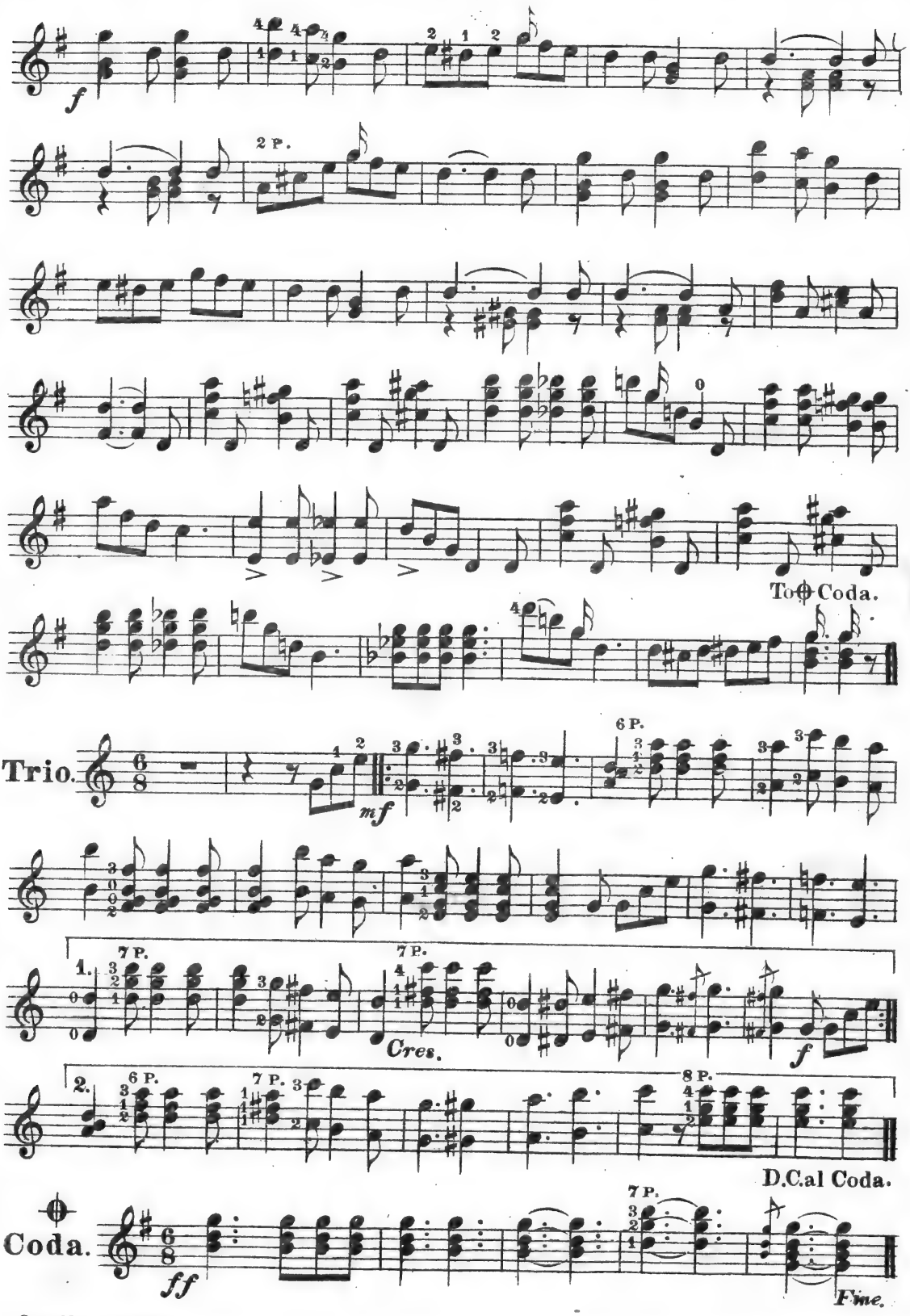
BANJEAURINE or SOLO BANJO.
Elevated Bass.

A.SULLIVAN.

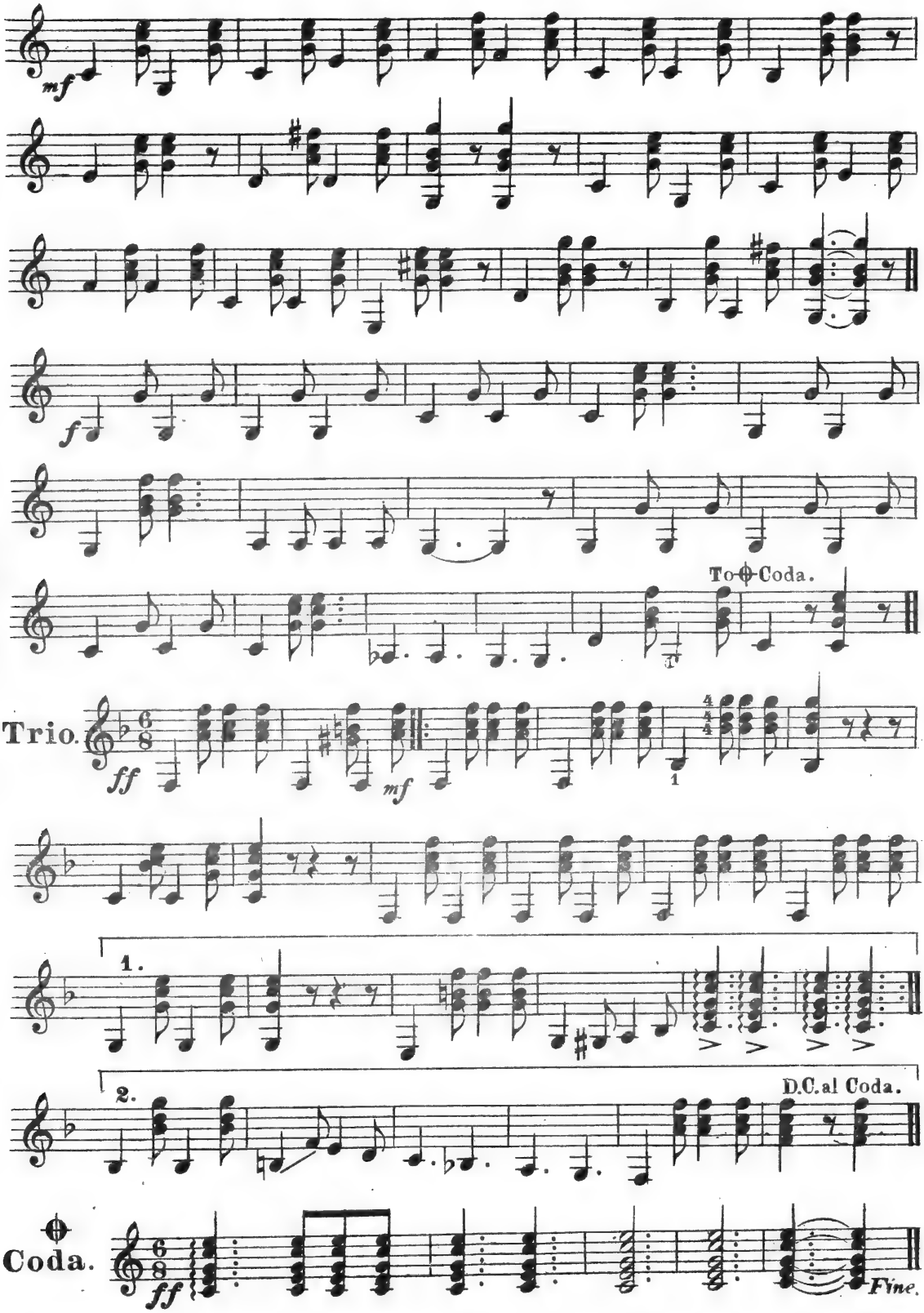


"White Coons" Solo for club. Thousands sold.

BANJEAURINE.



Opollo March.



Apollo March.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES RECOGNITION?

BY "CHRISTOPHER K."

THE age of conservatism in taste and standards is rapidly passing. Men base their judgment of modern results, not by how nearly these approach past models, but by the extent to which they intelligently differ from them. There is no longer any tendency to regard as a criterion one certain form of painting, one expression in literature, or one traditionally approved musical instrument. Each thing is judged rather by its individual value. To this movement, more than anything else, is to be attributed the prominence achieved by the banjo, relative to other musical instruments, within the past decade.

One hears a great deal of talk about the status of the banjo and the present position in the musical world: it is, moreover, to be assumed that all banjoists and persons interested in the instrument are working earnestly to secure its yet further advancement. And the question naturally arises: What do we understand by "recognition," as applied to the banjo, and what is the definite goal to which we workers are striving?

This is a pretty big question to answer, and to be comprehensively answered it would require space enough to print the individual opinions of some several thousand people. I am well aware of this, and in thus touching upon an admittedly wide subject, may mention at the start that I place no claim to be considered as entirely competent in judgment, or even as representative of a majority. I am merely stating a single view of the question, and whether or no it happens to fall in with the views of others is a matter of no immediate concern.

Recognition is a distinctive thing from popularity. That society has at present chosen to "take up" the banjo should scarcely be considered as affecting to any great extent its future, except in so much as it serves to familiarize it with the many, and to bring it under the occasional notice of the press. And in regard to this latter, the advantage reaped is not always very obvious, the attitude adopted toward the instrument by many journalists being rather that displayed, in general, to a temporary fancy on the part of the leisured public. They lay stress upon its picturesqueness, its "novelty" (so-called) and its universal charm, to the ignoring of its more serious qualifications. Let us welcome praise of the banjo, wherever spoken, but it should be remembered that praise to be valuable must rest upon intelligent judgment, and that the banjo has aims beyond that of merely charming a drawing-room gathering. We want society's opinion confirmed by able and unprejudiced critics in the musical field. And we are not afraid of their pronouncement; knowing the capabilities of the instrument, we feel confident in the assertion that we are claiming nothing which time will not eventually prove.

We claim that the modern banjo is an instrument capable of the interpretation, both in solo and orchestra, of the highest forms of musical literature, inclusively. As such, we want to see it given an acknowledged rank, without favour, in our colleges and institutes of music, side-by-side with the older known instruments. We want it associated in the public mind with serious study, not merely with amusement; made a part of the curriculum of such institutes, under the direction of competent professors, who have devoted their attention solely to its development. Further, that degrees should be conferred upon its students, such as can be attained by students of the violin or pianoforte. Popularity alone will not suffice to bring about such result, though it will materially aid it; but it will nevertheless be accomplished—is being accomplished to-day—by earnest and intelligent workers having the future of the instrument at heart.

Recognition must be universal, not the occasional notice of the few, but the expression of the multitude. It means primarily the acknowledgement of worth, whether in regard to an individual or a movement; in result it means also the support of the thinking public, and its assistance in progressing towards the ultimate perfection of a given idea.

The life-history of an instrument may be taken as bearing a very close resemblance to that of a human being. It has its childhood, early days when it is as yet practically unknown to the world, and there has awakened no question of fame or obscurity, success or failure. It does not know its own powers, and its expression is vague and uncouth, albeit significant, as was the voice of the banjo in the hands of its earliest makers. The future is as an unwritten page. But bye and bye comes the first whisper of unrest,

the desire of progress, the yearning, unformulated it may be, but yet strongly urgent, for definite achievement. It is a time of indecision: upon the hands into which it now falls depend its entire place and career; they can retard or help forward. It is an open question whether it aspires to higher aims, to the field of art, or remain merely on the lower plane of undevelopment, content in the mere vamping of tunes for the uncultured ear, companion of the rabble and branded with the earmark of its associates. But whether it take the long road or the short, only through many changes, through times of alternate favour and adverse criticism, subject to the shifting mind of the public which has not yet learnt its true capacities, can it attain the serenity of successful manhood, when it will have won its allotted place in the scheme of the world, knowing its own measure, and secure from defeat.

This may suggest itself as being a rather fanciful point of view, but it will serve nevertheless to illustrate a fact upon which I would lay stress, that the banjo is at present in a transitional state. It is by no means in its infancy, as some have asserted, nor is its development in any sense to be considered as complete. It is at the most significant stage of its career, the period of transition.

It is impossible to predict the future clearly, but all signs seem to point now to the good. The banjo is finding its own level in the musical world, more definitely day by day. Great virtuosos have arisen to be its exponents, and have devoted long toil to the further discovery of its capabilities; an entire journalism has been formed in its name, and the interests of the instrument, and those connected with them, form a world in themselves. Every teacher who has its progress at heart, whether in a big city, or the most remote of country villages, is lending a hand in the work of its advancement.

A question confronts the young banjoist entering the profession, either as teacher or soloist. Am I working for my own interest solely, to make money as easily as I can, or am I working in the interest of the banjo? In nine cases out of ten, the answer will be the former. And yet in effect the two interests are very closely interwoven. Either you retard or you advance. The age of fakirs is happily past, and everyone in the profession to-day who works by honest method and does not resort to trickery in instruction, is unconsciously acting for the good of the instrument, even though he place his own interests first. There are very few of us, indeed, who do not. But of those few are the great virtuosos, those whose life interest is bound up in their art. Their names are readily to our lips; we could number them, the living and the dead, upon the fingers of one hand. But the work they have done is without measure. They have not reaped its harvest yet, all of them; some never will. But the knowledge of it is with them, and the whole truth and extent of it will be shown clearly on that day, not very far removed—we cannot tell—when the banjo will at last have achieved the universal and ungrudging recognition of the world.

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

ALBERT DURAND.

"Oh! here you are! Come along, I must get back to Brighton to-night, and haven't much time to spare, so hurry up, please, and let's get it over quickly!"

This to *me!* "Hurry up!" "Get it over!" What manner of person can this be who dares to use such language! A Hercules surely! But no, there is nothing herculean in his proportions, and as he gazes at me with what appears to be an amused expression, he certainly does not strike me as being a particularly formidable antagonist. This decides me! I must bring this extraordinary young man to a sense of his position. The dignity of the press must be maintained. I draw myself up to my full height and turn on all the ferocity and dignity at my command. Even then he does not tremble, does not even look nervous! My last resource! My pince-nez! Nobody could withstand those, they never failed me yet! I assume my pince-nez!

To my utter astonishment he does the same, and looks at me through them calmly waiting for the spasm to pass. I am beaten! I am an Englishman, but I am beaten! There is some consolation in the fact that I am beaten by another Englishman, for my victim—victor, I mean, was born in the city of Norwich, which is situated in Norfolk, where the dumplings come from. This will account for his remarkable courage—a man must be courageous to eat a Norfolk dumpling. Besides he has the advantage of youth, for he was born about the time that I left school. (I always like to be accurate in these matters and give my readers something to recollect the date by).

Mr. Durand is a man of many parts; he is not only a banjoist, but a mandolinist, a guitarist, a violinist and a singist. He was seven weeks old when he commenced learning the violin. (This cannot be correct.

Mr. Durand's words were "at a very early age."—Ed.), and his vocal abilities had already attracted some attention in the neighbourhood. Reflecting that the violin would take longer than the others to learn he gave it a good start, and did not pick up the banjo until 1892, the mandolin in 1893, and the guitar in 1894. Having mastered all these instruments he now dabbles in astronomy, on the look out for more worlds to conquer.

"Do you play the violin now?" I asked him.

"Yes, a lot. I have voyaged to Australia as violinist twice, and to India once, and hope to go again. I consider that a knowledge of the violin is of the utmost importance in studying the mandolin; the fingering is exactly the same, and you may say it is half learnt before you start, as you have only to learn to manipulate the plectrum."

"Which, however, is the most difficult part of it!"

"Well, yes, that is so, as the bowing is the most difficult part in violin playing, but still, you have other advantages."

"Did you bring your other instruments into play on these trips?"

"Yes, I played the banjo and mandolin at concerts in Melbourne, Sidney and Bombay, and was always well received. The guitar I very seldom play in public. It is a beautiful instrument, but needs a lot of careful study. I teach it, though, with the other instruments. I have been established as a teacher in Brighton for five years, and by dint of hard work and sticking at it tooth and nail, my clientéle has gone up by leaps and bounds, more especially since my first concert, which was given last year. I was told that this was the best banjo concert which has ever been given in Brighton, and as a consequence I have had to throw open doors into another room to find space for my mandolin and guitar band. I have had several distinguished pupils, Miss Cissy Loftus among the number, and some have commenced teaching on their own account. Other teachers come to me to finish their studies."

"What are your favourite solos?"

"For the mandolin a 'Mazurka' by Mlynarski, a very fine but very difficult solo. I teach from Cristofaro, which is in my opinion the best tutor by a long way. For the banjo I like Eno's 'Valse de Concert,' 'Narcissus' and 'Parke Hunter's Waltz.' My own polka, 'Valetta,' although a very easy solo, always goes well, and is a good teaching piece. We played it a lot in the 'White Coons,' No. 2 Company, at Windermere. I thoroughly enjoy those trips, business and pleasure combined, you know. My coon songs seemed to be the most popular items; we worked very hard, what with humorous duets, banjo duets, mandolin solos, etc., I have done as many as five turns one after the other."

"I did one tour in Ireland with Mr. Pepper, and had a most enjoyable time. He is an ideal manager and business man, and a thoroughly good sort. We had a four days' engagement at Lowther Castle, Lord Lonsdale's place, and were treated royally. My coon songs there were a big feature, and I was complimented by Lord Stanley. We had a splendid time all through the trip."

"With regard to the zither and ordinary banjo question, my opinion is that which you have always expressed in this journal. A good ordinary possesses far more carrying power than a zither, and is best for a large hall or the open air, but for classical solos and slow movements, the zither banjo is more suitable and should always be played with the nails."

Altogether, Mr. Durand struck me as a most energetic and capable teacher with some strong opinions, and a firm determination to graft them on the minds of his pupils. He thinks it the duty of every public performer to memorize his solos, and can't bear to see a soloist with the music before him. He gives another grand concert on December 9th at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, at which Mr. Pepper and Mr. Alban Booth will appear. I asked the Editor to let me go down to Brighton and write up the report, but he said it wasn't in my department. I believe he means to do it himself! That's the worst of Editors, they always look after the nice pleasant jobs themselves, but if it was necessary to write up an article on the progress of the banjo in Basutoland, I wouldn't mind betting any thing he'd send me, war or no war!

"Horace Weston."

Mr. Fred Allandale, who is touring with Moull and Mouillot's "Circus Girl Company," and who takes Mr. Seymour Hicks' original part of "Dick Capel"—nightly accompanies "I love you, my love, I do," sung by the heroine—on his "Mozart" banjo, that he used when with Mr. Will C. Pepper's "White Coons."

MR. W. E. TEMLETT is again compelled to caution the public against buying imitations of his "Mozart Model" banjo. These imitations, although somewhat similar in appearance, are absolutely devoid of the powerful and sustained tone contained in the genuine "Mozart," which is in every case stamped W. E. Temlett, Mozart Model."—[Advt.].

Mr. Albert Durand's Annual Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concert takes place on the afternoon of December 9th, at the Pavilion, Brighton, when we predict a crowded house. Among the artistes appearing are Messrs. Will C. Pepper, Alban Booth, Herbert Jordan and Reginald Dalgairn, vocalist; also Miss Edith Welling and Miss Kate Sharp. The occasion should prove a big success.

* * *

A musical instrument maker of Worship Street, City Road, Mr. Nelson Samuel, received a consignment of organs and banjo vellums that had been landed at the docks. One case had been forced open, and dozens of vellums abstracted.

While Mr. Samuel, a few days later, was grieving over his missing property, there entered to him, as he sat in the shop, two men, named Fowler and Riley, who offered to him for sale the missing vellums.

Mr. Samuel's astonished eyes recognised the brand on the parchments, and, dissembling his amazement, he treated the two would-be vendors as if the transaction were quite legitimate, made a further appointment, and confronted the men with a couple of detectives.

Riley's explanation, accepted by the chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, was that he found the vellums while "mushrooming" about the docks. Both men were bound over to come up for sentence if called upon.—*Daily Mail*.

* * *

Mr. Kershaw, the popular teacher of Bradford, reports a most successful season in this district, so far, and also at Huddersfield.

* * *

We hear the Cork Banjo Band are giving a grand concert on December 14th, and that their selections will include—"Columbian March," "White Coons," "Dreams of Darkie Land" and "Irish Airs." "Yacht Club March" will also be played as a duet. Our friends the "White Coons" must have captivated the Cork folks, we should think, judging by these selections so soon after the "White Coons" visit.

We have received a circular from Mr. Chatcroft, comedian and instrumentalist, who is open to accept engagements for concerts, At Homes, etc. Mr. Chatcroft is a host in himself, to judge from the varied programme he offers, which includes, as well as vocal and humorous items, solos on the banjo, mandolin and Portuguese guitarra.

* * *

Mr. Will Pettitt, late of Bristol, is at present on the halls in the character of "Banjo Tramp"; his turn is very popular, and his playing has won considerable notice from the press. Among other engagements he has appeared at Plymouth, at the Empire, Bristol, and the Grand, South London.

* * *

We hear that a series of popular musical classes, at an almost nominal fee, are being organised for both juveniles and adults, at the St. Philip's National Schools, Leeds, their object being to afford sound musical education at terms within the teach of all. Mandolin and banjo instruction is included in the prospectus, and a costume band of these instruments is being formed for the more advanced students. Mr. J. Whitehouse is principal of the new organization, which should do much good.

* * *

We hear that Mr. Alban Booth is to appear at St. James's Hall on December 7th, when he will play for one of his items, that charming solo of his own composition, "Andante and Moderato," which has earned such deserved popularity among zither-banjoists.

* * *

We have long had it in mind to start a humorous column, constructed out of the always new and frequently astonishing information about the banjo which is to be gleaned from time to time from our contemporaries in the big, big world. We might call it "The Banjoist's Own Mirror," "The Universal Joke," or, as suggested by the office boy, "Why I Smiled." Anyway, there is always extensive material close at hand, and a little encouragement might produce some really startling results. Recently the *Leeds Mercury* stepped in to keep the ball rolling. Mr. Chas. E. Brown, who sends us the cutting, says that it hails from the column entitled "Tea-Table Talk." Now, as a matter of fact, I have often wondered what they *did* talk about at teas. Here we are!

"Will somebody tell me wherein lies the reason for the amazing popularity of the banjo? I went to a private concert not long ago, where the songs and instrumental music were excellent and very coldly received. Suddenly a little murmur went round, and a callow youth with a banjo lounged calmly into a chair and began a soul-stirring ballad of the coon species. Everybody was delighted, and the majority of us felt as if we ought to have joined in the chorus. Now, was it the song or the banjo that especially touched the hearts of the audience? It certainly wasn't the singing, for that was deeply depressing; and it surely could not have been the song, for that was aggravatingly silly—so it must have been the banjo. And what I want to know is why you all, from the Heir-Apparent downwards, are so 'gone' on this very commonplace instrument?'

* * *

We print this in the hope that some of our readers may see the point. It sounds as if there were supposed to be one, but it's a bit remote.

* * *

M.A.P., by the way, had something to say about the matter, a while ago, and strikes a very different key. Our contemporary states:—"Not only the Prince of Wales, but all his children play the banjo. The Prince himself learnt it ten years ago from one of the Brothers Bohee, who related that he smoked cigars all through the lessons. This started the fashionable craze for the instrument. The Duchess of Fife used to amuse herself by picking out break-downs. The late Duke of Clarence used to play the banjo when in his regiment and at Sandringham, whilst Princess Charles of Denmark has always found its tinkling tones congenial to her high spirits. Only this year the Duke of York handled a banjo for the first time, and not two months ago some banjo strings were especially ordered to be sent to Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales' American banjo.

* * *

"Lilian, Countess of Cromartie, often takes her banjo on Saturday to Monday parties, and rattles off a march with deft dexterity. The young Countess of Cromartie has learnt the guitar, and touches its deeper notes with sympathetic skill. Lady Coke not only plays the banjo with proficiency, but has an enviable reputation for singing coon songs charmingly.

"Adelina Patti sings the well-known song, 'Way down the Swanee River,' to her own accompaniment on a zither-banjo; Madame Melba, who began her musical career as an organist, is a fine banjo player; Mrs. James Brown Potter, in her globe-trotting, has often 'strummed on the old banjo" in various parts of the world; Miss Edna May is reputed to have learnt in America; and that exquisite whistler, Mr. Lawton, is no less skilled on it than in lip-music; Miss Phyllis Broughton is enthusiastically addicted to the banjo, and suspended a course of lessons to fulfil her engagement in 'The Prince of Borneo' at the Strand Theatre."

* * *

Mr. J. Rastall, mandolin soloist, of Manchester, writes us that he is making a very successful tour with the St. James's Concert Company. They have appeared recently at Ludlow, Ross, Hereford, Eversham, Leominster and Cirencester. Other towns shortly to be visited are Farringdon, Wantage, Wallingford, Maidenhead, Wakenham, etc. Mr. Rastall's mandolin solos are proving a great attraction.

* * *

A correspondent calls our attention to an advertisement appearing in the *Evening News*, as follows: "Mandolin and Banjo taught in six lessons, 7s. 6d." We have heard of mandolin *or* banjo lessons before at such modest terms, but there is an enticing suggestion about this of killing two birds—I should say instruments—with one stone! It ought to work out at somewhere about 3s. 9d. per instrument! Who'll buy!

* * *

Mr. Harry Collins, of Liverpool, writes:—"I have appeared lately in Preston, Denbigh, Shropshire, and in fact had quite a rush of engagements. The banjo has been in great demand for the last few weeks, and 'Rule Brittania' and 'God save the Queen' have been sung to banjo, mandolin and guitar accompaniment oftener than I ever remember before."

If you'd be up to date,
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—[ADVT.

CONCERNING OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

At the time of writing this the influence of approaching Christmas is already to be felt in the mails, and not all the American journals are to hand yet. Printers, however, have a little habit of impressing you with the idea that they wait for no man, though they contrive often enough to keep one waiting for them, so all later arrivals must be perforce postponed to the January issue.

* * *

The Major begins its second year in royal form, and its new cover is a beauty. "Banjo," or rather "Banjeau Musings," by F. L. Keates, promises some interesting reading; in this issue the writer takes leave of us, after an all too short preamble, with that familiar or tantalizing formula—"to be continued." Let us hope for a longer instalment next month. "The Mandolin Orchestra," by Thos. J. Armstrong, comes to a conclusion with this number, and we hear it is shortly to be published in book form. Some thoughtful remarks appear editorially on the subject of "Guitar Progress," and the musical portion consists of a mandolin fantasia by Valentine Abt and W. J. Weinrich's "Memoirs of Minstrelsy," for the banjo. "Capriccio" alludes modestly to a little story from his pen which is to appear in December, in a manner which brings one's curiosity to concert pitch.

* * *

Mr. Ashton Jeffree forms the subject of the biographical sketch in *The Troubadour*. Capo d'Astro's "Rambling Reflexions" are always among the most enjoyable columns, and touch, this month, upon one or two "vexed questions" of the profession. The number is throughout both readable and of permanent interest.

The October number of *Stewart's Journal* contains a full account of the opening of the National Export Exposition, also detailed announcements of the great Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festivals organized in connection with it. The first chapters of a new South African tale by Cyril Dallas, entitled "Izuma," give promise of much future interest, and short articles are contributed by C. S. Patty and E. Pritchard, two writers whose names carry weight with banjo readers the world over. In the musical contents, in addition to mandolin and guitar compositions by Valentine Abt and E. H. Frey, respectively, appear two older favourites, "Dandy Fifth" and Lansing's "Dickey Dance," which have gained popularity on both sides of the Atlantic.

CONCERT NOTICES.

Mr. Alban Booth begs to announce his forthcoming Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concert, to take place at Queensgate Hall, South Kensington, on Wednesday, December 6th, commencing at eight p.m. A Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band of thirty performers will appear. Among artistes assisting are Messrs. Will C. Pepper, Herbert and Wilson, W. J. Fletcher, jun., H. J. Fiske, and the Alban Booth Quartette. Mr. Booth will introduce new solos. Tickets and further particulars at Mr. Alban Booth's Banjo Studio. 34, Thurloe Place, South Kensington.

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. Halfpenny will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. Temlett, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

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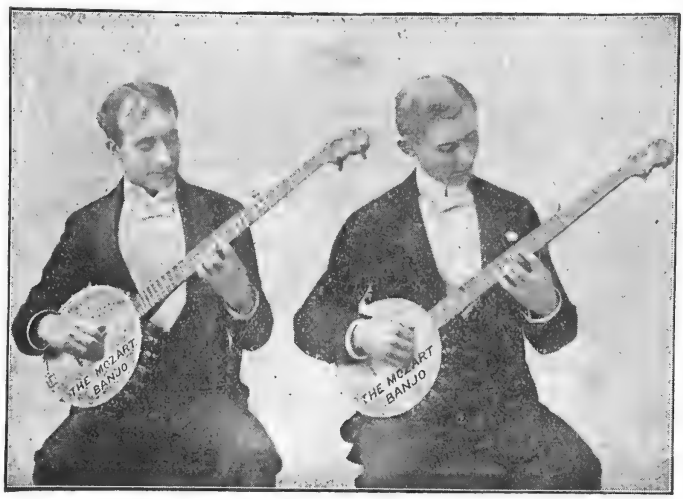

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Very truly yours,
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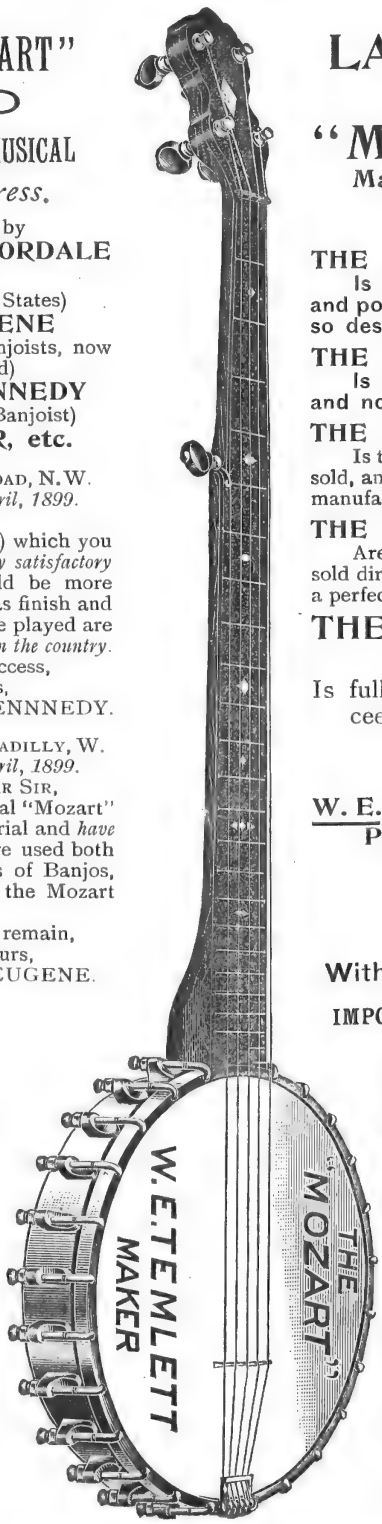

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"Rose Tree" March ... ... PAUL ENO, *Arr.* PEPPER.
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"Rena May" (Zither-Banjo solo) H. J. FISKE.
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MUSIC—"Reign of Love" Waltzes, Paul Eno, Arr. Pepper.

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

With regard to the increasing progress made by banjo, mandolin and guitar in public favour, it is interesting to note the difference in the extent of concert items relative to these instruments received by our journal two years ago, and now, for the present month. Then, they were moderate in number; last year saw an astonishing increase; while to-day we have practically enough to overflow that department of the paper, and this in spite of the fact that national events have rendered business in all quarters almost at a standstill. One success leads proverbially to another, and it is a good sign that local teachers are awakening to the need of enterprise in this direction. The success of a first concert of this sort in any new locality is apt to be more artistic than financial, but in the long run it will bring full return. Organizers of provincial banjo concerts do well also to remember that nothing is ever lost by a good name on the programme. The appearance of one representative artist will do a great deal to "boom" his instrument in that vicinity; this is recognised, as a rule, to better effect by American teachers than by English.

* * *

We have received the Witherspoon Hall programme, and a famous one it is, thirty-six pages in length. Needless to say the chief part consists of reading matter; the absolute programme itself was brief—but greatly to the point. An account of the evening is given elsewhere.

* * *

Owing to the reporter's error, the encore selection played by Mr. Arthur Sullivan at Mr. Will C. Pepper's concert was stated to

have been Van Farrand's "Music of the Pinewood," instead of which it was the gavotte "Carnation," of Mr. Sullivan's own composition. We correct the mistake with due apology.

REMINISCENCES OF THE "QUEEN'S NAVEE."

By an Old Sea Dog.

(Continued from page 22.)

(*Written especially for* The Banjo).

"Christmas comes but once a year" is an expression we very often hear. I did not intend that to rhyme, but we can't help these little mistakes occurring now and again, a sort of overflow of genius you know! I believe, though, that the expression was originally written as the commencement of a rhyme, or couplet, or something, and that the second line ran, "And when it does, it brings good cheer." I don't know whether the poet ever got any farther than that, I rather hope not, it would be such a waste of energy. Even the second line is superfluous, the self-evident fact contained in the first being quite sufficient to ensure its immortality, though the poet himself may not have realized it at the moment. I believe Bob Cratchet was one of the first to use it as an excuse for being late at the office, "You're late Bob!" says Scrooge, in an awful voice. "Christmas only comes once a year, Sir," says Bob, trembling, and the phrase has been used since, hundreds of times, by old and young alike, as an excuse for mild dissipations and indiscretions which their common sense tells them would be undignified at any other time of the year. And yet, even as they utter it, they know what a tame, frivolous excuse it is; they know that they have only to wait for Easter time to be just as silly and indiscreet, and then Whitsuntide, neither of which come any oftener than Christmas. Bank holidays, Guy Fawkes day, Lord Mayor's Show day, weddings, christenings, and even funerals, are all made to act as substitutes for Christmas ashore, but at sea we only know when Easter Monday comes, because we have to muster on the quarter deck for church on the Friday before. Whit Monday passes unheeded, as do all other Mondays, bank holidays are unknown, and Guy Fawkes days forgotten. We have no substitutes, but only one holiday, Christmas Day, so at sea we say with truth that "Christmas comes but once a year," and when it does we make the most of it.

I have spent Christmas day in some funny places; rounding Cape Horn with an iceberg in sight and the temperature so frightfully cold that they had to serve the grog out in lumps! and in the Persian Gulf where it is forty-five degrees hotter than Hades, and the involuntary exertion of breathing sends rivulets of perspiration running down the back of your neck; but for the purposes of this article I intend to choose a happy medium, one of my earliest, spent in the good old "iron pot" I have been talking about all along.

I have already mentioned that we were stationed in Scotland, and as the Lords of the Admiralty are graciously pleased, under certain circumstances, to allow men who are entitled to a spell of "home service" to spend it in the ship stationed nearest their own homes, it follows that nearly half our ship's company were Scotchmen. Ten days leave was given to each watch, and the Englishmen elected to go first for the sake of Christmas Day ashore, the Scotchmen preferring New Year's Day or "Hogmanay" as they call it, but I am afraid the attractions of Edinburgh had proved too much for most of the cockneys, very few of whom could run to the thirty-three and eightpence railway fare to London, and so we had a good sprinkling of each.

We started badly enough; our commander discountenanced all frivolities and gave out that no attempt to decorate the ship would be allowed until Christmas Eve. This was, of course, pure cussedness, but was so annoying that most of the men vowed they would not even make a Christmas "duff." But the commander is only a sort of Prime Minister in a ship, the real monarch being the captain, and our captain was one of the good old-fashioned sort who believed there was a time for everything, and when he went the "rounds" on Sunday and noticed that nothing unusual was occurring, he soon divined the cause, and calling all hands on the quarter deck, made a speech, which, though brief, was very much to the point:—

"I have called you up to express my surprise at the total absence of anything like decoration or preparation for what I consider the most joyful and important holiday in the year. Now, I have spent more Christmas days at sea than any man present, and every one lives in my memory as a day of rejoicing and pleasure, and you may make up your minds that it is not my intention to alter the routine this year. You have only a few days left, which I must spend ashore, but I will leave instructions which should make it easy for you to perform wonders in the time. Some

friends will go the rounds with me on Christmas Day, and if the ship does not look more cheerful than it does at present—prepare for squalls! pipe down!"

This speech, though neither very lengthy or very brilliant, was enough to transport us from the deepest depths of the "blues" to the loftiest heights of light-heartedness, for three reasons—firstly, it was a guarantee that no restriction would be placed on our enjoyment. Secondly, it avenged us against the commander, and thirdly, it showed us what manner of man our captain was, for he had only recently joined the ship. A cunning old Salt he was! by that little speech he did more to establish his popularity than anything else could have done, and it was only necessary to listen to the remarks as we trooped forward to be sure of that.

"Jolly good old skipper! we'll give his friends something to look at, blowed if we don't!"

"One up against the commander! he can go ashore if he likes! we'll enjoy ourselves for once in a way."

The skipper was as good as his word. He left orders that as much leave as possible was to be given to go ashore, and in addition two hands of the watch on board from each mess could go and make purchases; he obtained leave from Lord Rosebery and Lord Hopetown, whose estates were quite close, to pick what evergreens we wanted. He treated us to barrels of beer, but put a veto on spirits, which was wise, but ineffectual, for we got them all the same. He piped down every afternoon, and in fact did everything in his power to assist us, and to show the result, I will attempt a description of the lower deck on Christmas morning.

Everything was prepared, and after the ordinary routine of scrubbing decks and breakfast—which on every Christmas day I have spent, has consisted of dried salt fish boiled, and coffee with a lot of condensed milk poured into it as a luxury after unsweetened cocoa—the ship was given up to the fanciful ingenuity of the blue jackets and marines for about two hours and then the rounds went. First came the captain and his friends, then the commander, then the first lieutenant, and the other lieutenants according to seniority, warrant, and other officers, all with friends, and then the rest of the ship's company, for every soul in the ship goes the rounds on Christmas day.

The scene which met the captain's gaze as he came down the hatchway, was anything but brilliant. Every mess was surrounded by flags which hung from the beams to the deck, and quite obscured the mess tables and men in charge of them (two to each mess) and shut out the light, so that everything looked dull and wretched at the first glance, and I, who was in charge of the mess nearest to the skipper, saw a deep shade of disappointment pass across his face.

"Sound the 'still'" said the commander, and as the last bugle note sounded, by a prearranged plan every flag was "brailed up" by an ingenious arrangement of spun yarn and sailmaker's twine. The effect was really extraordinary; the flags had disappeared between the beams, and the messes stood out in all the splendour of their decorations. Coloured tissue paper had been used by the hundredweight; mottos cut out in white paper on a red ground; festoons of white and pink paper roses and chains hung everywhere. A contract had been entered into with a wire worker to supply each mess with two wire arches, which were covered with evergreens and paper flowers. Tables were laid with clean white cloths, and every description of eatable, from hams and turkeys to nuts and sweets; and the whole was brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of coloured candles suspended from the beams in paper chandeliers. As we were only half manned, every other mess was unoccupied, and gave us a space of about fifteen feet or so between each, so we had plenty of room and scope for our ingenuity, and it looked like a fairyland scene from a pantomime.

Scarcely less noticeable was the sudden change which passed across the skipper's face; dear old chap! he nearly clapped his hands in his excitement and delight. At the head of each mess stood the two hands in charge at "attention," all dressed in fancy rigs, and holding plates full of biscuits, nuts, and pieces of cake and "duff." I was dressed in a lady's evening dress, and made quite a nice looking girl (I hadn't seen much sea service in those days, and my lady readers may be interested to learn that I had managed to squeeze my waist into a pair of twenty-two inch stays), and even the skipper failed to recognise me until he saw my banjo. In the middle of our table was the "duff," an enormous affair rigged up like a full rigged ship, guns and all, the latter being quill friction tubes were fired by electricity, in the form of a twenty-one gun salute as the skipper passed. I think this amused the visitors as much as anything.

As the rounds started, the "band" formed up in front and played "He's a jolly good fellow!" in which the ship's company joined, the skipper bowing and smiling at each step,

and picking something off every plate, which he put in his pockets, nibbling little bits here and there to please us. Then we chaired other popular officers, yelling the same old chorus for each, until we had worked up a good appetite for dinner.

When every one had taken in as many provisions as he could stow away, we went on to the main deck, trained all the guns forward, and prepared for dancing. Visitors, mostly friends and relatives of the Scotch contingent, came off in shoals, and the jollifications commenced in earnest, and lasted until nearly midnight. Men were supplied with whisky and cigars, girls with wine and cordials, and kisses under the mistletoe, and —— but there! I don't want to make your mouths water, and have no more space at my disposal. Suffice to say we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and there was not a single case of drunkenness to be reported next day, which is a lot to say. I sincerely hope my readers enjoyed their Christmas this year as much as I enjoyed that.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL EXPORT BANJO FESTIVAL.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

THE great banjo concert in Philadelphia, November 27th, under the direction of the famous teacher and composer, Thomas J. Armstrong, was a brilliant financial and artistic success.

Alfred A. Farland, the star performer, made a tremendous hit. He played eight numbers on the programme, the principal one being De Beriot's Second Concerto.

Charles J. Levin, of Baltimore, made his first appearance to a Philadelphia audience. His mandolin playing is far ahead of anything heard in the Quaker City.

Stuber and Bitting caught the house with their unique entertainment.

Miss Minerva Batten in whistling solos proved a decided musical novelty.

The Hastings Banjo Club, composed of forty-five of Philadelphia's young society ladies, led by Miss Edith E. Lockwood, played beautifully.

The Philadelphia Banjo Club wound up the evening's entertainment, playing the overture, "Caliph of Bagdad."

It is whispered that these concerts will in the future be continued annually on a much broader basis. An association of teachers are to band themselves together for this purpose; so we may look for some great things next year.

BALSALL HEATH.

At a grand Japanese Tea and Bazaar held in the Moseley and Balsall Heath Institute on December 11th and 12th, the programme was carried out largely in Japanese character. The Mikado Banjo Party appeared in costume, giving several selections, among others "Drexel March," "Dandy Fifth" and "Love and Beauty," which were received with enthusiasm.

BLACKHEATH.

Mr. Sid. P. Herbert gave his first banjo concert in the Concert Hall, Blackheath, on November 19th, and we are glad to record that it was a success. The Mozart Club opened the programme with "Apollo March," always a good number, especially when rendered by this famous orchestra; this was followed by a song, "Ever since then," by Mr. Ernest Dumayne, who gave "Sunshine and Rain" in response to a deserved encore. Mr. Sid. Herbert was very successful with "Darkies' Wedding," and later in the evening, together with Mr. Bert Wilson, played as a duet, "Honeymoon," March. In their encore selection, the well-known "Enfield," Mr. Herbert was troubled with a recalcitrant bass string, but the selection went very well in spite of odds. Mr. Alban Booth played with his customary grace and finish his new MS. waltz, responding with "Andante and Moderato"; for his second item he gave that very pretty Romance, "Rena May," followed by an effective patrol. Mr. Will C. Pepper met with a rousing encore for Fiske's March, MS., and responded with Hunter's all too short "Andante and Moderato." On his second appearance he gave a splendid rendering of a rather difficult solo, "Reign of Love" Waltz.

"On Guard" Polka by the Mozart Club, went in good style, as did also their closing selection, "White Coons." The volume of this club is striking, and would alone render them unique. Each instrument has its full value; four banjos, here, produce the tone of four banjos, not with the result frequently encountered in larger organizations, where perhaps sixteen banjos together will achieve

what one might call a seven-banjo-power effect. Vocal items were carried out admirably by Miss Evelyn Booth, Miss Hume, Mr. Phil Payne (humorous) and Mr. Ernest Dumayne, already mentioned. Mr. Chas. Conyers, though down on the programme, was unfortunately absent, but his place was well filled by Mr. Sam Wright, who gave "The Waif and the Wizard," and "Oh, I, Oh!" (if I have the title correctly), which latter, by the way, would make a good banjo song. We heartily wish Mr. Herbert an equal success on the occasion of his next concert, which we hope will not be far distant.

BRIGHTON.

Miss Nancy Harrison-Watson, of Brighton, writes:—"Last week we had a visit from Messrs. Will C. Pepper and Alban Booth, both of whom were in excellent form, at Mr. W. H. Plumridge's concert at the Royal Pavilion, November 25th. I played a zither banjo solo at a grand patriotic concert in aid of the War Fund, given in the Dome, December 7th, to an audience of three thousand. We have, by-the-bye, an automatic banjo in Brighton, which is much patronized. It plays capitally, perhaps the best item being a selection from 'El Capitan.'"

MR. ALBERT DURAND'S CONCERT.—"The romantic mandolin has no better exponent in Brighton than Mr. Albert Durand. In his hands it becomes an instrument of beauty, capable of expressing most delicate shades of emotion. Mr. Durand's Annual Concert was held on Saturday at Royal Pavilion. It was a most enjoyable affair. There was a very large audience. Nearly every item was encored. Mr. Durand was seen at his best in Raff's 'Cavatina,' which he played delightfully, and gave in response to a hearty encore 'Il Carnevali,' a piece in striking contrast to the slow movement of the former solo. He also sang a couple of coon songs, 'My Coal Black Lady' and 'I lubs her,' being encored for the second one, and gave 'Lindy does yer lub me.' Mr. Will C. Pepper proved himself an expert banjoist, being encored for both his selections, Eno's 'Reign of Love' Waltz and Glynn's 'West Lawn' Polka. A clever banjo solo, 'Valetta' Polka, a composition by Mr. Durand, was given by Mr. Jordan, a pupil of Mr. Durand. Mr. Alban Booth gave a couple of zither banjo solos in excellent style, being encored, and Miss Kate Sharp, another pupil of Mr. Durand's, gave a very pretty little composition of Mr. Durand's, called 'La Papillon,' which was very successful. Miss Sharp was presented with a lovely bouquet. Miss Bessie Wood sang with a finish which has made her so popular locally. Mr. Reginald Dalgairn in Aylward's 'Song of the Bow' and Needham's 'Who carries the gun' was heard at his best. Mr. Albert Durand's Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band rendered four compositions with most excellent effect, being encored for Johnstone's 'Fairyland,' and in response gave 'Wedding March Nazaile' by Leopoldo Francia. The other pieces were Haydn Waud's 'Serenade,' Wagner's 'Tannhauser,' and Albert Durand's 'Oceana.'—*Brighton Gazette.*

Mr. W. H. Plumbridge's name as a player and teacher of the mandolin and banjo, and his good fortune in securing the co-operation of such well-known local artists as Miss Maud Bond, Miss Maud Foreshew, and Mr. R. Rickard, both contributed to the success of the concert which he gave at the Royal Pavilion on Saturday afternoon The Music Room was well filled, and the audience enjoyed the programme thoroughly. A conspicuous share of the pleasures of the afternoon was contributed by pupils of Mr. Plumbridge, and it said much for his powers as a teacher that these items were amongst the most delightful of the concert. They comprised solo performances and selections by the ladies' mandolin and guitar band, and the banjo orchestra. The precision, accuracy, and also the taste with which the band and orchestra presented compositions of no trifling character were points which everyone admired and acknowledged with heartiness. Each band played four works, and there was sufficient variety in the pieces selected to call forth all the resources of the players, and they were never found wanting in proficiency. Mr. Plumbridge conducted, and further let the audience into the secret of his success as an instructor by playing two mandolin solos with real artistic skill. He was encored for "Lo Zingaro" (L. Francia), but an even finer performance was his rendering of Wieniawski's brilliant "Kuyawiak." He also joined a pupil, Sir Frederick Leicester, Bart., in a banjo duet. Miss N. Harrison-Watson proved herself a finished student of the zither-banjo, playing Cammeyer's "Cape Boys" so cleverly as to win an encore. The same young lady, with the Misses N. Holt, N. Johnson, and S. Smith, contributed a spirited quartet, Cammeyer's "To the Front." Mr. Ernest A. Hedgcock played the accompaniments with the touch of an artist. Messrs. Lyon and Hall carried out the seating arrangements.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Cork.

The Cork Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, of which an account appeared in our November issue, gave their second annual concert in the Assembly Rooms on Thursday, December 14th, with very great success. There was a good audience present, and all the items were enthusiastically received. The programme given was as follows:—Part I.—march, "White Coons" (Payne), orchestra; song, "Where e'er you walk" (Handel), Mr. H. W. Beck; song, "Nobil Signor" (Les Huguenots) (Meyerbeer), Mrs. Wilberforce Franklin; mandolin solo, "Berceuse di Jocelyn" (Godard), Mr. H. Green; song, "Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia di Lammermoor) (Donizetti), Miss Horne; banjo duet, "Yacht Club March" (Fiske), Miss Murray and Mr. Tayler; song, "My Song is of the Sturdy North" (Ed. German), Mr. Wilberforce Franklin; humorous song, "Cyclists' Song" (Jackson), Mr. J. F. Murphy; selection, "Reminiscences of Ireland" (Godfrey, arr. Green), orchestra. Part II.—March, "Columbian" (Eno, arr. Pepper), orchestra; song, "King Henry's Song" (Sir A. Sullivan), Mr. Wilberforce Franklin; song, "Good-bye" (Tosti), Mrs. Wilberforce Franklin; banjo solo, "Japanese Danse," Mr. H. Green; song, Miss Horne; quartet, "Al chiar chiar di Luna" (Francia), Mrs. Gale, Miss Murray, Mr. H. Cronin and Mr. Green; song, "An Evening Song" (Blumenthal), Mr. H. W. Beck; humorous song, "Nice Gal Susie" (Norris), Mr. J. F. Murphy; march, "Dreams of Darkie Land" (Eno, arr. Pepper), orchestra; "God save the Queen."

Croydon.

A correspondent sends us the following:—The Third Annual Mandolin Concert given by Mr. J. J. Fletcher was held in the Large Public Hall on Wednesday, December 13th. The Croydon "Pierrot" Mandolin Band, of which he is conductor, gave some very fine selections. Mr. J. J. Fletcher, who was down on the programme for two mandolin solos, was encored again and again. His performance on this popular instrument was undoubtedly one of the best items during the evening. Miss Ingram Tucker (soprano), and Mr. Mataule (baritone), were in excellent form, both being encored, while Mr. Owen Way and Mr. Albert Spearpoint caused roars of laughter with their ever-pleasing humorous songs.

Holborn.

At the annual dinner given by J. Travers and Sons, Ltd., at King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on November 25th, Mr. C. Crewe and his clever pupil, Master G. Bloomfield (age eleven) played banjo duets, "Dreams of Darkie Land," and in response to encore, "Blue Bells" with Variations (arr. Crewe). Both items met with a splendid reception. Master Bloomfield, who does his teacher great credit, took the leading part in the duets.

Leeds.

Mr. Chas. E. Brown, the well-known teacher of this city, writes:—"Just a line to inform you I am very busy with pupils and concerts. Last week I travelled over four hundred miles fulfilling engagements at Tadcaster, Westow, Silloth and Leeds. During the month I have also been engaged at Barnsley, Cudworth, York, Selby, etc. My most successful solos (banjo), for which I have been frequently encored, have been 'Rose Tree,' 'Reign of Love,' 'Apollo,' 'Valse de Concert,' and Romance in C minor, and I have always found 'White Coons' and 'Columbian' good for encores. For the mandolin, 'Tannhauser,' 'Scotch Airs" (both my own arr.), 'Cavatina' (Raff), and 'Home, Sweet Home' (Tanner), have been my most successful solos. With best wishes, etc."

Manchester.

Mr. J. F. Rastall writes as follows:—My tour with the St. James' Concert Company has terminated, so I have nothing much to report this month. December 12th I was engaged at the Conservative Club, Lymm, and played mandolin solos, "Broken Melody" (Biene), "Andante" (Francia), and "Killarney" (Balfe), and for encores "Mazurka Hongroise" (Cammeyer), "Intermezzo" (Mascagni), and "Mazurka" (Francia). December 15th at a smoker at Urmston I played "Broken Melody" (encore, "Andante," Francia), and a selection from "Trovatore," arranged by Singalee. An host of professionals arrived, and after the smoker was over an adjournment was made to the Garrick Club in Manchester, where a most enjoyable evening, or to be more correct, morning was spent. Wishing you the compliments of the season.

Mr. E. Corbitt, the well-known and popular teacher of Manchester, sends us a good account of the banjo in that city. He writes: "The teaching is going very strong here, I am glad to say. With three studios going I find plenty of work, and as this is my fourteenth year of teaching, I have seen some changes in the fortunes of the banjo. We

are now working on the 'Columbian' March, 'Apollo' and 'White Coons.' I should be glad to hear from any of your subscribers with a view to collecting news, items, etc., for your valuable paper."

NEWPORT.

A grand concert was given by the Newport Amateur Concert Party at Wentwood on Thursday, December 14th, before a large and appreciative audience, this being their third this season. Programme:—pianoforte solo, Miss Lily Bartlett: comic song, Mr. Jack Matthews, "We've all been having a go at it": song, Miss L. Herbert, "The Gay Tom-Tit"; song, Mr. C. Hews, "Out at night"; violin solo, Mr. Albert Zeale, "The Yacht Club March"; comic song, Mr. C. Bartlett, "Oui, Oui"; song, Mrs. Price, "Blue Alsatian Mountain"; banjo duet, Messrs. Gus Finn and J. Hanks, "Selections"; stump oration, Mr. G. Evans; song, Mr. Jack Matthews, "Dublin Fusiliers"; violin solo, Mr. W. Coles, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; song, Miss Lily Bartlett, "Alone on the Raft"; comic song, Mr. Gus Finn, "The Sour-Apple Tree"; song, Miss L. Herbert, "Fiddle and I"; violin solo, Mr. Albert Zeale, "The Dandy Fifth"; song, Mr. C. Bartlett, "The Village Blacksmith"; song, Mrs. Price, "Star of my soul": banjo duet, Messrs. Gus Finn and J. Hanks, "Lorne Polka March"; comic sketch, the Bros. Matthews and C. Hews, "What Ho! the Boers." The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss Lily Bartlett, and encores were freely demanded during the evening. At the conclusion the party were entertained to an excellent supper by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald.

NORTHAMPTON.

Mr. Will Felce of this city, writes:—"Dear Mr. Editor,—My Connaught Banjo Team, since last issue, have given selections at the Annual Parochial Tea of St. Sepulchre, on November 23rd, at the Corn Exchange, and also at Reservist's Benefit Concert at the Town Hall, December 1st, and have been well received. In fact, we have had to refuse engagements, having several now in hand. In addition to this, I have never had a larger number of pupils, and am having up to now an exceptionally busy time of it all the way round. Wishing your paper every success."

SWINDON.

On December 6th a benefit concert was given at Gorse Hill, Swindon, in aid of the widow of the late Mr. C. J. Jefferies (accidentally killed on the railway). The amount realized including donations, £20. Mr. F. Winslow's Mandolin Band were well to the front, and received a splendid reception. Mr. Winslow, who arranged the whole of the programme of twenty-two items, gave solos on the mandolin, "Wedding March (Francia), and banjo, "Belle of Athens."

At the Hearts of Oak Benefit Societies Annual Dinner, held at the King's Arms Hotel, Mr. Winslow was engaged to give mandolin and banjo solos, several prominent members of the above society being present.

A concert in connection with the Swindon Ship Assistants' Union, was held at the Lecture Hall, Mechanics' Institute, when the mandolin duet, "Grou Fantasia Ungharese" was given by Miss Minnie and Mr. F. Winslow, the latter also giving banjo solo, "Belle of Athens," encored, in response to which was given Reverie in F (Hind).

Mr. J. Llewellyn, pupil of Mr. Winslow, has been appearing at several concerts lately with great success.

TADCASTER, YORKS.

A successful concert was given in Tadcaster Town Hall on Monday, November 27th. Songs were contributed by Miss Edith Beckwith, Mr. J. Byrne and Mr. J. Poole, each receiving encores. Messrs. Brown and Warner, banjo duettists, played "Rose Tree" March, which was well received, and for an encore gave "Apollo" March. For their second item they played "Reign of Love" Waltz (Eno), which was enthusiastically received, and in encore, the ever popular "White Coons." Mr. Arthur Warner also gave a ventriloquial sketch, introducing his funny people, five in number, and was very successful, causing much laughter. Mr. C. E. Brown came in for a fair share of applause for his mandolin solos, "Home, Sweet Home" with variations (Farmer), and "Scotch Airs" (arr. by C. E. Brown), both of which were encored, but only responded to one. In addition Mr. Brown also gave a banjo sketch, introducing solo, a "Romance in C minor," coon song, "I want yer ma Honey," and eccentric song, "I couldn't help but laugh," each item being very well received, and the audience appeared also to thoroughly enjoy his humorous song, "Facial Expressions" for which they demanded an encore.

WELLINGTON QUAY (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.)

Mr. W. Guy, the popular teacher of this district, reports a very busy season in sales and pupils, and has just increased his order for our paper.

BULLY.

By Capriccio.

Bullivant loved his guitar with an undivided heart. He played it caressingly; he nursed it as one would nurse a child; he almost battened on it, like a moth on a flannel chest-protector. But alas! something began to alienate his affections—the "music of a woman's face,"—albeit, it was, at best, but mouth-organ music, with a reed or two blown out.

Bullivant's stature, like his purse, was short. Wherever he went, he carried an energetic expression and a walking-stick, and was invariably in a jolly mood and a tweed suit. He had been heard to say that he would be hanged rather than be hampered by a fiancée; but alas, for the mutability of all things! He abruptly fell in love with one of his customers. (Bullivant was a clerk on the buttered side of a large provision store). Twice a week she bought butter at Bullivant's counter, and each time did Bullivant give her extra weight and a squeeze of the hand.

After three weeks of this sort of thing, Bully (we'll call him Bully for short), brought matters to a crisis by asking her to take a stroll with him. "I don't mind," she said, with a sidelong glance that made Bully confusedly try to get half-a-pound of butter into the "cash-carrier."

So it was arranged that they should meet on the ensuing evening. He was so delighted, that he philanthropically gave extra weight to all who purchased butter that day.

With a consuming desire to make an impression, he indulged in a fifteen cent. shave, and polished up his walking stick with furniture polish, and purchased a bunch of hothouse flowers. Thus equipped, and enveloped in an air of "Florida water" and benignity, he sallied forth to the trysting spot, where they met.

Bully squeezed her hand, and said, "How do you do?" to which she bashfully said nothing, in an inaudible voice. He then begged that he might be allowed to pin his floral offering to her bosom.

She giggled, and said, "U-um," which meant "all right." Her manner was sweeter than a month's wages, and Bully went fairly "over the precipice." There was no hope for him. He had dropped, and there were rocks where he fell.

As they were parting for the night, he waxed extremely nervous, and fell to coughing in a distressing manner. A suspicious edging up to the girl, and—

Then he had another. He was excited, and it fell on the tip of her nose. He was supplementing it more carefully, when, suddenly, some person unknown gave him a stunning thump behind his right ear, and it was as if a Broadway jewellery store had fallen upon him, for the concussion was great and he "saw diamonds."

When the side walk stopped rolling to and fro, it rose as if under magnetic influence, and rushing apparently to a common centre, smote his forehead with a crash that reverberated even to the soles of his new tan shoes.

* * *

Interval of four minutes.

* * *

Bully staggered to his feet.

"Where is she?" he said, feebly.

A telephone pole seemed to be falling in his direction. He tried to hold it up. The side walk beckoned him. He hit it with his head. He then crawled a few yards on his hands and knees.

At length, he recovered sufficiently to walk home.

Having bathed his throbbing head in cold water, he went to bed, and lay awake "wondering about things," until the unwashed face of dawn peeped in at the window.

Two days later, he was behind his counter, as usual, when in walked his dark-eyed inamorata.

"A pound of the best," said she, with a smile.

"Where did you go to the other night?" he asked, sternly.

"Home, of course."

"*Huh!* You did, did you! And who was it knocked me down?"

"My feller."

"*What!*"

Bully glared at her.

"Are you deaf? Hurry up with that butter. He's a brakesman. He happened to come home unexpected, and just caught us. He's outside looking through the window."

Bully hastily gave her the butter (*two ounces short*), and with this and an irritating smile, she departed.

And once more the sole object of his affections is the beloved guitar. Once more he caresses it—once more he battens on it. The guitar is a balm for blasted hopes. Bully says so, and he ought to know.—*The Major.*

Have you seen W. E. Temlett's New Illustrated Catalogue, of 24 pages? If not you can have one sent you for the mere asking, a post card will do, but first try and procure one through your nearest music-seller or teacher.

REIGN OF LOVE.

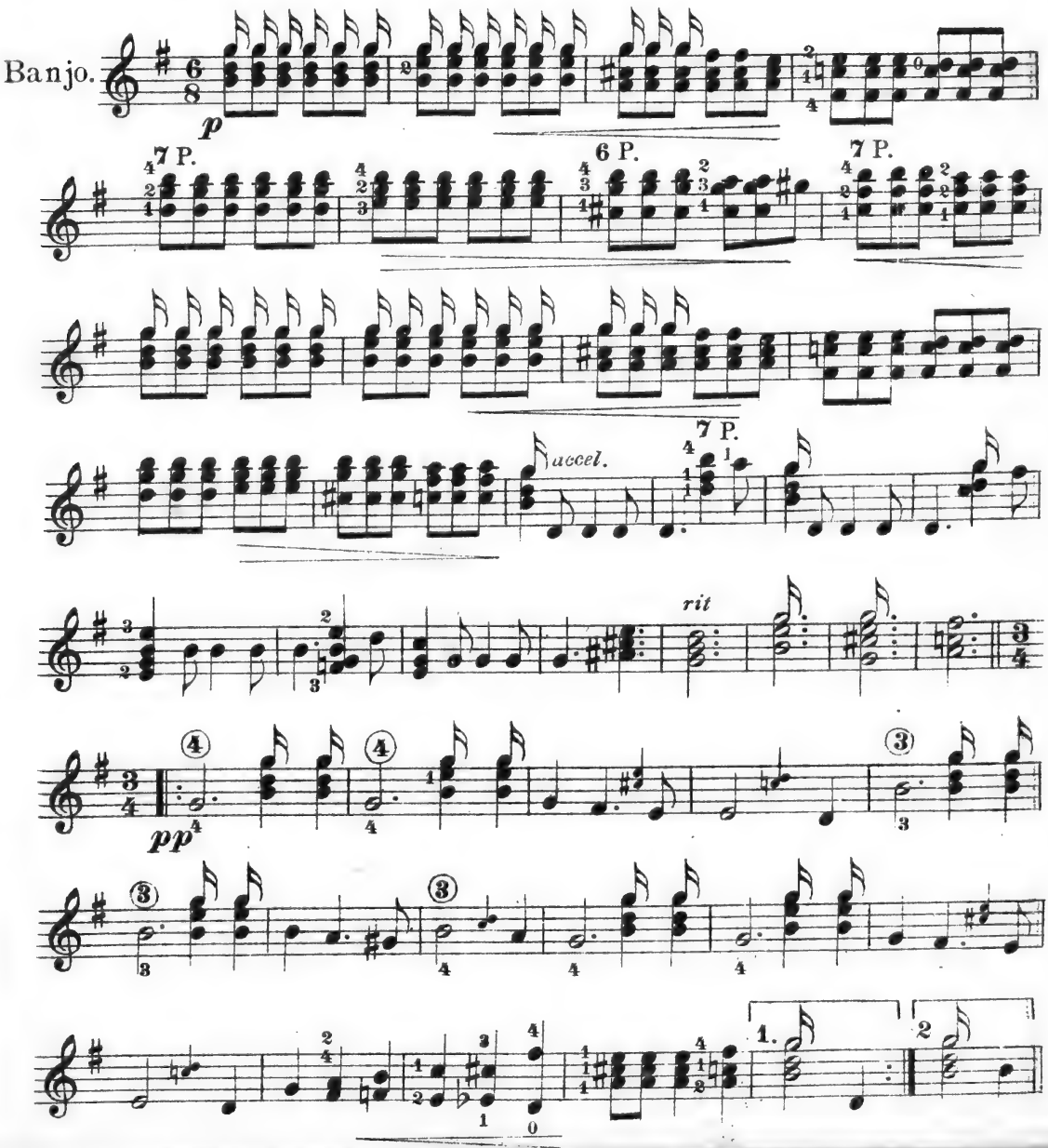
WALTZ.

Arranged by WILL C. PEPPER. PAUL ENO.

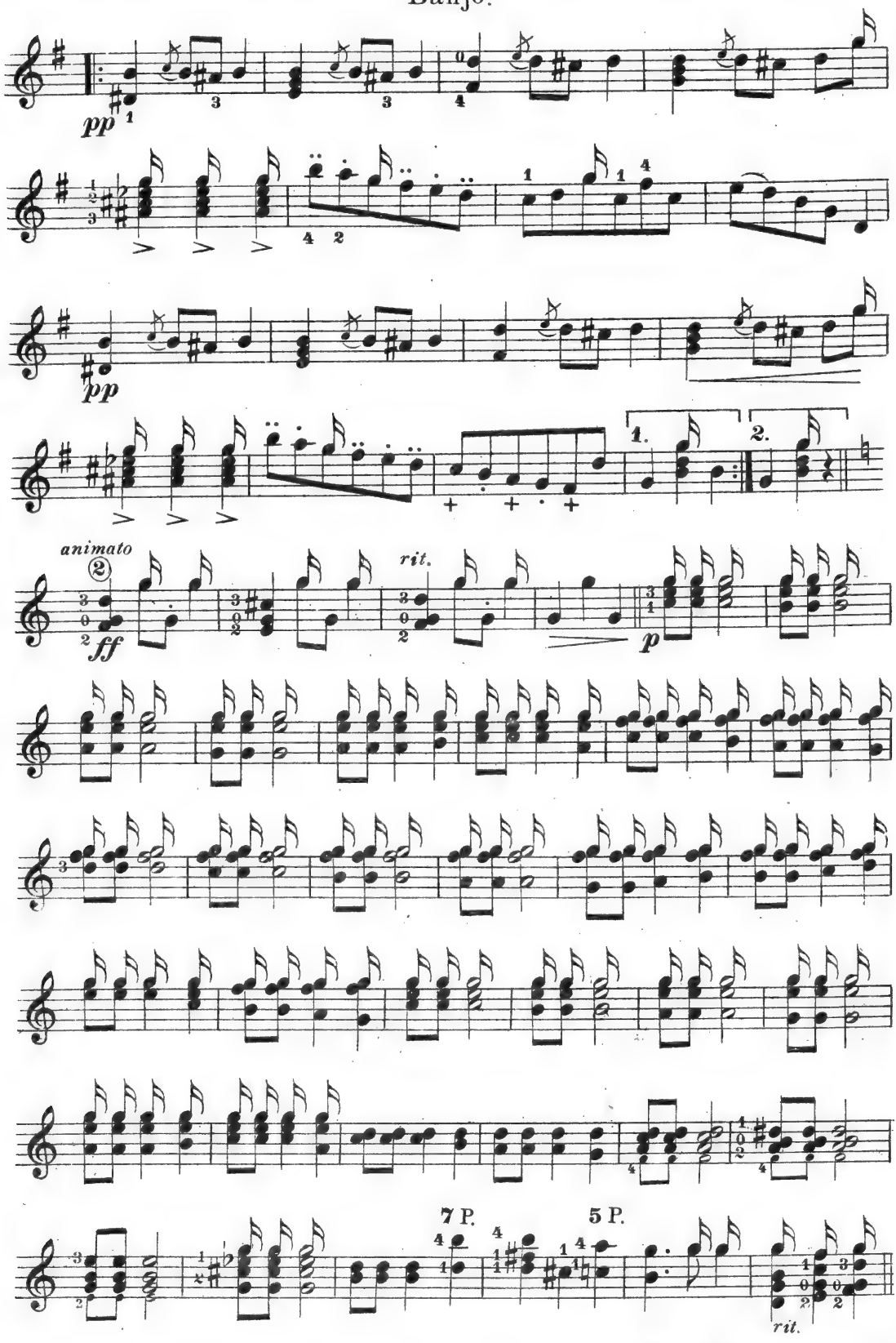
BANJO.

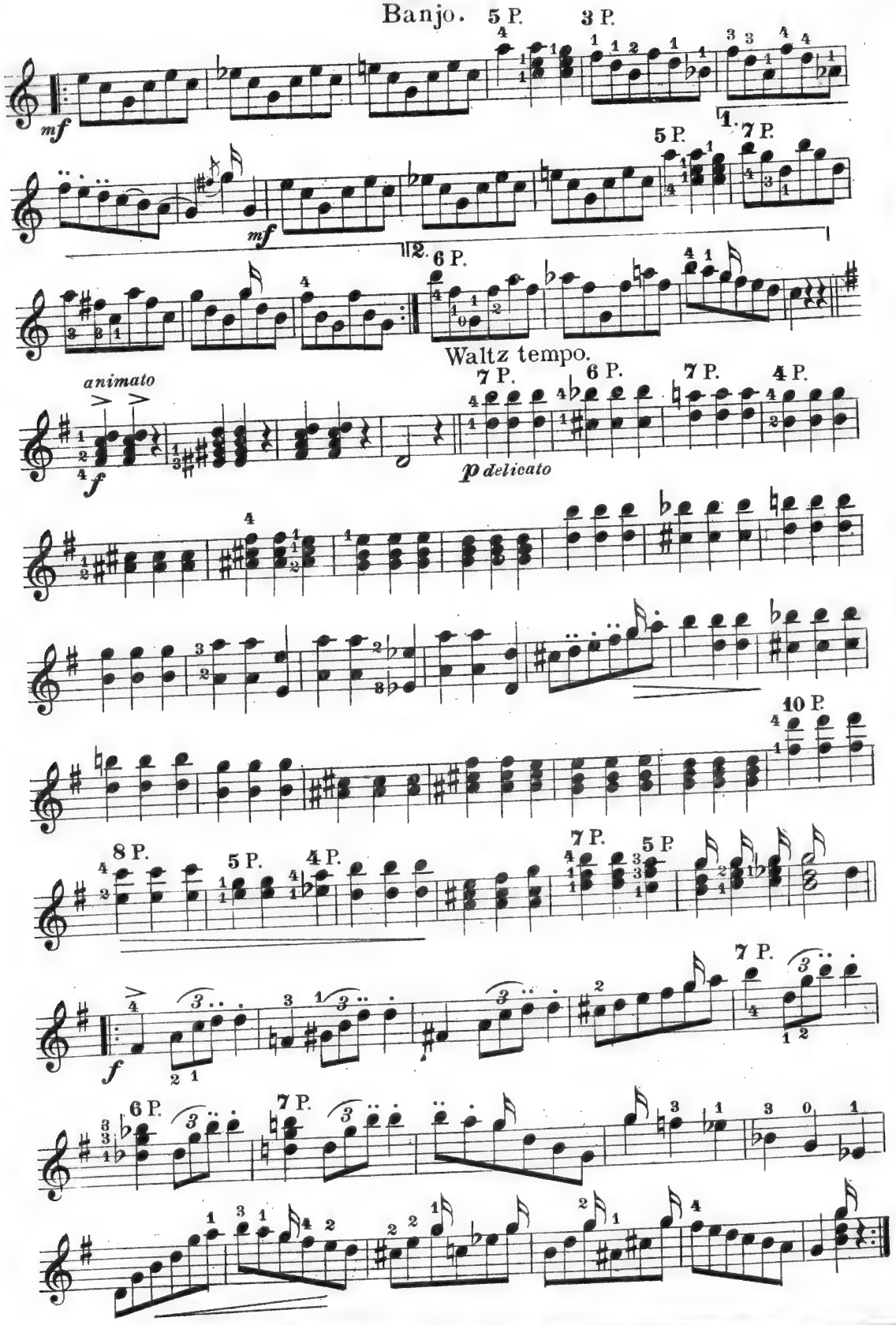
INTRODUCTION.

Andantino. ELEVATED BASS.



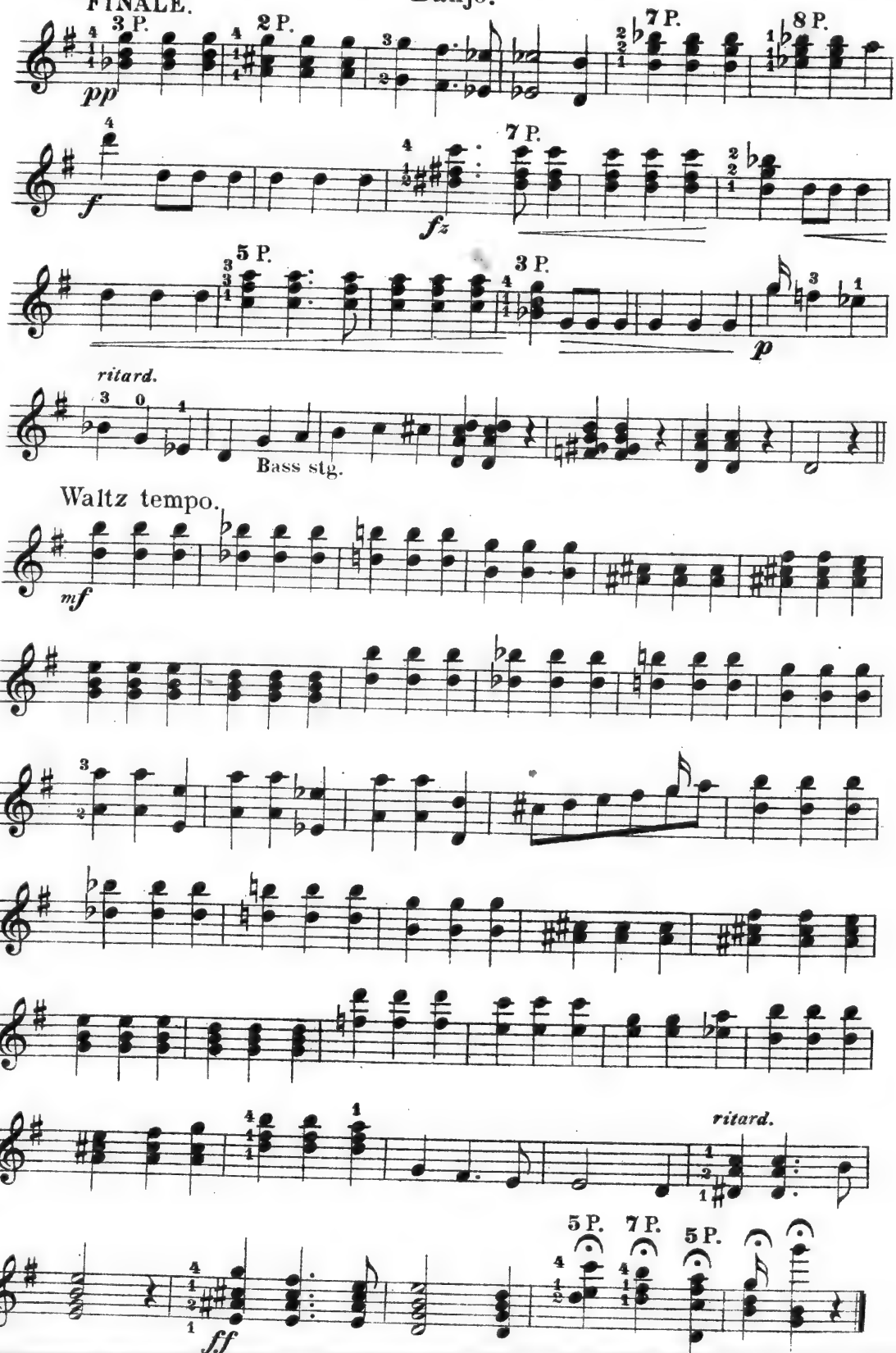
Banjo.




Banjo.
5 P.
3 P.
mf
1.
5 P.
7 P.
mf
2.
6 P.
Waltz tempo.
animato
f
7 P.
6 P.
7 P.
4 P.
p delicato
10 P.
8 P.
5 P.
4 P.
7 P.
5 P.
f
7 P.
6 P.
7 P.

FINALE.

Banjo.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

THE BANJO, ITS HISTORY.

BY FRANK B. SMITH.

THE articles written upon the origin of the banjo are as varied as they are numerous.

Not a few (perhaps the majority) of these articles contend that the banjo is the invention of the Southern Darky, but such is not a fact.

That, in former days, the slaves of the South played upon an instrument of crude structure belonging to the banjo family, we will not deny, but from description given of size, shape, etc., of this instrument, it may have been one similar to the four-string gourd, an instrument of the early ages. Some writers contend that the banjo of to-day is an evolution from this same four string gourd, and this may be a fact, for we all know that instruments of the banjo family have been in existence for ages and ages. Nevertheless it is an accepted fact, that the banjo is looked upon universally, as being an instrument strictly American.

Its promoters and masters have all been people of America. Its introduction into foreign countries was brought about through people of America.

All improvements made upon it, its evolution from its crude state to its present perfect form, was wholly the results derived from the fertile brain of the people of America. Therefore we claim, with a selfish satisfaction, the banjo as being a strictly American instrument. The banjo in its first form was an instrument of a very crude structure.

The rim and top-hoop were made entirely of a cheap material of wood.

Its brackets were few and poorly manufactured.

Its head consisted of a roughly cured piece of sheepskin : while its fingerboard was made of a soft wood, entirely devoid of frets of any description. The strings were mostly made of wire and very poor wire at that.

Its first evolution, as a banjo, came with the adding of marked frets to its fingerboard, which at the time must have been considered a big improvement. Then came the steel top-hoop and the adding of more and better manufactured brackets, as well as the use of better cured sheepskin for its head.

At about this time some enterprising (?) manufacturer turned out what he termed to be a "professional" banjo, an instrument which was destined to experience an early and untimely end, as far as popularity was concerned.

The writer has had the pleasure of seeing one of these tubs, and as near as possible, gives herewith a description of it.

The rim was of hard wood, painted black. The top-hoop consisted of a very heavy band of steel. Fifteen or eighteen roughly made brackets, a thick sheet of brass with marked frets, fastened to a hard wood arm constituted its fingerboard. Its keys were of a soft wood, painted the colour of the rim.

The instrument was an awkward looking combination of steel, brass and wood, with a weight that would equal that of an old-time flint-lock gun.

An appreciative improvement came shortly after this in the shape of the steel raised fret, the advent of which caused lovers of this popular instrument to believe that it was as near the height of perfection as American skill and ingenuity could possibly bring it. It was about this time that the real popularity of the instrument commenced.

Several years later, the metal rim was perfected. Next came the properly cured calf-skin head.

Later came the "Dobson Bell" banjo, an instrument which undoubtedly attained the greatest popularity of any one legitimate grade of banjos. After this, improvements came swiftly in the shape of pegs, brackets, tail-pieces, bridges, etc., until the three octave (twenty-two fret) instrument of the present age was perfected and introduced.

The instrument was the conception of the world-famed Stewart, one of the greatest promoters of our American instrument the world has ever produced. He was the originator of, and promoter of, the banjeaurine, likewise the bass and piccolo banjo, and in his demise, the banjo fraternity lost its truest and best friend.

At about the time of the conception of the three octave instrument, Farland conceived the idea of attempting upon the banjo such compositions as is rendered by the virtuosi of other famed instruments.

The old style fingering method was insufficiently perfected to enable him to render, in perfect time and with proper effect, such compositions, so after a series of experiments, he perfected the new style of alternate fingering, which is now being taught the world over, and which has been one of the main factors in bringing the banjo up on a parity with standard-grade, classic-playing

instruments. There are promoters of the banjo, of course, other than Stewart or Farland, who should come in for prominent mention.

Thos. J. Armstrong, a personal friend of Stewart and the composer of the famed "Louisiana Hoedown," is a pioneer of the banjo, and without doubt, the greatest living arranger of banjo orchestra music.

How many people are there (outside of those interested in the banjo), who are aware that the celebrated "Darkies' Dream" was originally composed and arranged for the banjo? The composer, Geo. L. Lansing, has done much toward advancing the instrument to its present high standard. Are writers who claim that the banjo is the invention of the Southern darky, aware that the only coloured artists who attained any reputation of note upon this instrument were the Bohee Bros. and Horace Weston?

The latter named has written some very interesting music for the banjo. Another pioneer of the instrument is E. M. Hall, who is still a public artist, and a prince of entertainers. There are other promoters, who are yet striving to bring the banjo up to the topmost round of the latter of "popularity," and we all unite in hoping that their efforts will be rewarded with perfect success and that the banjo will become first and foremost in line of all stringed instruments.—*The Allegro.*

CONCERT NOTICES.

MR. G. W. SUCKSMITH'S Grand Pupil's Concert, Unity Hall, Oldham, January 13th, 1900. Great array of high class artists.

Mr. Alfred W. Newton's Seventh Annual Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concert at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, Wednesday evening, February 14th, 1900. Mr. Alfred D. Cammeyer is engaged.

AN enthusiast sends us the following effusion, which should make a good "ad." for the instruments in question.

There are Banjos new and Banjos old,
And Banjos good and Banjos bad,
But if you want both new and good,
Just go to Temlett's for a Strad.

No shoddy goods does he turn out,
A maker he of world-wide fame;
His Jo's are stamped to leave no doubt,
And *TEMLETT, W. E.* the name.

Ye would-be banjo buyers fleet,
To London's city great and fine,
Just hurry off; to Charlotte Street,
Blackfriars, S.E., 29.

'Tis there you'll quickly ascertain,
No better Banjos can be had
Than those which Temlett rightly names
The Mozart and the Strad.—OLDHAM.

BY the time this is in print Miss Dewhurst, of the "Pierrot Banjo Team," will have made her last appearance with this celebrated troupe. We feel quite safe in stating that it will be an utter impossibility for this talented lady to be replaced, for as a Banjo Accompanist she is without rival, not to speak of her beautiful singing. We believe Miss Dewhurst is now open to accept engagements and we are sure such an artiste will be in great demand.

* * *

Banjo Teacher (who has just put on a new third string, and finds it isn't true): "Oh! bother! its a female string." Lady Pupil, enquiringly: "A female string? Why, whatever makes you say that?" Banjo Teacher: "Why, its false!" Tableau!!

* * *

We hear Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer are shortly dissolving partnership, and that Mr. Cammeyer intends opening a studio in the West End as soon as matters can be arranged.

* * *

Miss Elinore Lynch, of Chicago, is playing nightly at the Alhambra, and her solos are very much appreciated by the crowded audiences. She has just had the "Roller Nut" and "Mozart" tailpiece fitted to her solo banjo, and is very pleased with the working of both these splendid improvements.

* * *

We understand Messrs. Mays and Hunter are booked a long way ahead. They have been splendidly received by Bristol and Blackpool audiences, and will be at the Paragon, Tivoli and Hammersmith Music Halls during the holidays.

* * *

Mr. W. E. Temlett has just bought a good number of Parke Hunter's latest compositions. In conversation a few days ago, the naming the different pieces was being discussed, and among others a pretty Andante and Waltz was in want of a title. Mr. Temlett asked Mr. Hunter what he thought would be a good name. Mr. Hunter replied, that, "As there are so many Andante and Waltzes, mine had better be called '*Another*' Andante and Waltz!!!"

We hear that the Ladbroke Banjo Club having dissolved, the "Melody" Banjo Quartette, late of the L. B. C., are carrying on the annual concerts given at Ladbroke Hall. The next concert is to take place on January 4th, 1900, when many prominent artistes will assist. Among others, Madame Kate Cove, Miss Grace Oakley, Miss Maude Evans, Mr. Alban Booth, Messrs. A. E. Hewer, Master Horace Rhetlaw and the "Melody" Quartette. Seats at popular prices. Tickets and further particulars may be obtained of Mr. Charles F. Hunt (manager), 171, Ladbroke Grove, W.; Mr. Lionel H. Lewis (Sec.), 31, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, W.; Mr. A. E. Hewer, 80, Cornwall Road, W.; Mr. E. Buxton Head, 52, Lancaster Road, W.; Mr. Howard Norris, 32, High Street, W.; and of Mr. E. Parker Hunt, 171, Ladbroke Grove, W.

* * *

Our Oldham readers should not fail to secure tickets for Mr. G. W. Sucksmith's grand Pupils' Concert on the 18th of this month at the Unity Hall. We have not the slightest doubt of the success of the entertainment, and we hope to send a "special representative" to Oldham for this occasion.

* * *

The name of banjo bridges is legion. We have to hand a circular relating to a new bridge about to be patented by Mr. Chris Bern, of Liverpool, which claims to be a big improvement on past models. So many novelties in this line have been brought out within recent years, that one is rather chary of assuming too much; it is, however, for practical usage to determine the efficacy of Mr. Bern's invention.

* * *

The well-known and popular banjo duettists, Messrs. Edgar and Eugene, have been very busy lately, their many engagements including the Bedford Palace and Marylebone Music Hall. On Boxing night they commenced an important engagement at the Grand Theatre of Varieties, Hanley, Staffs. Among their repertoire will be found "Valse de Concert" (Eno, arr. Pepper), and the very popular "West Lawn" Polka.

* * *

A Newport correspondent reports that banjoists are having a very busy time there, banjo turns being the most popular items at all local concerts.

* * *

"Rondo Brillante" by the late S. A. Halfpenny, is making a great success just now. It is specially adapted to the zither banjo, is light and dainty, and the work of a skilled musician. Its popularity, at present, lies chiefly among those players whose first demand of a solo is that it should be artistic, but its brightness and melody will insure it a yet wider hold on public favour.

* * *

Farland's celebrated "Dandy Fifth" is, by-the-way, another composition which has achieved a more than transitory success, both on its own merit and by virtue of the composer's name. This selection is particularly adapted to clubs; it enjoys, however, the distinction of having probably been played more frequently and over a greater part of the globe, both in orchestra and solo arrangement, than any other banjo publication existing; its popularity dating from very earlydays.

* * *

Mr. Will Felce, of Northampton, has again increased his order for THE BANJO, and finds our journal in great demand in that neighbourhood. Our readers will find an interesting letter from him on another page.

* * *

We regret to record the death of Mr. Jack Roberts, the only son of Mr. Arthur Roberts. The deceased was the personal friend of both Mr. Will C. Pepper and Mr. W. E. Temlett, by whom, as by all who knew him, his loss will be felt very deeply. We take the liberty of reprinting the following paragraph from a contemporary journal.

* * *

"Everybody will have deep sympathy for Mr. Arthur Roberts in the sad blow he has just sustained by the death of his son, at the early age of twenty-five. 'Jack' Roberts was a bright and merry lad, smart and slim. He was a first-class horseman, and would tackle any animal with a bit between his teeth, and it was a mettlesome mount that he rode every morning to the Park from his home in Maida Vale. Young Jack had a leaning towards the stage, but this was discouraged by his father, who thought his son might find surer foundation for fortune in the world of commerce.

* * *

He bought his boy a West-country brewery to start with, but the investment did not turn out a success. It was certain that the lad had plenty of grit and go, and, the right direction once discovered, he would undoubtedly have done well, had not death cruelly stepped in. The young fellow had only been married a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are now left with an only child, Miss Cissy Roberts. Such a loss as that of

an only son comes doubly hard upon a man who has to be always smiling, and this will be a sad Christmastide for poor Arthur Roberts, a man of wit, energy, pluck, and spirit, and now, alas! a man of sorrow as well."—*M.A.P.*

Owing to pressure on our space we regret having to hold over several notices and interesting items, including the report of Mr. Alban Booth's concert at Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington.

MESSRS. ESSEX AND CAMMEYER'S CONCERT AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A very good programme was arranged for December 7th, which evening I believe forms the fifteenth in Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer's series of concerts. As hitherto, there was provided, "between turns," a great deal of time and meditation, during which intervals the conclusion was forced upon one that this display of hastelessness must be in some way indigenous to St. James's Hall; a part of the atmosphere, as it were, and not to be combatted. Here, in one sense of the phrase, a little is made to go a very long way, certainly as regards time. However, it seems more natural to ascribe this characteristic to causes unknown, personified by fate, rather than suppose it for one instant the result of persistent laxness of management.

Revenous. The orchestra were in excellent form, but were heard to better advantage in their later selections than in the opening number, "High School Cadets," which was distinctless listless. Whatever Sousa's deficiencies may be, he has at least the merit of being spirited; his compositions have all the American verve; subtract which—the effect is apt to be sing-song. The selection from "Casse-Noisette" was without doubt a fine piece of work, and Mr. Cammeyer is deserving of very earnest congratulation upon its success. That such music be rendered publicly by banjo, mandolin and guitar orchestra, with such effect and finish, is a thing for banjoists to be proud of. The "Runaway Girl," though long, was very successful (except a little difference of opinion, between the orchestra and Mr. Cammeyer as to the last repeat), and improved by the omission, on this occasion, of the ensemble whistling. Messrs. Henri and Obregon, of the Gaiety, gave "Coon's Walk," banjo and guitar; also Mascheroni's "Bolero," guitar and mandolin, both items meeting with good reception.

Mr. Samuel Siegel, whose appearance was eagerly looked for by the audience, is in his playing little short of superb. His style is distinctive, and it would be idle to propose comparison with other artists, particularly of the Italian school. He is individual, as are all great performers. One of the things which impressed one most was the great volume of tone which he produced, and which it seemed would have filled a far larger hall than this with perfect ease. He gave a composition of his own, "Valse de Concert"; "Impromptu" (Cammeyer), accompanied with zither banjo by the composer; a wonderfully delicate rendering of Hauser's "Cradle Song," and a brilliant fantasia on "Home, Sweet Home," which called for some astonishing execution. Certainly one can no longer wonder at the fame accorded this artist in the States, as indeed everywhere he has appeared. Mr. Cammeyer played a "Serenade" (MS.) which gave good scope to his powers; it was a pity he did not respond to the encore he received. I would have willingly sacrificed one or two other of the turns to have heard Mr. Cammeyer again, and think many of the audience will agree with me.

The Pierrots were universally encored for each item given. There is rather a want of variety about the programme of this team, but their repertoire is good so far as it goes. Miss Dewhurst gave her two songs charmingly, and received at the conclusion some lovely bouquets and baskets of flowers. One cannot but be convinced that with the loss of this artiste, perfect in the rôle of both vocalist and accompanist, the Pierrots will be no longer what they were, even in the estimation of their keenest admirers. Mr. Joe Morley played one of his own marches, a not very brilliant departure from his usual form of composition, and with Mr. Clifford Essex gave a "Cake-Walk," which is new but by no means striking. Mr. James Blakeley was excellent both in "The glorious Days to Come," and the song which he gave in encore. "The Belle of Honolulu," was sung by Mr. Clifford Essex.

The Misses Skinner improve greatly between each time of hearing, though their playing still shows a little faultiness. They are such earnest little artists that I am sure they will forgive the qualification. They delighted the audience with one of Mr. Cammeyer's compositions, bringing out the bass movement in really fine style, and with no small power; I was only sorry that lack of time prevented us hearing their second item. Master Charlie Rogers played a Polka cleverly, but in far too much of a scramble, what a pity he plays with a free wrist; he did rather better in the encore. Miss Kath-

leen Purcell's harp solo showed splendid execution, though the selection itself, "The Spinning Wheel," was somewhat monotonous in theme.

Mr. Alban Booth was in good form with his "Valse" in MS., which he played with great taste and expression. Mme. Edith Grey-Burnand gave two songs, "When the heart is young," and "Beloved, it is morn," which were thoroughly appreciated, and as accompanists, Mr. J. M. Capel, Mr. Gordon Stanford and Miss Annie Skinner were beyond criticism.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THE present season appears to be fully as prosperous with our friends abroad as it is in England. Teachers and soloists alike are experiencing busy times, and the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs of the different districts are giving good account of their time. The Pacific coast seems to offer itself as a most successful field to artists now on tour.

* * *

Mr. Hyde Gowan, a short sketch of whom appeared in our Nov. issue, with due acknowledgment to *The Major*, has been meeting with great enthusiasm in Oregon. Starting from the west, he is progressing eastward, and has received at all points a hearty welcome.

* * *

Mr. Valentine Abt is making a tour through California and vicinity, and is meeting everywhere with unparalleled success. He has appeared recently in San Francisco, Pasadera, Los Angelos, etc., etc., and has booked many dates in the immediate future. This trip has prevented his appearing at the National Export Festival.

* * *

Mr. S. Duncan Baker, of Natchez, Miss., has completed a tour through that state which has done much towards elevating the local standard of the banjo. Mr. Baker ranks among the best soloists of the country and the press in general speaks in enthusiastic terms of his playing.

* * *

We hear that Mr. Farland's time is rapidly filling, and that the season of 1899—1900 promises to be the best he has yet experienced. He has booked dates well into early summer, and will probably travel southward in January. He has added many new numbers to his repertoire, among others the Second Concerto by De Beriot, which it is said requires nearly twenty-five minutes to perform.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of THE BANJO. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

To the Editor of THE BANJO.
31, Burnt Ash Road, Lee, Kent, S.E.
December 20th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter from the *Shipping Gazette* relating to the "banjo" of a paddle wheel of a steamer, which I thought might be of interest to readers of the BANJO NEWS.—

"MARCHIONESS (s).—*Bristol*, Dec. 18th, 1.35 p.m. Steamer Marchioness, of Cardiff, with general goods, from Cardiff, was proceeding half speed on 15th inst. in River Avon, when port wheel became damaged, "*banjo*" being broken, disabling ship; latter afterwards towed."

I do not suppose that it is generally known there is such a term applied in this way, and I might say that I have never heard of it, although knowing a good deal about propulsion of steamers and shipping in general. I find, however, that it is quite correct, the proper term being "banjo-frame," which is an apparatus for raising and lowering an auxiliary screw.

I cannot find out how the term first originated, or if it has any relation to our "banjo," in a technical sense.

I should be much obliged if you could find space for, and be kind enough to insert this letter in your much appreciated little paper.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
SID. P. HERBERT.

London, *December 12th, 1899.*
To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR SIR,—May I hope that you will find room in your valuable columns for a few words from an old banjo enthusiast, and one who may claim to have been a keen follower of nearly all the important concerts given in the interests of this instrument for the past fifteen years.

I have attended with great pleasure many concerts given by Messrs. Windsor and Taylor, Essex and Cammeyer, and Will C. Pepper; regarding this latter gentleman, it is my opinion that he always caters splendidly to a banjo audience. Upon reading Mr. Home Gordon's report of Mr. Pepper's last concert in the *Banjo World*, I was, therefore, to put it mildly, astonished.

So anxious is the writer to lay due emphasis upon the bad (?) points, that he commences his report by criticising an item that was fifteenth on the programme!! Mr. Gordon tells us that Mr. Pepper was unfortunate in this number, for Mr. Meredith "completely ran away from him." Here Mr. Gordon shows bad taste and a little spite, for what banjoist would dream Mr. Meredith *capable* of "running away" from his old master, if Mr. Pepper liked? I beg to suggest that it would have shown better form, and been incidentally more correct, to state that Mr. Pepper kept Mr. Meredith back as much as he could. Anyway, Mr. Gordon appears to have been the only one to find fault, judging by the tremendous encore these artists received. Mr. Gordon also adversely criticises Mr. Fiske's composition which Mr. Pepper played as a solo, but as Mr. Gordon once called Rossini "a trumpery Italian composer," Mr. Fiske will no doubt feel honoured at being so much as mentioned!

Unfortunately for Mr. Booth, Mr. Gordon did not arrive in time to hear his solo, but "was told Mr.

Booth's solo was first-rate, and quite merited its hearty encore." I may mention that Mr. Booth did *not* play an encore!

I quite agree with Mr. Gordon's remarks about Mr. Collins's speech, the same sort of thing having annoyed me very much on the occasion of a presentation to Mr. Cammeyer at St. James's Hall, which also was resented by the "rowdy element of the audience" (*sic.*)

Mr. Gordon is above sparing the amateur. Mr. Fiske's method, "admirable in an orchestra, is a little precise for solo work." Here again, judging from the enthusiastic applause evoked, the audience did NOT share Mr. Gordon's opinion. In regard to the Mozart Club I note that it is "a mistake for the first banjos to play a tremolo obligato whilst seated BEHIND the banjeaurines." Are we to conclude that Mr. Gordon would have the first banjos in FRONT of the banjeaurines, or a *la* the Bohee Brothers' celebrated song and dance," "I'll meet her when the sun goes down."

"Mr. Chas. Conyers and Mr. Wilson James gave a number of songs and duets which the programme stated were humorous," and Mr. Gordon continues, "Mr. John Le Hay has spoilt us all for other ventriloquists." With all due respect I should prefer Mr. Gordon speaking for himself (and he *can!!*) and not including *us all* in his criticisms, as a sort of reliable background.

I note Mr. Gordon did not see fit to mention the "White Coons," except individually. Like "little Willie" in the well-known ballad, I "*wonder why?*"

In conclusion, as a lover of fair play, I would suggest that Mr. Gordon and the *Banjo World* be more sensible and just in criticising such an able artist as Mr. Pepper, or the excellent concerts he gives us. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, Yours truly,

"FAIRPLAY."

P.S.—I enclose my card for your private satisfaction.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

E. C. (Manchester). Many thanks for good wishes. Shall be pleased to insert any future news items you may care to send us.

C. L. (Oldham). Mr. Temlett has handed your letter on to me. Certainly we want criticisms, and you have expressed some sound ideas. We are at present trying to cater to all classes, professional and amateur alike, but it takes time to find out all the individual requirements of our readers. In the meantime, all suggestions sent us will receive full consideration. Personally, I may say that I have yet to meet the amateur who admits being "elementary," experience pointing generally to ambitions considerably in advance of ability. Anyway we will think the matter over, and shall hope to continue in your good opinion.

H. A. F. (Newport). Thanks for report, which you will find in another column. Always glad to hear from you.

H. H., AND OTHERS. Kindly see editorial notes for this month.

We have received several letters from correspondents who were witnesses to a *fracas* in a bar very close to St. James's Hall, immediately after Messes. Essex and Cammeyer's last concert. Will our correspondents kindly understand that we cannot possibly enter into such affairs as these.

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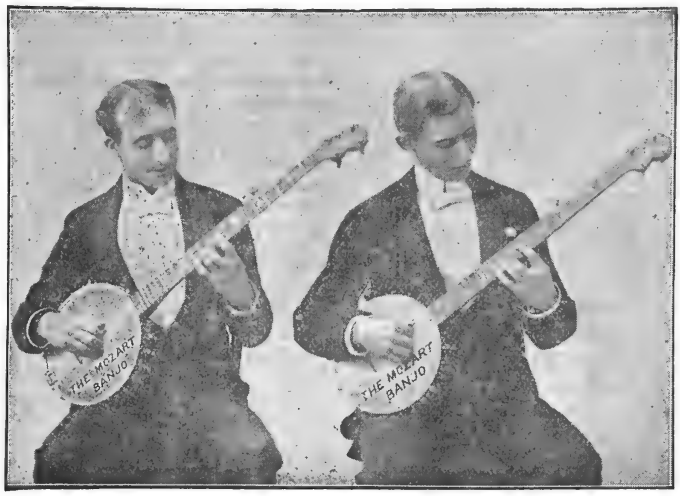

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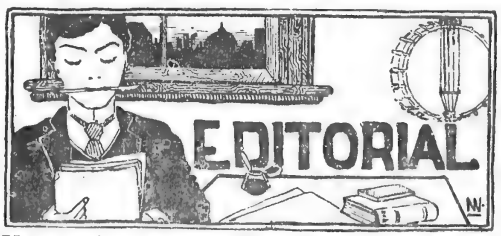


WE are fairly started on 1900 now, though the question as to whether or no we are also beginning the new century seems still an open one—majority in favour of the "no." At any rate, those journalists and writer-folk whose grasp of the English language is so extensive that it obliges them to be continually falling back upon the French, had better make the most of that beloved phrase *fin-de-siecle*, since it will very shortly lose its effect, or have at most an invented significance. The current magazines have been going in largely for contrastive articles, "Then and Now," illustrated by photographs. In regard to the banjo, even the half century would show a very startling difference in the manners and customs of the instrument, as displayed in the years 1850 and 1900. Certainly the latter eighteen hundreds have seen great changes, both in fortune and development. This is harping upon a very well-worn string, however, although, perhaps, as our readers are presumably all banjo enthusiasts, they will forgive the iteration. A promising young journalist has just discovered that the banjo has come to stay. It has evidently taken him a long time to find out a fact which we believe the general public knew a couple of years ago; still, he arrived there in the end, which is after all the main point, and in this he resembles the public. Also the fact itself remains, as it has always done. He tells us there is nothing so very wonderful in this, after all, which we very readily believe. I mention the incident less as an encouragement to other youthful investigators, to go ahead and see what they can discover, than for the purpose of pointing a distinction, viz., that although the banjo may have come to stay, it has not come to *stop*. It is engaged

in earnestly going on, and like the snow-ball rolling down hill—I should say up—it gains fresh impetus at every turn.

* * *

I had a word to say last month about the good effect wrought upon the mind of the amateur by the performance of a representative artist, apart from the technical value of the demonstration. This is borne out by the revival—if I may put it so—or, at least, the marked increase, of enthusiasm among the mandolin world occasioned by the recent appearance of Mr. Samuel Siegel at St. James's Hall. A little enlivening is a good thing, and there is nothing apathetic in either Mr. Siegel's playing, or its effect upon the audience. He woke the echoes of the big hall as few other mandolinists could have done. Let us hope that he returns to America with as pleasant impressions of the English as they have received of him.

* * *

Both St. Martin's and St. James's Hall have been time and again the scene of introduction between leading instrumental artists and the concert public, and in every case with marked success, as proved by the big receptions accorded to such "star" performers by the audience present. An engagement of this sort is beneficial in both ways, and to amateurs it provides an opportunity of hearing to advantage the foremost talent connected with their favourite instrument, not to be wasted; especially in regard to the St. James's Hall concerts, where it is notable that one seldom has the chance of hearing such artists more than once, owing, no doubt, to the well-known enterprise of the management in endeavouring to secure novelties for each occasion. Enterprise is always commendable in such matters, though personally I incline to the belief that if a performer be of real merit, the public, far from tiring of them after the first hearing, will gladly welcome them again and again, as witness Messrs. Mays and Hunter, whose fourth appearance at Mr. Will C. Pepper's concerts met with fully as much success and public appreciation as did their first; in fact, they had quite the reception of old friends, and there was every instance of good fellowship on both sides.

* * *

That the war is making a very considerable difference in the affairs of our concert artists at the present time there is no denying; there is but little spirit for entertainments of any kind, except such as are organized in connection with the War Fund, and although there is not one who does not willingly give their services, and more too, in the universal cause, still neither glory nor the consciousness of good deeds are potent to go very far, in the strictly material sense. One hears, however, very few complaints, and these, wholly good-natured. The general opinion seems to be: Never mind. Wait till next winter, or the winter after. Certainly, if all goes well, there will be then such rejoicing as shall keep the professional festival-monger busy day and night.

* * *

Among the "Items of Interest" in our December issue our readers may remember a brief extract, taken from *M.A.P.*, on the subject of banjo popularity. Since *M.A.P.* did not consider it worth while to mention the authorship of the paragraph, we simply referred in our acknowledgement to the journal itself, without pursuing further enquiry as to the identity of their contributor, which did not impress us as being of any moment; although it must be admitted that the phrase "with deft dexterity" struck us at the time as being familiar. The fact having since been brought under public notice, and the desire to see one's own name in print being after all a very innocent one, we very willingly, "by special request," supply *M.A.P.'s* omission. The writer was Mr. Home Gordon.—"Foreign papers please copy."

* * *

We regret that "Reminiscences of the Queen's Navee" must be held over this month.

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

J. C. Bertolle.

Mr. Bertolle lives and reigns in the Caledonian Road, N., and you will find his address inside the cover of this journal, under the heading, "Teacher's Cards." I only give this piece of information as a matter of form, for if you want to find him, all you need do is to jump into a cab, tram, or bus, which happens to be journeying northwards, and, in about the same tone of voice as you might say "St. Paul's!" "St. Pancras!" or "Houses of Parliament!" just say to the conductor or driver, "Bertolle's!" He will just nod, as being quite used to the direction, and drop you at the door of the studio! I have often written

about "studios" in these articles, the word to me, meaning a place where the youthful aspirant is instructed in the rudiments of music as associated with the banjo, mandolin, or guitar; but the first time I wrote it, it struck me that there was a familiar air about it, and now it dawns upon me that there are other studios besides banjo studios; and Mr. Bertolle has one of each, a banjo and a photographic. I am not likely to forget the first time I was shewn into the latter. My business was in connection with the banjo and I recked not of photography, and as I entered in the dim grey darkness, I beheld a fearful looking monster, draped in black, glaring at me, with one huge glassy eye, and crouching as though ready to spring. My hair stood on ends, and my teeth chattered, and I should have collapsed utterly had not Mr. Bertolle lit the gas, disclosing nothing more terrible than a very large camera. A glass of whisky soon put me right (an infallible tonic in a case of that sort), but I received a shock to my nervous system for the time being!

I have known Mr. Bertolle unofficially for some time, that is, I have met him at several places, had long chats and—other things with him, so when I received instructions from the editor to visit him for the purpose of this interview, I looked forward to a very pleasant evening. I was, therefore, rather disappointed when, after the first greetings and a few ordinary remarks, he said:

"Very sorry old chap! but you will have to excuse me in a minute or two, I have an important appointment for this evening."

"Anybody I know!"

"No, I don't think so. A newspaper man is coming round to interview me, he calls himself 'Horace Weston,' and represents the BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS!"

"Friend of my early youth!" said I, placing my hand on his shoulder, "Prepare yourself for a shock! I am he!"

"You!!"

I did not quite like the tone in which that word was uttered, it seemed to say, "Why you haven't got it in you!" but I struck an attitude and said,

"Even so! 'tis true! and therefore prepare to disgorge all your family secrets!"

As is usually the case with people in recounting their own histories, he commenced with the history of other people.

"Well! you must know that this studio is an ancient institution, and was established a short time after the flood. My father, grandfather, and, in fact, all my ancestors have been photographers, long before photography was ever invented or even thought of, and so of course I—"

"Yes, just so! just so! but kindly bear in mind that our's is a banjo paper."

"I see, you want to know all about my banjo affairs. Well, that was also handed down to me. My family are, and always have been, musical, and my father was a banjoist years before I was born, here is his photograph!" The gentleman in the photograph was seated, playing a banjo of the very crudest form, with a vellum little short of a yard in diameter.

"He couldn't play much on that instrument, I should think," said I.

"That's just where you make a mistake! he was considered quite a wonderful player and could rattle off jigs, hornpipes, and reels, a good deal quicker than I can on my very latest pattern "Mozart!'"

That reply was very characteristic of Mr. Bertolle, he is really too modest. To hear him *talk* one would think he had just commenced learning the banjo, but to hear him *play* causes one to doubt whether there is anything left for him to learn. His pet solos are "West Lawn Polka," "Parke Hunter's Waltz," "On Guard Polka," and "Realm of Beauty," and to hear him play them, you would think they were the easiest ever written.

"I have got on very well since I knew Messrs. Mays and Hunter, Eugene and Edgar and the late Mr. S. A. Halfpenny, and of late I have been studying under Mr. Will C. Pepper and he has done me a lot of good. One of my sisters plays the banjo very well and all are musical more or less. Come into the studio and I'll introduce you to a few of them."

After the ceremony of the introduction he continued.

"I first commenced learning the banjo when I was about fourteen, and my first instrument cost nine and sixpence. I had a couple of dozen lessons from a local teacher, for I have always lived in this neighbourhood and was born here within a stone's throw of this house a week or so before Christmas, 1874. My first public appearance was in a schoolroom and I played an easy march in two-four time—here are two more sisters, Allow me!—Since then I have played at any amount of concerts, but I recollect the time I went to—another of my sisters, allow me, Mr. Horace Weston—what was I saying? oh! I went to one of Mr. Will C. Pepper's earlier concerts and I came away with the fixed determination to go home and burn my banjo, but instead I worked hard at it, and

now I play banjeaurine in the 'Mozart Banjo Club.' I also teach the mandolin, and one of my sisters is a—oh! here she is! allow me!—is a very clever performer on the English concertina, and Mr. Pepper has engaged her to play at his next concert at St. Martin's Town Hall. Here are some more sisters and a brother-in-law or two, they come round here pretty often, this is quite a small party" (I think there were about fifteen in the room then), "sometimes this place is full. Come and look at my picture gallery."

The "picture gallery" was a collection of photographs of every banjo, mandolin, and guitar player of any note who ever lived, or who is ever likely to live, English and American. I did not dream there were so many in the world, and Mr. Bertolle took nearly all of them himself, and he flatters himself that he has taken more photographs of banjoists, etc., than any photographer in England. He has promised to find a corner for my photograph when I have learned to play a little.

He went over to Ireland last summer on a pleasure trip with Mr. W. E. Temlett to see the "White Coons," and speaks in glowing terms of their performance.

Mr. Bertolle is one of the busiest of men, for besides his photographic business he manages to average between thirty and forty lessons a week and yet never appears in a hurry, is always in a most cheerful mood and is in fact a "fellow of infinite jest." It is impossible to be gloomy long in his presence. He is full of funny stories, and yet can listen to another man's without saying he has heard it before, and will sharpen the point of your story rather than let it fall flat, and a man of that sort is bound to be popular. He can also sing a capital song, humorous or otherwise, and is a rattling good sort of a man all round. I was very sorry when the time came to take my departure in time for my last train, and allowed myself an extra quarter of an hour to shake hands with the ladies, a painfully pleasant undertaking for an impressionable man.

Mr. Bertolle put me right on my way home, and asked me to call again before long.

"I'll get a few friends in," said he, "and we'll have a jolly evening, only please don't bring that note book of yours round next time!" "HORACE WESTON."

HAVE you seen W. E. Temlett's New Illustrated Catalogue, of 24 pages? If not you can have one sent you for the mere asking, a post card will do, but first try and procure one through your nearest music-seller or teacher.

CAMDEN TOWN.

The Bohemian Quartette (Eversholt Banjo and Guitar Club) composed of Master Wallace Cooke (eight years), Piccolo Banjo; Messrs. Bromley, Banjeaurine; Cooke, first Banjo, and Baldwin, Mandolin, appeared with great success at the Drill Hall, Camden Town, on Saturday, January 6th, also at the Railway Hotel, Holloway, on Friday, January 19th, with "Bonnie Scotland," "Dreams of Darkie Land," and "Belle of the Pantomime," etc. A great feature at both concerts was the appearance of Master Cooke with banjeaurine solos, "Fun and Frolic," and "Mississippi Breakdown," the audiences at both concerts insisting on an encore. Mr. Baldwin also played mandolin solos, "Celia," Gavotte and "Devona" with success, being encored at both places.

CHELTENHAM.

Mr. Alf. W. Newton reports that he is very busy giving eight and nine and ten lessons daily. His Banjo, Mandoline, and Guitar Band are hard at work rehearsing "White Coons" and "Apollo" March for his forthcoming concert for which he has engaged Mr. Will C. Pepper (Banjo), Mr. A. D. Cammeyer (Zither Banjo). (Here's wishing him success.—ED., B. M. and G. NEWS.)

CHESHAM.

At Zion's Y.P.C.E. Social, December 9th, Messrs. J. Stacey and F. Norman, banjeaurine and banjo duet, "Dreams of Darkie Land," encore "Terpsechore," banjo, mandolin and guitar trio, "Petite" by Miss L. Lacey, Mr. J. Stacey and F. Norman, also several selections were given by a sexett, Miss Holt, first mandolin, Mr. W. Holt, second mandolin, F. Norman, first violin, Mr. J. Stronells, second violin, Mr. G. Moyes, piccolo, Miss R. Sutherland, piano. The selections were all greatly appreciated by a good number present.—Crowded out last issue.—ED.

CHESHAM TEMPERANCE CHOIR.—The annual concert given by the above choir on Boxing Day was this year a pronounced success, the Temperance Hall being crowded. The programme was as follows:—Selection,

"Marietta," the band; part song, "The Snow Ride," the choir; solo, "The Swallows," Miss Freshwater; trio, "For You" (flute, violin, and piano), Messrs. G. Moyse, F. Norman, and Miss M. Abbot; recital, "Corporal Dick's promotion," Mr. G. J. Smith; cornet solo, "The Death of Nelson," Mr. H. Palmer; part song, "The Knight and the Yeoman," choir; solo, "The Empress of the Sea," Mr. F. E. Howard; solo, "This is my Dream," Miss Freshwater; banjo duet, "Columbian March," Messrs. J. Stacy and F. Norman; part song, "We rock away," choir; banjo duet, "The White Coon's March," Messrs. Mumford and Norman; solo, "Robin Adair" (encore, "The Minstrel Boy"), Miss Freshwater; recital, "Rubinstein's Piano," Mr. G. J. Smith; Musical Novelties, Mr. F. Norman; solo, "The Soldiers of the Queen," Mr. F. E. Howard; quartette, "National Anthems," first and second mandolins and mandola, Messrs. F. Lacey, G. Philbey, Miss G. Child, Mr. F. Norman; "The Children's Slumber Dream," Miss Freshwater; selection, "Peria d'amore," the band.—Crowded out last issue.—ED.

EDMONTON.

Our Correspondent, Mr. R. Bunting, writes as follows:—"The Bijou Banjo Club is progressing very favourably, having several new members. They could do with another Banjeaurine and first Mandolin, and also Guitar. Lady members are now free, but pay for their own music, gentlemen's subscription, 5s. We gave a show at Midland Hall, Stepney, last Thursday. "Bonnie Scotland" brought in an encore, "Dreams of Darkie Land," "Columbian March (encored), "Love and Beauty" waltzes. Several duets and solos were provided by members also.

HINTON.

On Thursday a sale of work took place in the Hinton Schoolroom in aid of the Building Fund. Music was supplied by Mr. F. Norman's banjo, mandolin, and guitar band. A refreshment stall and other attractions were provided. The proceeds were devoted to the Building Fund.—Crowded out last issue.—ED.

MANCHESTER.

Our Harpurhey correspondent, Mr. J. Fenton, sends us the following:—At the Miles Platting Mission on January 6th, we played the following banjo solos, myself and partner, Mr. Whitehead, viz., "White Coons," encore, "To the Front" and "Darkie's Patrol" (Lansing). Miss Laura Whitehead played mandolin solos, viz., "Limelight Waltz" encored. "Empress March. Also at Heaton Park, Rooden Lane, on the 8th inst., we played the "White Coons" again encored, responding with "Darkie's Patrol." Miss L. Whitehead played "Limelight Waltz," calling forth tremendous applause. Then in the second half we gave "Bonnie Scotland," but time would not allow us to do the encore which the audience expected. On the 18th we appeared at the Newton Heath Central Mission, playing "White Coons," encore "Darkies Patrol," second half we played "To the Front," encored, responding with "Minuet." Miss L. Whitehead played mandolin solos, "Francis," "Dance Concert," encored, giving in response "Jessamine Polka." In the second part she played duets with Mr. T. Finan. "Limelight Waltz" receiving a very hearty encore, replying with "Twilight Waltz." On the 20th we appeared at Rydal Mount Schools, Hightown, playing, "White Coons' and the "Coon's Parade," which met with tremendous applause, but time being limited no encores were allowed. Miss L. Whitehead played mandolin solo "Limelight Waltz," meeting with so hearty approval that in spite of the rules, no encores, she was compelled to reappear, this time playing Francis's "Dance Concert," in the second part she played "Jessamine Polka," but time would not allow her to give the encore which she so well merited. The accompaniments have been very skilfully played at the above concerts by Miss P. Price and Mr. H. Barratt, both proving themselves accompanists of no mean order.

MILNROW.

On January 13th, in the Milnrow Church schools a grand concert was held by Mr. Charles Berry's concert party; Miss Annie Collinge, of Oldham, was the solo mandolinist, her solos being "High School Cadets March" and "Grand National Patrol," both of which gained encores.

NEWPORT, MON.

We have received the following from a correspondent:—The annual "Smoker," promoted by the "Ancient Order of Druids" Benefit Society took place on January 4th, at the Salutation Hotel. The concert room was crowded, representatives of different societies from Bristol, Cardiff, Lenarth, Barry, &c., being present. Mr. Haytor,

London County Council, responded for the visitors. A capital programme was gone through. Messrs. Gus. Finn and G. Redman gave a banjo duett, "Selections" and also "Bonnie Scotland," receiving encores. Mr. Gus. Finn also contributed two humorous songs, causing roars of laughter.

Lieut. Vine was also warmly applauded for his banjo solo and "Coon" song. During the evening "The Absent-minded Beggar" was recited, and as a result a good sum was handed over to the local "Soldiers' Families Fund."

OLDHAM.

At the Moravian Schools, Westwood, January 6th, 1900, the annual congregational party was held. The principle items of the evening's entertainment were Mr. Collinge's Star Quartette of Mandolinists and Guitarists, who gave some very brilliant selections, including a selection from the "Geisha" a selection from "The Runaway Girl" and "Anniversary March." The above pieces, especially arranged by Mr. Joseph Collinge for the Quartette, were rendered in a most artistic manner. The audience would insist on having them on again. They had to respond with encores.

The annual concert given by the pupils of Sucksmith's Academy of Music, although comparatively only a new departure, is looked forward to with no small amount of interest by the music-loving public. Despite the unfavourable state of the weather on Saturday evening the Unity Hall was comfortably filled on the occasion of the third annual concert. The amateur banjo, mandolin, and guitar band, which consisted of sixty performers, was under the able leadership of the principal of the academy, Mr. G. W. Sucksmith. The vocalists were Miss Perry, Miss Lillie Dyson, and Mr. R. Evans, and the instrumentalists, Mr. G. W. Sucksmith (zither banjo and mandolin), Mr. H. H. Claydon (banjo), and Mr. G. H. Buckley (violin). The concert opened with a grand march "Australia" (Plumbridge), by the band, and was followed by the song, "The Carnival," by Miss Dyson. In this and her other contribution, "Leave Me Not," Miss Dyson showed herself to be possessed of a rich contralto voice, which she utilised to good effect. Mr. G. H. Buckley's rendition of the violin solo, "Souvenir de Haydn" (Leonard) was a splendid performance, which received well-merited recognition. Mr. Evans' contribution, "King of the Deep" and "I Fear no Foe" were very pleasing, as also were the duet, "Belle of Honolulu," by Miss Perry and Mr. Claydon, and "A Summer Night" by Miss Perry. The Wharfedale Banjo Club performed in a highly creditable manner Eno's "Columbian March" and "Alice," while no less successful were the selections, "Killarney" and "Pureza," by the Mimosa Players and the Aldine Mandolin Quartette. In the banjo solo "Florenza," and the mandolin solos "Fairyland" and "Maritana," Mr. G. W. Sucksmith proved himself to be a thorough master of the instruments. Miss Nellie Austerberry was loudly applauded for the manner in which she played the mandolin solo "Scotch Airs," and had to render another selection as an encore. The violin solo, "Home, Sweet Home" (Farmer) was well executed by Master T. Marshall, and Miss H. Platt, L.L.C.M., in a masterly fashion gave the pianoforte solo, "Novellette in E" (Op. 21). The last-named and Miss Prestwich also played the accompaniments. The selections by the band were given in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The concert throughout proved very enjoyable, and was of a better quality than last year's. The band at the close rendered the national anthems of Russia, Austria, America, France, Spain, and England.—*Oldham Daily Standard.*

BATTERSEA.

At the first Municipal Free Concert Mr. Arthur C. Harley was encored for both "The Yellow Kids Patrol" and "Rose Tree March."

BRIGHTON.

A general meeting was held on Tuesday evening, of Aird's Banjo Orchestra, when the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. C. F. Dawson; Vice-President and Musical Director, Mr. W. A. R. Aird; Secretary, Mr. Edgar W. Gorvette, 12, Kensington Gardens; Committee, Messrs. Cardy, Knapp, Deadman, Holland, and Harbard.

MR. ALBAN BOOTH'S CONCERT.

THIS well known banjoist gave his second concert at the Queen's Gate Hall, on Dec. 6th, to a very fair house, and a very smart little concert it proved. Mr. Booth's banjo, mandolin and guitar band opened proceedings with "Apollo March" and "Highland Dance," and Mr. Barkley sang Denza's "May Morning" in pleasant style. Mr. Will Mitchell was not so happy as we *have* seen him in a Waltz of Alf Wood's, never-

theless he was splendidly received. Miss Kate Windsor (of Dublin), gave an exquisite rendering of "Dermot Asthore," her beautiful voice being greatly admired, as were Mr. W. J. Fletcher's mandolin solos, "Valse Brilliante" (Alard), and "Romance" (Beethoven). For each of these items Mr. Fletcher had to respond. Mr. Booth's Quartet, composed of first banjo, Mr. Booth; second banjo, Mr. H. J. Fiske; mandolin, Mr. F. Wetherell, and guitar, Mr. F. H. Smith, gave us a "Mazurka" of Mr. Booth's and Handel's "Largo." We think the "Mazurka" the more suitable of the two items for the Quartet. Following this was a banjo duet by those hard working enthusiasts, Messrs. Bert Wilson and Sid. Herbert. These gentlemen were not happy in the first few bars, but made ample amends afterwards, and gave a good rendering of the March they played.

The orchestra also played the "Columbian March," "Drexel March," and the very celebrated "White Coons," the latter selection went splendidly.

Mr. Booth for his solo elected to play his new "Waltz," and proved himself to be in good form, and had to respond to a very vociferous encore, giving us a "Patrol" for his second item. Mr. Fred T. Daniels ably fulfilled his rôle as the humourist of the evening, his "Motor Car" and "How they nurse the baby" proving very funny indeed, keeping the audience in very good humour.

Mr. Will C. Pepper (who also helped in the orchestra), gave us the new MS. March by Mr. Fiske, and for his encore (which the audience *would* have) gave a fine rendering of "Reign of Love" Waltz.

Mr. H. J. Fiske, who, without doubt, is one of our finest amateur zither banjoists, gave "Mazurka Hongroise" in beautiful style, and although very late on the programme, secured a hearty encore.

Mr. F. H. Smith and Miss S. Dod acted as accompanists, and great praise is due to them both.

Mr. Booth must be congratulated on his second effort, and we trust he will keep these concerts on regularly.

If you'd be up to date,
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—[ADVT.

"FAKES."

THERE is a small monosyllable, hardly yet free from the vulgarity of its birth, which to a lamentably large extent sums up the fundamental working principle of the times. That word is "Fake." Let me say that my optimism is too strong to allow me to believe that the real spirit of the times is not the underlying and surely more profound one of strenuous opposition to the superficiality of the age, which, nevertheless, is, as it were, a jarring preponderance of the brass over the stringed instruments in the orchestra of human affairs. Through every department of life one finds much of insincerity, much of hypocrisy, of superficiality masquerading as the true. In fact, there is hardly a nook or corner where "Fake" has not established itself as a legitimate working principle. How true this is in the realm of commercialism, of politics, of social life, of the arts, and even of religion! And especially so it is of music. Everywhere one finds the taint of what, under the most liberal boundaries of the art, could not but be judged wholly illegitimate.

As a potent example, who of us has not many times come into contact with the blatant humbuggery of a certain class of self-elected musical "professors"—arrant fakers they are, thousands and tens of thousands of them; earthly creatures with the stamp of shoddy commercialism all over them? Who of us, too, has not seen, with indignation and pity, impressionable children being "developed" (that is to say, left wholly undeveloped), in their artistic conceptions and appreciation by such entirely unsympathetic and unenlightened specimens as these "professors?"

Let me speak of this matter of the artistic training of children very seriously. The popular theory of hereditary tendencies, so general in recent years, while it may have done good, has also done immeasurable harm. We have been led to believe that a child is born with all its tendencies plainly and unalterably affixed to him, and have thus narrowed its field of possibilities. As a matter of fact, hereditary has at least only a small part to do with the emotional and imaginative developments of a child. Psychologists will tell you now-a-days that this is very largely a matter of awakening; much more so, in fact, than science has for some time been willing to allow.

How often are we pained to find the imaginative and emotional powers, and all the finer individuality and intellectual capabilities dwarfed, or dead, merely because they have not been sympathetically awakened?

Now, this awakening is not a matter of so much cramming of academical studies; and this leads me to the heart of my subject. The great factor in all true education is *personality*. Thoughtful people are more and more realizing the immense importance of personal environment for their children, and the effect of this is seen in the demand for a personal influence of a loftier character during the impressionable educational period.

In such an emotional and personal study as music, the influence of personality is especially great and important. Music and all arts are surely merely the expression of personal qualities, and the purpose of art is nothing apart from its influence and personality. So, music that is without its element of emotion of some kind, is dead, so far as its real purpose is concerned. Viewed as a purely technical achievement, a piece of music may, of course, have merit, but has not served its real end. The watermark of great art is not any technical excellence, but the dominance in it of a great personality, of a lofty human element.

With this familiar fact in mind, then, with what impatience one sees the miserable quackery and bluff of the army of musical fakers that inundates the country with its ignorance and vulgarity, and the immeasurable harm that is being done to the children of the land, sensitive and high-strung as the majority of children are, by the influence of personalities in their studies. Perhaps there is a remedy, perhaps there is not. I do not know. The nation, musically, is in its infancy, and much of crudeness must be expected. Possibly it is merely a matter of education till more rational times come. When they do, we shall have a national spirit in music that will count for something, and will go hand in hand with systems of education, politics, and perhaps again, religion, that will unite on a common and more philosophic basis that we can allow for the present comparative chaos.—CARLYLE ELLIS in the *Major*.

"WHAT's in a name," we say. A great deal sometimes. A young lady went to a music store and asked of the clerk, "Have you 'A Heart to Love Me'?" "No, ma'am," he responded sadly, "not on a salary of fifteen shillings a week." Musically speaking, there wasn't anything in the name of that song, but taking it from the clerk's standpoint there was entirely too much.

SIGNED Cabinet Photos of Mr. Will C. Pepper, and Mr. W. E. Temlett will be sent, post free, for 1s. each.—[ADVT].

CONCERNING OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Christmas *Major* proved all that its editor promised, and kept to the spirit of the season royally. The contents were in lighter vein than in preceding issues, and proved just the thing for holiday reading. F. L. Keates "Banjo Musings" provide food for thought. Our readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves upon the merits of Carlyle Ellis's powerful article upon "Fakes."

* * *

The *Troubadour* begins its new volume with the New Year, and presents a portrait of its staff and correspondents. J. Whitehead Smith contributes the first instalment of an article on "How I heard Mendelssohn Play." Censor and Capo d'Astro are readable as ever; certainly the former gives the amateur a good opportunity of seeing "himself as others see him"—to say nothing of hearing.

* * *

The *Cadenza* for November-December contains several excellent articles, and is of special interest to mandolinists and guitarists. Miss Gertrude T. Miller, guitarist, of Vinton, Iowa, forms the subject of the sketch. E. Pritchard's series of illustrated biographical articles on the "classic composers" are ably written and of great interest. In the musical supplement appears a charming little cradle song for the violin or mandolin, by Valentine Abt, and a guitar solo, "Boston Yodle," by A. J. Weidt. Walter Jacob's arrangement for mandolin of Mascagni's "Intermezzo," is a masterly one, and an arrangement by C. L. Partee of a popular composition, "Doc Brown's Cake Walk" will be welcome to banjoists.

CONCERT NOTICES.

Mr. A. W. Newton's Annual Concert, Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, Wednesday, February 14th, 1900. Messrs. Will C. Pepper, A. D. Cammeyer and the Cheltenham Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra. For further particulars see bills.

* * *

Mr. John Pidoux' next Grand Banjo Festival takes place on March 1st, at Midland Institute (large lecture theatre), Birmingham. Orchestral items:—"On Guard," "Drexel March," "Dandy Fifth," "Grand National Patrol," etc.

* * *

SHOREDITCH TOWN HALL.—W. J. Fletcher, Jnr., begs to announce that his Fourth Annual Grand Mandolin Concert will take place at the above Hall on Thursday, February 8th. Tickets, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d., may be obtained from Mr. W. J. Fletcher, 100, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., Mill's Music Warehouse, 60, Moorgate Street, etc., etc. Commence at 8 p.m.

* * *

PUBLIC HALL, BARKING ROAD, E.—The Canning Town Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band will give their first concert this season on February 10th.

* * *

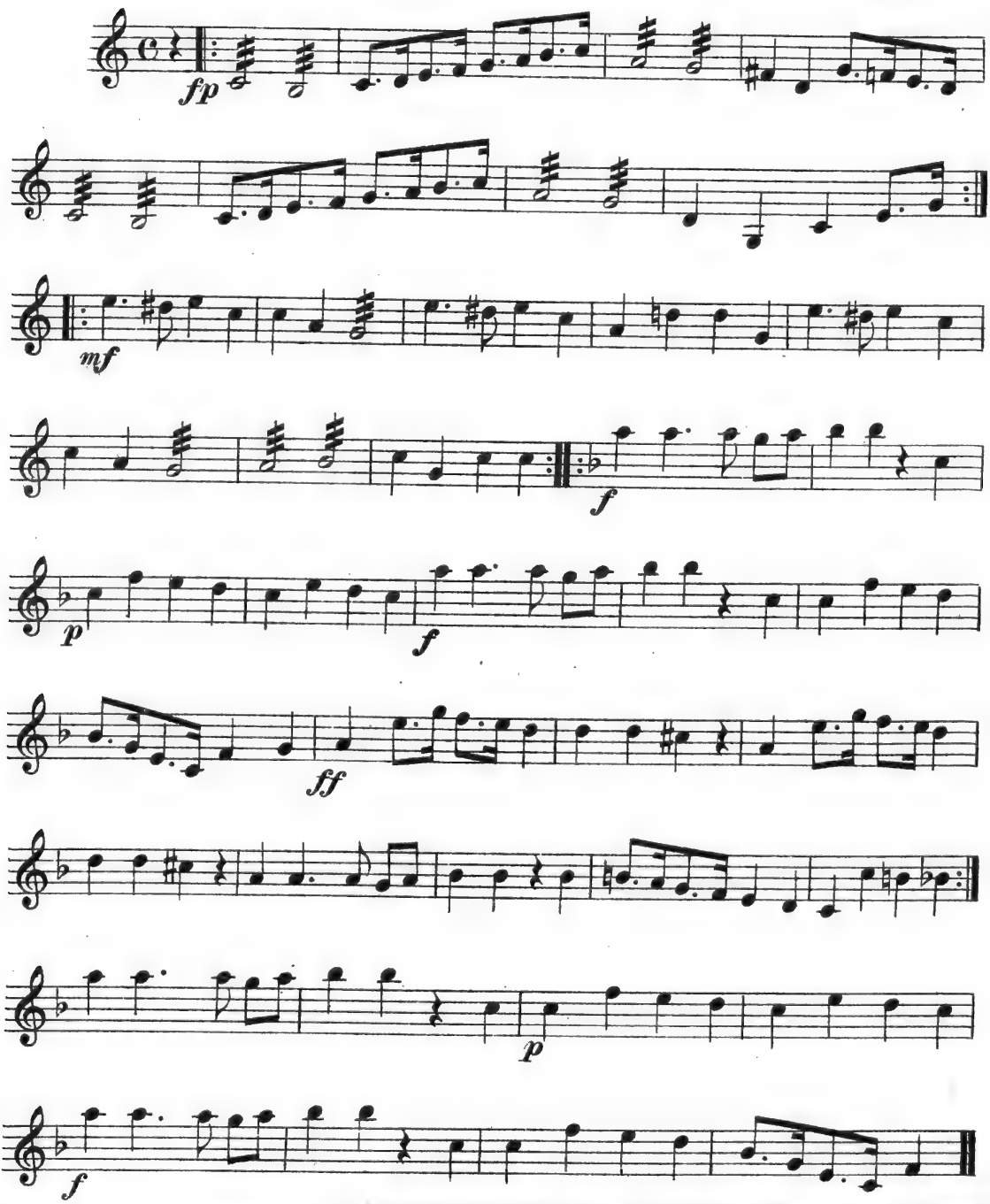
On Tuesday, February 13th, at 8.30., in the Kensington (small) Town Hall, Miss Keevil will give a Mandolin Recital under the patronage of the Marchioness of Lansdowne. Vocalist, Miss Dewhurst. Accompanist, Mr. E. G. Creager, A.R.A.M. Reserved seats, 7s. 6d. and 5s. Admission, 2s. Tickets of Miss Keevil, 10, Iverna Gardens, W., or of Messrs. Keith, Prowse & Co., Kensington High Street.

JOLLY DANCERS.

(Schottische.)

PAUL ENO.

MANDOLIN.



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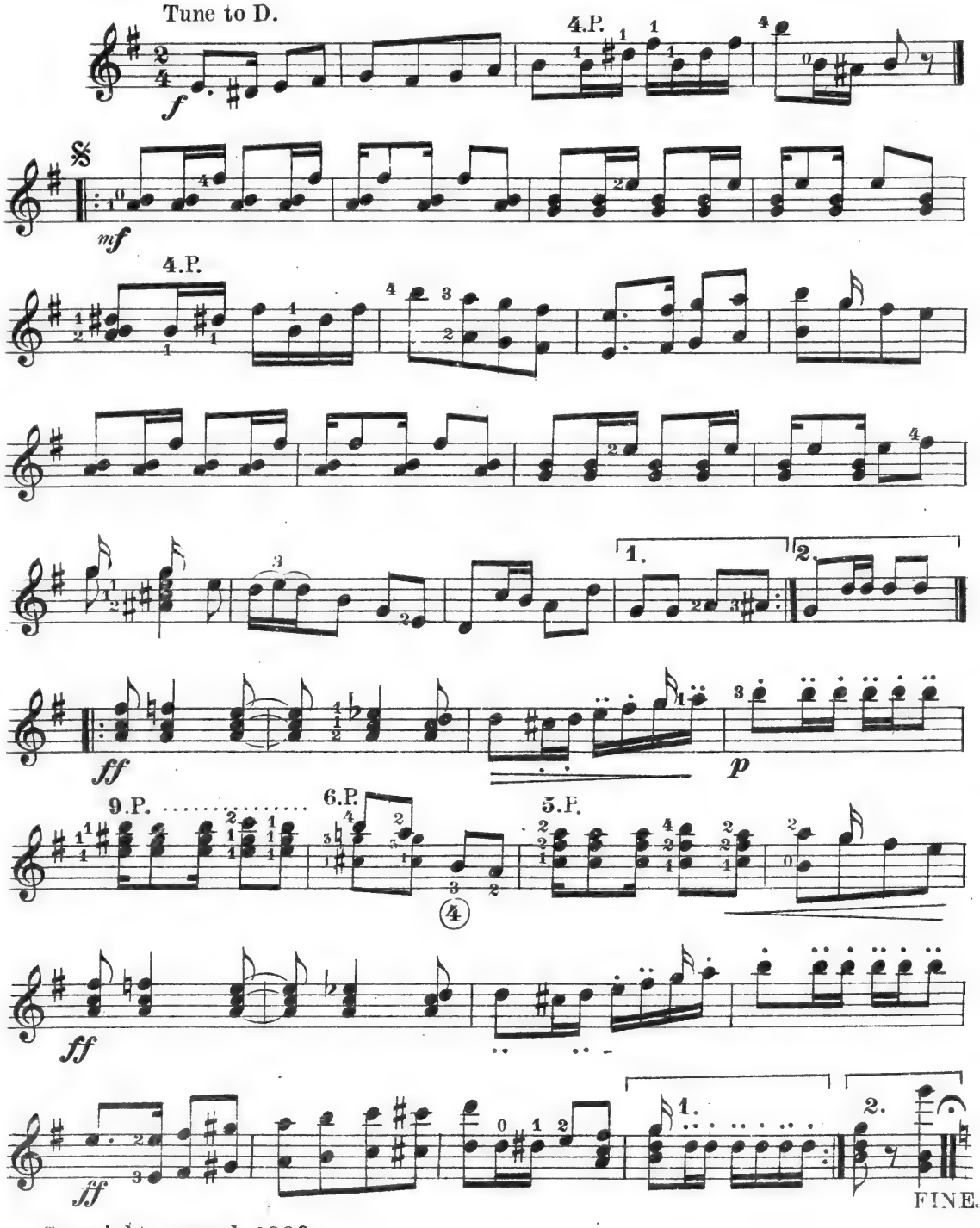
HOT CORN.

A Plantation Jubilee.

PAUL ENO.
Arr. Will C. PEPPER.

SOLO BANJO
AND BANJEAURINE.



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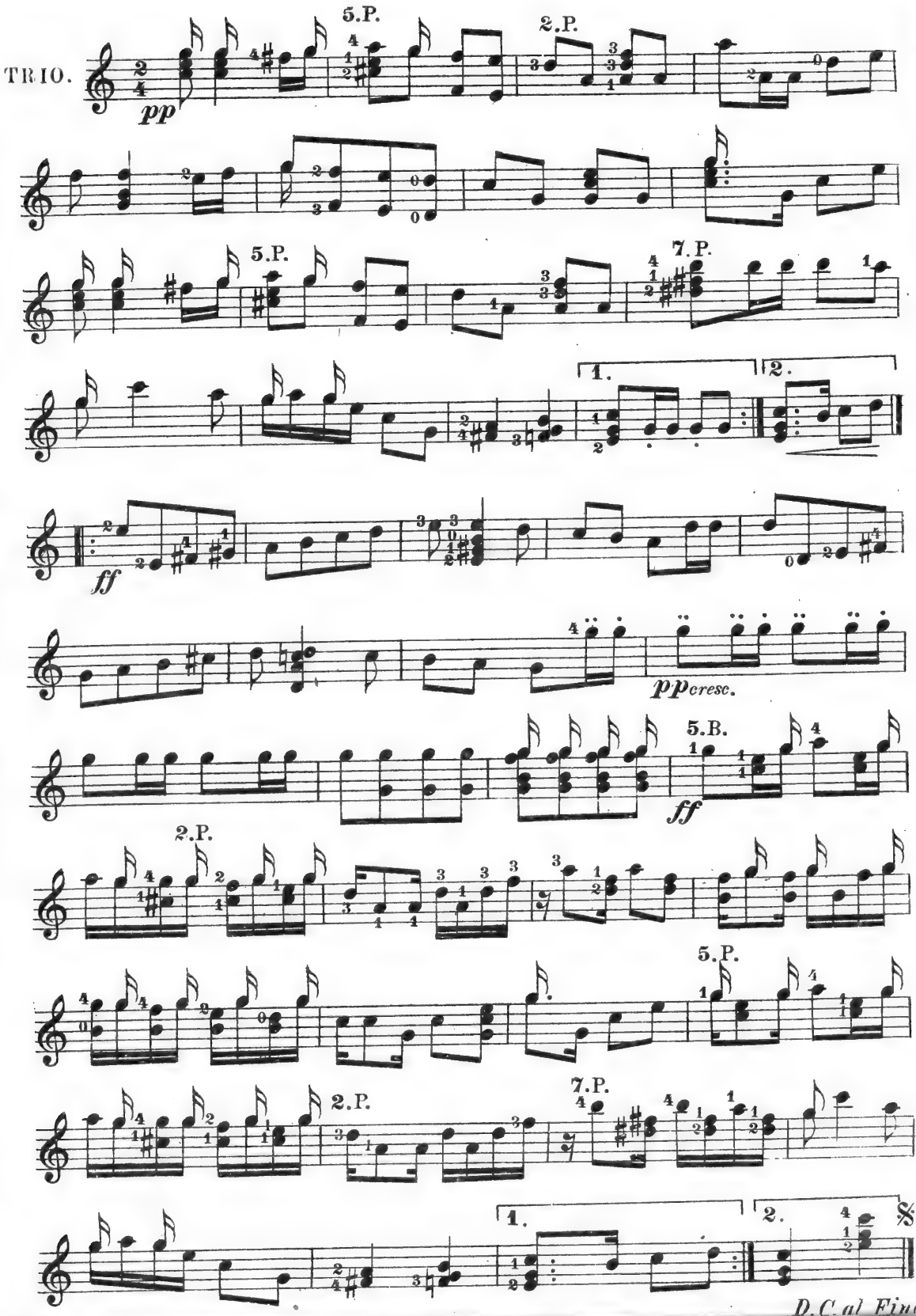
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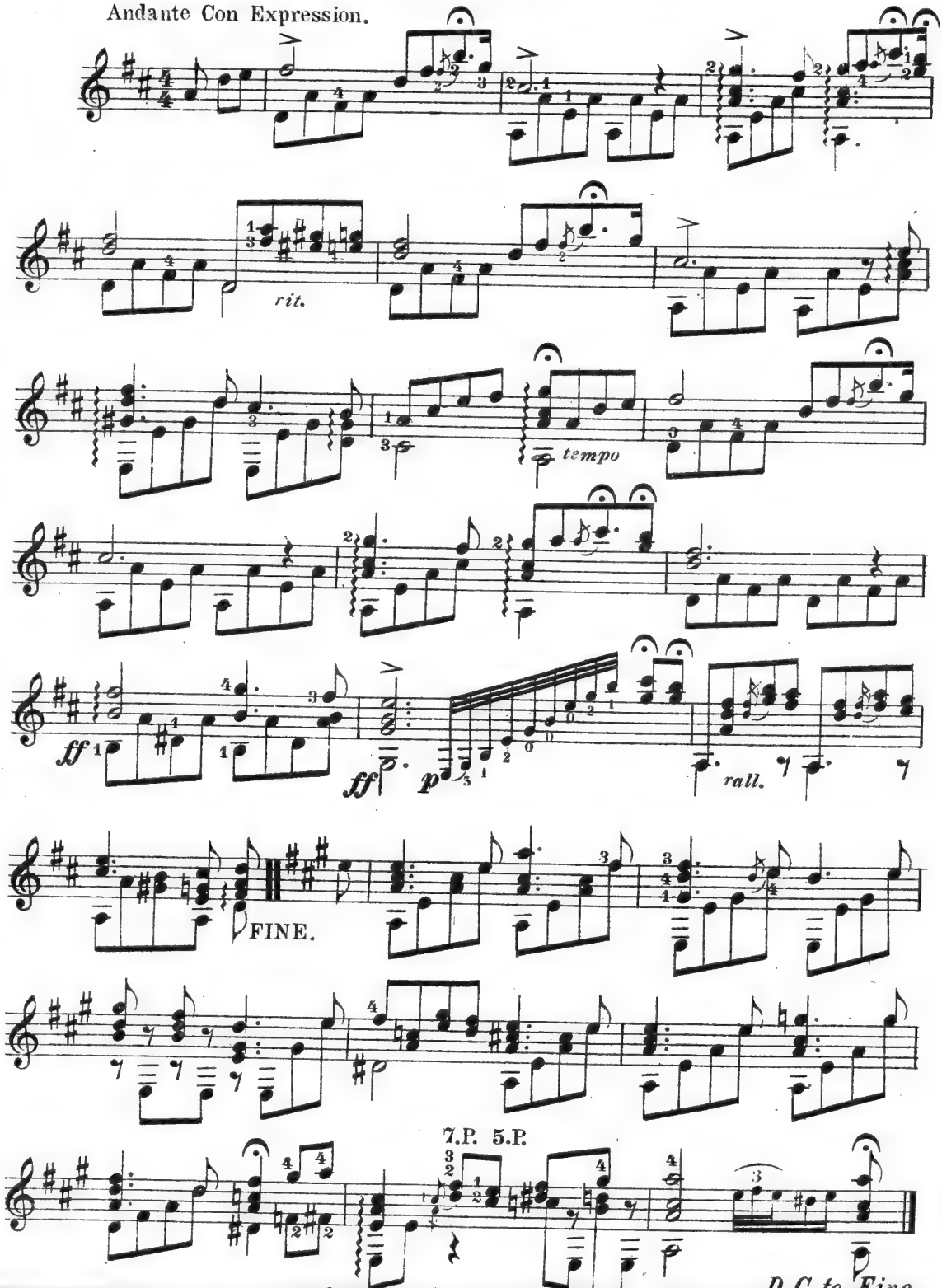
A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

GUITAR SOLO.

ARLING SHAEFFER.

Andante Con Expression.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

BANJO JOURNALISM.

By MERTON H. GRANT.

THE technical journal may be considered, roughly speaking, as the expression of the common bond existent between those whose interests lie in the same given direction. It depends for its circulation, not upon the general periodical-reading public, but upon the comparatively smaller circle of those who are followers of that art or industry which it claims to represent. And within certain lines the prominence and importance of any art or craft can be judged by the extent and status of its journals. As in all other cases, it is the demand which creates the supply. There are few things which point more to the position achieved within late years by the banjo as a recognized musical instrument than the number and degree of those organs published to-day in its name.

To trace the gradual rise of that branch of journalism devoted to the interests of the banjo, mandolin and guitar from its pioneer days to the present year, would be a task scarcely within the scope of a short article; it has been throughout connected intimately with the fortunes of the instrument itself; and like that instrument, has been through a career of many changes and not a few improvements. There was a good deal of the tack-head method about the banjo periodical in earlier times; literary crudeness mingled with some solid plain-speaking which was not without its effect, inasmuch as it paved the way for later advancement. There is a section of the public to whom a statement, to be in any way convincing, needs to be accompanied with a verbal half-brick or two, and to this section the old-time journal spoke in the way they could be best made to understand. It had a difficult road to build, between general prejudice on the one hand and professional inertness and non-support on the other. The old-time banjo teacher was slow to perceive in which direction his interests really lay, but when the conviction was once brought home, the good results began to make themselves manifest. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of those first hazards in banjo journalism, and the modern periodical owes a very great deal to the efforts of the past.

It is no small thing to be able to claim to-day that our leading banjo journals are without exception, in the common acceptance of the word, literary. They are intelligently conducted, and keep up without difficulty a standard which a few years back would have seemed to the banjo enthusiast a gilded and impossible dream. The mere fact of their increasing number and individual success is alone sufficient to prove their value to the vast ranks of banjoists of the present day.

This brings me to the question which I had in mind in first beginning this article—namely, the exact province of the banjo journal.

In its primary meaning, the word journal stands for a record or account. Not the least important office of the banjo journal is that of providing an accurate record of all events, discoveries, and details connected with the current history and progress of the instrument, or rather instruments, since mandolin and guitar are included with the banjo invariably in so far as its periodicals are concerned. It is in connection chiefly with this side of the business that the working of the "mutual support" principle between the teacher or performer and the musical press is displayed to best advantage—an advantage very obvious on both sides. The press familiarizes its readers with all that is afoot in the fraternity, maintains the journalistic right of criticism or approbation, and provides a channel for the interchange of ideas between members of the profession in all quarters of the world. It is essentially a "free" press, and speaks what it thinks. Above and beyond the matter of news, however, there would seem to be some conflicting ideas as to what it should or should not comprise.

There is probably not a single subscriber to any banjo, mandolin and guitar organ published—a big order—who has not a definite notion of exactly what is needed to make that particular journal, from his point of view, ideal. Unfortunately we are told, and have most of us discovered for ourselves, that nothing on this earth is perfect, or has any immediate prospect of becoming so. This is perhaps a good thing, else how would the grumbler ever get along? In the question of the ideal banjo paper, it seems that the average subscriber—or, to do the earnest supporter justice, the individual who honours the paper by borrowing it periodically from someone who does subscribe—does not in the time-honoured phrase, want much. Summed briefly, his idea of a really practical journal, is as follows.

He wants in the first place something

entirely different to what he gets. That is of course understood. He wants a forty-eight page magazine dealing exclusively, in its contents, with those subjects in which he is individually interested. If he is a mandolinist he doesn't want articles about the banjo, or *vice versa*. If he is a beginner in the study of any instrument, and he usually is, he wants educational articles, illustrated, which will save him the expense of taking lessons, and a kind of serial instruction book, replete with the newest principles and fingered exercises, which will take the place of the ordinary three-and-sixpenny tutor he would otherwise be constrained to buy. He would like an enlarged musical supplement which will embrace all the new solos as published, with pianoforte accompaniment, the idea of the musical supplement being, of course, to prevent the necessity of buying music at one-and-four a copy. Sandwiched with this should be a moderate amount of good, light reading, sternly relative to his favourite instrument. Failing a universal free list he would be willing to subscribe to this, in consideration of a premium, at a rate which, allowing for some four thousand subscribers, would be a little under the cost of printing.

I think all banjo editors will agree with me that I am not exaggerating the case. In the year 2,000 perhaps such a journal may be practicable, run by a millionaire capable of working thirty-nine hours a day. We are at liberty to hope for it. In the meantime, it seems to me the ideal has been already very nearly accomplished. In saying this I am not working up an advertisement for any specified paper. I have several in mind, though my intent is to consider the banjo journal purely in the abstract. It is improbable that the outsider has any idea of the work connected with the successful conducting of a monthly or bi-monthly journal of this nature; one not relying for its contents upon the average amateur effusion. It is hard work, even with the encouragement of continual triumphs, but our editors, one and all, have their heart in the business, and their labours are both cheerful and untiring. They grudge no trouble in a good cause. Yet in many quarters there still exists the conviction that a banjo paper is run with the primary object of making a yearly fortune on remarkably easy lines. It is about as true as that other tradition about the struggling teacher supposed to amass untold wealth by giving the twelve lessons for a guinea, with class reduction.

The strides in banjo journalism have been made with great rapidity, all things considered, and against long odds. A portion of the public has still to learn the difference between approval and active support; it is still apt to take its benefits for granted, and though approval is gratifying, it is not everything. It is a good thing to note that the premium system is gradually dying out; it appealed at best only to the class of people who always expect to get something worth having for nothing, and encouragement in that direction is distinctly superfluous. The musical supplement is a universal feature and an appreciated one; so far so good. The avowed principal of our press is the advancement of the banjo, mandolin, and guitar. This is not to be achieved by regarding the interests of any one class, but of all classes. The assistance of the amateur is only a part of the scheme. By catering to the interests and capabilities of the amateur alone one is not making any notable progress along the alleged lines. Each month banjo papers in all parts of the world fall into the hands of that great body which we term the outside public, and not a little is dependent upon the nature and character of their contents. It is a task of demonstration as well as education that confronts the editor. What impression of the status of banjo, mandolin, and guitar in the musical world will his paper convey to the chance reader? It will be taken, whether or no, as representative of the present highest position of the instruments it personifies. What conviction will it enforce?

There is a great deal to be answered in this connection. Our journals are for the most part answering it nobly. It is for us of the ranks of their presumed supporters to help in the work as best we may, looking a little beyond our own immediate profit. The advantage of the cause is bound to prove in the end the advantage of the individual. Let 1900 see even greater progress than heretofore on the uphill path.

An incident took place in a S.E. and C.D. train to-day at the Elephant and Castle Station. Just as the train was moving on Citywards, a tall and stylishly-dressed young lady scrambled in a third-class carriage. In her hand she carried a case labelled "Music." Whether her hurry caused the fastening to become undone by colliding with the knees of the male passengers, or not, to her horror out fell, in the lap of a young man, not music, but—three slices of toast. The musical lady blushed.—*Evening News.*

W. E. TEMLETT'S Special Zither Banjo. New condition, £6 10s. Gillings, Godstone.—ADVT.

We are in receipt of a circular from Mr. A. H. Nassau Kennedy, the world-renowned banjo player and composer, which announces that "Mr. Kennedy will be pleased to receive a limited number of pupils on the banjo or mandolin at the Studios, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C."

* * *

Miss Annie Collinge, mandolinist, of Oldham, is the recipient of a flattering testimonial from the committee of the local police concert.

* * *

Mr. A. W. Newton, the popular banjo instructor of Cheltenham, has specially engaged Mr. Will C. Pepper for his annual concert on the 14th inst. Mr. Pepper, by special desire, will play Eno's latest success, "Reign of Love" waltzes. This waltz bids fair to rival the same composer's 'Valse de Concert," which has had such an enormous sale here and in the United States.

* * *

Mr. A. Wimpory of Canning Town, reports a very busy time with pupils, his lessons averaging twenty-five and thirty per week. The Canning Town Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concert of twenty-five performers are giving their first concert this season on Feb. 10th, at the public hall, Barking Road. We hope to publish a full report in our next issue.

* * *

The popular Sisters Chester have been appearing lately at the Canterbury Palace, Westminster Bridge Road, and have been meeting with their usual success. Mr. Fred Holden, the manager of the Canterbury, has a really fine programme on just now, which includes that universal favourite, G. H. Chirgwin (of the "White Eye.")

* * *

Mr. G. W. Sucksmith's Annual Concert at Unity Hall, Oldham, was a tremendous success. We are given to understand there was an audience of over one thousand. Full particulars are given on page 70.

We regret to inform our readers that W. Temlett, senior, the well known banjo manufacturer of Southwark Bridge Road, is seriously ill, and understand he is suffering from an attack of paralysis. We wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *

RIGO, THE GIPSY VIOLINIST.

Hero of the Princess de Chimay Scandal at the Crystal Palace.

No. 8.—Herr Rigo and Signor Francia in their great violin and mandolin speciality act.

This was the announcement in a Crystal Palace programme. It caught the eye of an *Evening News* representative, and he sought the manager of the Palace to be assured that the first gentleman named was the real gipsy Rigo, the hero of the Princess de Chimay romance.

Everybody remembers a few years ago the Princess de Chimay (née Miss Clara Ward, of Chicago), a leader of Parisian society, found herself one evening in a cafe chantant and fell in love with the first violin, and how the pair afterwards out-romanced a penny novelette. It was the hero of the elopement who appeared last night at the Crystal Palace "Café Chantant" with his partner, Signor Francia.

Rigo strolled on to the stage, clad in an opera cloak and hat. A short, thick-set man, with features typically French, although their owner is an Hungarian.

It must have been the music not the man that Princess de Chimay lost her heart to. Rigo is not particularly handsome, but there was no doubt about it that he can play, a fact which his audience showed they appreciated by waking up out of their hitherto lukewarm applause.

Interviewed in his dressing room afterwards with the assistance of Signor Francia, whom Londoners know well as a mandolin expert, Herr Rigo said that he liked our country, "très beaucoup," and with regard to the people he repeated the same sentiment with an "encore mieux."

In the chat that followed he laughed pleasantly at the suggestion that anybody in England had as yet fallen in love with him. He was born, he said, thirty years ago at a little place near Buda Pesth. During his career as a violinist he has visited Germany, France, Russia, Spain, and Italy, conquering wherever he has set his foot. It was as a leader of his own orchestra that he attracted the notice of the Princess de Chimay.

Rigo comes of a musical family, and has

practised that profession since he was a little boy. Just for the present he has left his family behind him on the continent. He is now negotiating to appear with his partner at various places of amusement, where the cleverness of the two, apart from all question of notoriety, will doubtless win them a big success.—*Evening News.*

* * *

The Pierrot Banjo Team gave their first performance at Croydon last week, since Miss Dewhurst left the team, and without doubt they were working under great difficulties, and each of the old members of the team must have felt the loss of this very clever little lady when they faced their audience without her. They all appeared frightfully nervous, and naturally so. We noticed Miss Dewhurst's name was on the programme; this was very misleading, for when we saw this, we hoped that troubles had all vanished, and we should see her in her old place, but no Miss Dewhurst appeared however.

* * *

Mr. Will C. Pepper has been very busy of late and is engaged at Mr. Newton's concert at Cheltenham on the 14th inst. With the "Ordinary" in such capable hands and Mr. Cammeyer engaged as well, Mr. Newton's concert will doubtless be a record one.

* * *

"Realm of Beauty" and "Brother Josh" have been played as solos just lately by Mr. Will C. Pepper, and they will be without doubt very popular. "Brother Josh" is very characteristic and after the style of Lansing's celebrated "Darkies Dream." We also note that "On Guard"—military polka—is not only popular on this side, but is being played by all the leading American Clubs.

* * *

Rumour has it that the popular Jimmie Blakeley is likely to leave the team he has so long been associated with. We trust this is not true.

* * *

Mr. Olly Oakley has been in London doing the pantomimes and theatres. He is booking a summer tour at the various piers on the South Coast as he did last season.

* * *

It is very funny reading Stewart's celebrated journal for June, in which is printed a report of a concert in Longstone, Derby. Two galops on the programme are given as "Fanfare de Dragons" and "Fun and Frolic" respectively. We wonder what the editor of Stewart's would say if he knew the correct titles of these galops!!

* * *

Messrs. Francis and Day have just published banjo accompaniments (by Mr. Will C. Pepper) of those two very popular songs, "Hello, my Baby" and "Dinah, de Moon am shining." This latter song was a very great success in the "Belle of New York," and Mr. Pepper also sung it throughout the "White Coons" Irish Tour.

* * *

We hear there is in rehearsal a trio consisting of Mr. Will C. Pepper, Mr. Alban Booth, and Mr. Bert Meredith, who will shortly appear at one of our leading West End Music Halls. We had the pleasure of hearing one of the rehearsals and we predict a big success for them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of THE BANJO. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

Theatre Royal, Inverness.

DEAR SIR,—I thought it might interest you to know that I am introducing a banjo solo nightly into the second act of the "Lady Slavey," and it goes down tremendously with Scotch audiences, always gaining a hearty encore. I generally give "Darkies' Dawn" as the solo and vary the encore, some of the favourites being "Sweet Lavender," "On the Mill Dam," and Cammeyer's "Romance." I have been much complimented on the extraordinary tone and carrying power of my 'jo; lots of people coming after and declaring it the best they have ever heard. I think it only fair to you to let you know it is a "Mozart," which I bought some eight months ago, and which I would not change for any other.—Yours truly,

CLARENCE SEATON.
(Ben Greet's "Lady Slavey" Co.).

We have received the following from Mr. Paul Cessna Gerhart, the well known mandolinist of Texas, U.S.A.:—

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

261, Live Oak Street, Dallas, Texas.

DEAR SIR,—Have just noticed your advertisement in the current issue of the *Cadenza*, and should be pleased to have you send me a sample copy of your journal. I am a regular subscriber for and contributor to several of the leading music journals published here, and should be glad to make your acquaintance.

Very sincerely,

PAUL CESSNA GERHART.

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

January 26th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your last month's issue, that Mr. Sid. P. Herbert thirsts for knowledge relative to a "banjo frame" as used in a steamship, and asks if it has any connection with "our" banjo.

On matters connected with "our" banjo I do not consider myself qualified to comment, but on matters connected with a "banjo frame" I do. A banjo frame is used, as Mr. Herbert says, for lifting an auxiliary screw, and the reason it is so called is because it is similar in appearance to a banjo, or rather to two banjos. Imagine two special "W. E. Temlett" zither banjos facing each other and connected by a beam fixed where the machine heads are; the centre of the beam containing pulleys for a chain to reeve through, and you have a "banjo frame." The "boss" or "axle" of the screw propeller rests in the hoops, and when the ship is sailing the whole affair is lifted, by means of the pulleys, out of the water. The reason for this will be obvious when I say that I was once in a corvette which would sail seventeen knots with the screw up, but would travel no more than ten when the screw was lowered, so great is the resistance.

The "lifting screw" is used almost exclusively in men of war, as in the case of corvettes and sloops, the screw is really only an auxiliary motive power, sails always being used when possible.

Yours truly,

"AN OLD SEA DOG."

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

Croydon, Surrey.

SIR,—I have been a subscriber to your paper now for nearly a year, and I may say that I have been able to glean many valuable hints from its pages, and its musical supplement alone is well worth the whole of the subscription. I have also learned through its medium that you have for its objective the more universal recognition of the banjo as a musical instrument. Now, I should like to offer you a suggestion that I think would do much toward bringing banjo playing to a higher state of proficiency. During my short acquaintance with banjo playing and players I have found this, that as soon as a pupil has arrived at a certain style of playing—excepting in very rare cases—he considers himself efficient and therefore he makes no further effort at advancement; perhaps he is able to struggle through a few breakdowns and a march or two, he classes himself as a banjoist and offers his services at concerts, with what result I leave you to guess. To overcome this evil, for evil I must call it, the pupil should be encouraged to aim higher than to just be able to strum on a banjo, then why should they not have a higher object to aim at?

Amongst my acquaintances I have a "Member of the College of Organists," and several "Members of the College of Violinists," these have had something to work for, their aim was to pass the examinations, and for that end they have had to work and study, and the result is that better organists and violinists appear at our public performances, and their music and playing is worth listening to. Now if so much has been done for these instruments through such an institution, would not the formation of a College of Banjoists be the means of raising the standard of banjo playing, and thereby bring the instrument into more universal favour with a sceptic public, the majority of whom still look upon the banjo only as a busking tool. If we could persuade some of our leading banjoists, those who have the advancement of the instrument thoroughly at heart, to take the matter in hand, it is my opinion that they would be doing more to elevate the position the banjo now holds as a musical instrument, than has ever been done before.

It is my opinion that many who now only play the instrument just for their own amusement, would be induced to thoroughly master it in every detail if there was only a degree awaiting them as a reward to their studies, and in a few years time, if a player's name appeared on the programme without the M.C.B. attached, it would have very little interest, and such players as are now working concerts in my district would find their engagements becoming very few and far between, unless they choose to advance their styles of playing. Another evil to be contended with, especially in the provinces, is the inferiority of the teachers of the banjo. I know of several who profess to teach the instrument who cannot play the instrument themselves at all, and in consequence such pupils as fall a victim to these teachers soon get disgusted with them and the instrument too. These difficulties would soon be overcome by the formation of a College of Banjoists, for teachers would then soon find that it was to their advantage to take the degree themselves before undertaking to teach others. Now, Mr. Editor, I have not written this for publication—unless you think proper to do so—but simply as a hint to you to work on it as your vast experience of the banjo world may indicate.

I am, Sir, one of your humble followers and a lover of the banjo, G. ELLIOTT.

[We quite agree with the views of our correspondent and should be pleased to receive any further suggestions or correspondence on the subject.—ED. B. M. & G. NEWS.]

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR SIR, — The letter in your last issue from "Fairplay" is very much to the point, and without doubt there is more than ordinary criticism in Mr. Gordon's report of Mr. Pepper's concert.

I was present at Mr. Booth's concert, and during the interval I heard Mr. Booth ask Mr. Pepper whether he would mind changing places with him (Mr. Booth) on the programme, as Mr. Gordon wanted to hear Mr. Booth play his solo before he went, for he had to leave early.

Mr. Booth explained to Mr. Gordon that he would ask Mr. Pepper to change places (and to this Mr. Pepper at once agreed), and after this, I noticed Mr. Gordon totally ignored the fact that Mr. Pepper appeared on the programme in his report of Mr. Booth's concert, notwithstanding the fact that the sub-editor, Mr. R. Hall, stayed in the room until the concert was over.

These facts, I think, prove that there is at least some feeling on Mr. Gordon's part, and that he is not holding out so many "olive branches" as he would have us believe. I am, yours truly,

FAIRPLAY THE SECOND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. (Hampstead). The melody should be taken on the third string throughout, as marked. Thanks for your very strong opinions, but if you think your letter over, you will see why we could not print it. The suggestion nevertheless seems a good one.

"MOZART." You've taken a pretty big pseudonym! The selections you name are all suited for duet, as well as solo. The peg probably needs resetting, and we should advice you to have it seen to by a competent repairer. Home remedies are apt to be risky.

G. H. M. You will find the address among the teacher's cards on the cover page.

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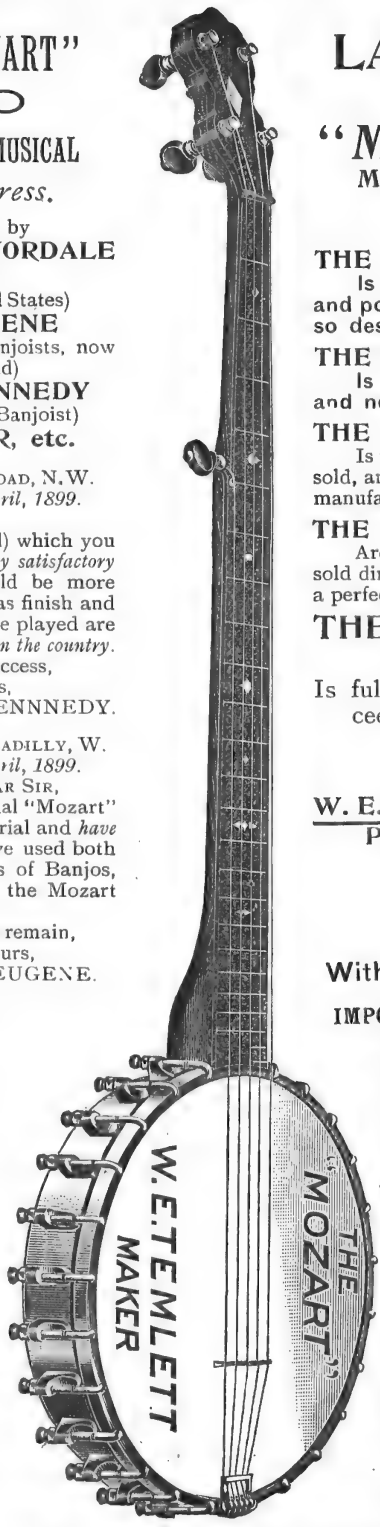

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MUSIC—"Kennedy's Galop," Banjo and Banjeaurine.	

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

A REMARK contained in the letter by Mr G. Elliott, published in our columns last month, has given rise, on the part of several correspondents, to the revival of an old problem: the incompetent teacher. It is to be admitted that an incalculable amount of mischief is wrought each year to the real interests of banjo, mandolin, and guitar, by those teachers who, while professing to "instruct" upon the instrument, have in reality, little or no knowledge of its technique, or, for that matter, of music in any form whatever. But the tendency seems to be to regard the trouble as caused almost entirely by that individual, whom, for want of a better word, one might term the hack teacher; who advertises so-called instruction at ridiculously low terms. Looking at the matter practically, it is difficult to believe that any person offering tuition upon an instrument at the rate of sixpence or even a shilling per hour, can have any serious influence upon its general advancement. There are fakirs in every profession. If we are to consider the progress of the banjo, mandolin, and guitar as being affected to any appreciable degree by such hangers-on, then surely these instruments are in a very bad way. In the first place, they depend for their future upon the support of the intelligent section of the public. Now the intelligent public are hardly by way of patronising the shilling-an-hour fakir, or likely to regard him as the proper exponent of his profession. There are fully as many hack "professors" of the violin as there are of the banjo, mandolin, or guitar, yet the advance of the violin has never been seriously affected by them, nor is likely to be. The fakir is merely an unavoidable minor evil, and scarcely to be taken with any vast degree of seriousness. No one possessed of average

intelligence would be likely to pay for music lessons at the same rates they pay for having their windows cleaned, and expect competent instruction. Too much power and prominence has been attributed to the cheap fakir throughout. Let him rest in his obscurity and make his living without interference; and be very assured that he is not likely, at any day, to prove aught but a greatly exaggerated trouble.

* * *

But the real incompetent teacher is another matter altogether. There is no judging him by his terms, for he models them upon the terms of the best teachers of the day, and here it is that the unwary pupil has no means of safeguard. In nine cases out of ten he is an amateur who, having expended some two or three guineas on his own musical education, considers it an excellent plan to get his money back again, interest added, from the public. He argues what he knows himself he is capable of imparting to others, at a profit. This reasoning would be all right, but for the fact that his imparting is usually in advance of his knowledge, and he sets out cheerfully to teach others what he doesn't know himself. This law which converts so large a percentage of pupils into independent teachers, is one of the hardest things about the musical profession, as many know to their cost. Many a teacher has spent earnest labour in the task of perfecting a pupil, and in the end to his own undoing. This question, however, need not be entered upon here. The individual of whom I am speaking can scarcely lay claim to being perfected in his studies. His incompetence is calculated to do harm to the interests of the instrument he represents, for the reason that his sway, such as it is, extends over educated circles. His pupils are of a different class to those of the cheap fakir. They are in a position to pay fair terms and expect a fair return; and, what is more important, are very naturally inclined to judge the entire scope and capabilities of the instrument by the impressions they receive. They say, "This man must be a representative teacher since he commands such prices." And they base their opinions of the instrument accordingly. Here it is that the harm is done. They get disgusted with the instrument, but not before they have disgusted their friends by the results of incompetent instruction, and thereafter the name of banjo, mandolin, or guitar, as the case may be, is associated to them with all that is cheap in musical effect. Often and often, chance listeners have said to the writer—who does not claim to be more than a moderately unaggressive performer—"I never knew the banjo could sound like that. I have often heard it before, but always disliked it." Which is a pretty fair proof of the point in hand.

* * *

I do not wish it supposed that in speaking thus of high-priced incompetence or mediocrity, I advocate to young teachers the cutting of terms. This is always a mistake, and a great injustice to others in the profession. It is possible now at many of the lesser "Schools of Music" to obtain competent class instruction upon the smaller instruments at terms which are surely within reach of the most economical. Good private instruction is always worth its price. But be sure that it is good, so far as it goes. Let prospective teachers, and some others too, consider this honestly. Make your tuition thorough, and not given with the idea of getting your pupil on as rapidly as possible with the least amount of personal trouble. Teach good music as far as you can. Remember that everything is worth your while which will help the advancement of the instrument. Anything which tends to cheapen it, will unavoidably cheapen yourself also, and act directly against your own best interests. A more universal perception of such facts would, in a comparatively short space of time render the incompetent teacher, in his most harmful guise, a thing of the past, and this merely by the old principle of the survival of the fittest.

* * *

With all deference we would like to call our correspondents' attention to an ancient journalistic rule, viz., that all communications sent in to us *must* be written on one side of the paper only. I am sorry to say this is a complaint which has been made more than once in this column. This month several letters have reached the office, which, in accordance with an oft-expressed regulation, we have been unable to make use of. The writers will understand the reason for their non-appearance.

* * *

In our January number we inserted an extract from a letter from Miss Watson, of Brighton, in which she states that Messrs. Will C. Pepper and Alban Booth played at Mr. Plumbridge's concert. This should have been Mr. Durand's concert, and we cannot say for certain how the mis-statement could have escaped notice, but readily admit our fault and tender our apology to Mr. Durand, who has written us on the subject.

BRADFORD (YORKS.)

Our correspondent, Mr. T. F. O'Flynn, writes—"The banjo is booming well up in Yorkshire, and I have been very busy all the winter with concerts and pupils. My partner and I have visited all the principal halls in the North of England, and we are now preparing for our Easter tour."

BRIGHTON.

Our readers will recollect that for some years past it has been usual for Mr. W. H. Plumbridge to give a concert in March. He has this year suggested to his classes and pupils that the concert should be given in aid of the Officers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund; and the idea has been heartily taken up by the members of the Banjo Orchestra, the Mandolin and Guitar Band, and Mr. Plumbridge's other pupils. The concert will duly take place at the Pavilion on Saturday afternoon, March 3rd. To show with what enthusiasm these ladies have taken up the idea, we may mention that already nearly £30 worth of tickets have been sold by them. All the expenses have, moreover, been guaranteed by these ladies and Mr. Plumbridge, and thus the total amount realised by the sale of the tickets will be available for the Fund. This concert will be the first held in Brighton for the Officers' Widows and Children; for, while the other funds have all been assisted, this most deserving one has been left in the cold, and we trust that the financial result of the concert will be a substantial one. In addition to the two bands, the following ladies and gentlemen have kindly consented to appear:—Miss Gertrude Hall, and Miss Florence Donovan (vocalist); Miss A. Crockett and Miss F. Holman (harpists); Miss F. Andrewes (recitation); Mr. Richard Rickard (pianist), with Mr. F. A. Hedgecock, A.T.C.L. (accompanist), and Mr. W. H. Plumbridge (conductor). Tickets may be obtained of any of the members of the bands or pupils of Mr. Plumbridge. — *Brighton, Hove, and Sussex Society.*

The banjo band, which was organised some few months ago by Mr. W. A. R. Aird, has been meeting with a very warm welcome wherever it has appeared. Last week the members were engaged to play on three consecutive evenings. On Wednesday night they were introduced as a very welcome addition to the palace scene in the pantomime at the Brighton Aquarium, where their fully orchestrated selection met with a very enthusiastic reception, only the lateness of the hour preventing them from responding to a very flattering encore.

Their reception at a patriotic concert at the Oddfellows' Hall on Thursday evening was even more successful. On this occasion they gave some of their well-known stirring military marches, which were quite in keeping with the spirit of the concert, and for which they were heartily applauded.

On Friday, at a social evening, given by the staff of the Reason Manufacturing Company, at the same hall, they were again to the front, and were compelled to respond to an encore. A little later in the evening Mr. W. A. L. Aird gave, as a zither-banjo solo, a very finished and musicianly rendering of Rossini's difficult "Finale to the overture to William Tell," Mr. P. H. Osborne proving himself a very efficient accompanist. The Club, consisting of the following well-known local players, Messrs. Dawson (President), Holland, Harbord, Marshall, Deadman, Smallwood, Cardy, Knapp, Gorvett (Hon. Secretary), and W. A. L. Aird (Musical Director), has just taken over its new Club Room in Viaduct Road, where all future meetings will be held.—*Hove Gazette.*

CANNING TOWN, ESSEX.

The Canning Town Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band, under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Wimpory, gave their third concert at the Public Hall on Saturday, February 10th, to an audience of at least 600 persons, and notwithstanding the heavy snowstorm that was raging, it proved a great success. Among the principal items on the programme were the Sylvian Musical Quintet, Messrs. A. Wimpory, J. Steffens, W. Rabey, J. Bassett and Miss Lilian Walker, the last named singing the "Star of Bethlehem," accompanied by two mandolins, banjo and guitar. This item was splendidly received and for an encore they gave Hind's "Reverie in F," Miss Walker taking first mandolin. Banjo solos were given by Mr. Chas. Danvers, who played with good taste Cammeyer's "Margery Gavotte" and "Cincinatti Polka." Mr. Harrison Willis played "International Review" (arranged by himself), the National Airs being represented by small flags, and the piece was received with loud applause,

the grand finale being reached when the performer crossed the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes to the tune of "Rule Britannia," which drew forth loud cheers, his other solo being "L'Infanta March." Mr. Alfred Wimpory gave a new solo (by himself) and which he has named the "Transvaal Patrol," also singing his new song on the war, "While the British lads are fighting," which soon made the audience show their patriotic feelings. The second part of the programme was opened by the banjo team (twelve in number) playing the "Darkies' Dawn," and then accompanying Miss Walker in a coon song, "He's my coon." Then followed the hit of the evening, a juvenile trio, Miss Nellie Wimpory and Master Willie Clark first and second mandolins, and Miss Louise Surridge (piano). These three midgets are all eight years old, and it was their first appearance in public. They played "Come back to Erin" and "As your hair grows whiter," and their great success speaks volumes for the teaching abilities of Mr. Wimpory. The Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band (now numbering twenty-five performers) played "Grape Vine Polka" and "Round and Round Barn Dance" (both by the conductor), and "Under the Double Eagle March" (J. F. Wagner), and "God save the Queen," and they played splendidly together. Vocal items were given by Mr. Art Fletcher, Mr. James Melrose, E. Walker, Austin May, Chas. Lismore, and the programme was brought to a close by the mandolin and guitar team playing a selection on popular songs. Financially the concert was a great success and will be repeated before the season closes.

CHESHAM.

Our correspondent reports at a concert given in Christ Church parochial room, on Thursday, February 22nd, Mr. Fred Norman played banjo solo, "Yellow Kids" patrol, and for encore gave the evergreen "White Coons" polka march in the second half of programme. Mr. Norman played mandolin solo, "Love Kisses" waltz. Miss Stokes Fossick and Mrs. Ferguson were very successful in the songs which they contributed, and there was a large attendance.

DOVER.

Walter Howard, junior, writes: "I am fulfilling an engagement here at the Empire, and have booked a provincial tour, lasting twenty-six weeks, which speaks for itself. I have just heard from my brother at the front, he says he has no time for the banjo out there." Mr. Howard is a son of Walter Howard, who was for many years principal comedian with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

KENSINGTON.

Miss Keevil's mandolin recital, which took place at Kensington Town Hall on February 13th, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, afforded a very great pleasure to all lovers of the instrument who were fortunate enough to be present. We could have wished Miss Keevil a better house, although, considering the storminess of the evening—little short of a blizzard, in fact—there was a very fair attendance; we have, moreover, the further satisfaction of hearing that nearly every seat in the hall was sold in advance. Miss Keevil's playing shows the ease and mastery of the artist, and in her hands the mandolin is capable of some of its most exquisite musical effects. Her rendition of Chopin's "Nocturne in D" was beyond question the masterpiece of the evening. Immediately following this, a "Tarantelle" by Papini was at once delicate and forceful, and seemed to bring out to perfection the character of the instrument. We understand that Miss Keevil is a pupil of Signor Francia, who himself accompanied her in two of his own selections. Mrs. Royal Dawson and Miss Dewhurst assisted in the programme, the latter singing with that customary grace and finish which stamps her as one of the most charming vocalists of the day. Mr. E. G. Croager, A.R.A.M., acted as accompanist for the evening. We append the programme in full. Mandolin solos, "Canto di Primavera" (G. Scuderi), "Souvenir d'Espagne" (Graziana-Walter), "Air Mélodieux" (Carl Bohm), "Gypsy Serenade" (Popp-Francia); song, "Irish Folk Song" (Foote), Miss Dewhurst; mandolin solos, "Serenata" (Moszkowski), "Chanson Polonaise" (Wieniawski), "Nocturne" in D (Chopin), "Tarantelle" (Papini); recitation, "A French-woman's Story," Mrs. Royal Dawson, encored; song, "The seed song" (Batten), Miss Dewhurst, encored; mandolin solos, "Dichiarazione," "Lo Zingaro" (L. Francia), accompanied by the composer; song, "Hey, ho! the daffodils," (Bracken), Miss Dewhurst; mandolin solos, "Ricordo del Laza Maggiore" (Menozzi), "The Bohemian Girl" (Balfe). Miss Keevil is to be congratulated very heartily upon her success.

NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Walter Scott, of Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes:—"I have very great pleasure in reporting a very successful New

Year in this district so far. Teaching is brisk, while the concerts have been too numerous to report. It may interest your readers to know there are several young and promising banjoists leaving here for South Africa with both the Yeomanry and Northumberland Artillery. I enclose you cutting from Newcastle *Morning Mail*, of a presentation which took place on Feb. 3rd, my selections being 'King Cotton' (Sousa), and 'William Tell' (arr. Hunter), both being encored."

"The employees of Messrs. C. A. Parsons and Co., Heaton Works, met on Saturday night in the East End Hotel, Chillingham Road, to do honour to one of their number, Mr. Albert Croker, who is about to proceed to South Africa with the Elswick Battery. There was a full and representative gathering from the works, Mr. John Turnbull presiding. Songs were rendered and loudly applauded by Messrs. J. Hood, Fenwick, Christie, Blackett, Shand, and others, while the banjo selections by Mr. Walter Scott were greatly appreciated."

NEWPORT (MON.).

At a tea and concert held at the Tabernacle Hall, Dock Street, on January 22nd, Messrs. J. H. Hanks, Gus. Finn and G. Redman "were down" on the programme for "Bonnie Scotland" (Kennedy), and "Danse Bon-Bon" (R. Allen), and received an encore for the latter. Miss Mabel Davies and pupil also gave selections on the mandolin and had a good reception.

On Jan. 23rd, at a concert at the League Hall, Messrs. Gus. Finn and G. Redman gave "Bonnie Scotland," and their banjo duet, "Selections" (encored) and Miss Evans (seven years) a pupil of Miss Belle Thomas, gave a mandolin solo, "Nick-Nacks," and was warmly applauded.

At the annual dinner of the Gas Work employees on Jan. 27th, the Mayor presiding, Messrs. J. H. Hanks, Gus Finn and Freddie Vittle gave for a banjo selection "Danse Bon-Bon" (encored).

At the Dock Street Congregational Church concert, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, G. Redman and J. Kerr gave "Bonnie Scotland" (encored), and also "Danse Bon-Bon."

At a concert given at the Newport Union on Feb. 1st, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, J. Kerr, Gus Finn and G. Redman, gave "Danse Bon-Bon" and "Selections," both items being heartily applauded.

On Feb. 3rd, at a concert given at the League Hall, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman gave the "Lorne Polka March" and afterwards "Bonnie Scotland." Miss Belle Thomas and pupil gave selections on the mandolin and were well received. Miss Mabel Davies also gave a violin solo, "The Broken Melody" (Van Biene). Later in the evening at the Newport Harmonic Society's Smoking Concert Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman gave banjo duet, "Selections," receiving an encore.

On Feb. 7th, at the Junior Liberal Association "Smoker," Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman gave "Lorne Polka March" and "White Coons," and had a splendid reception.

On Feb. 8th, Messrs. Gus. Finn and G. Redman fulfilled an engagement at the Maindee Football Club "Spread," and had a splendid reception, playing "Danse Bon-Bon" (encored), and "Selections." Mr. Gus Finn was also encored for his humorous songs.

At the Liberal Club "Smoker" on Feb. 14th, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman gave "Bonnie Scotland," and also a humorous song, receiving an encore. Later in the evening, at a concert held at Temple School Rooms, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn and G. Redman gave "Selections," being encored.

At a concert given at the Newport Union on Feb. 15th, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn and G. Redman gave as banjo selections "Danse Bon-Bon" and "White Coons"; Miss Ada Dally and Mr. R. Davies "The Great American Cake Walk"; and Miss L. Lemmer a mandolin solo, all having a splendid reception.

Mr. F. Moreton Carpenter is highly elated at the successes of his pupils, Messrs. Gus Finn, G. Redman, J. H. Hanks, J. Kerr and Miss E. M. Williams, the latter often fulfilling the duties of accompanist in a highly creditable manner.

NORTHAMPTON.

At a Smoking Concert, held at the Town Hall, "The Connaught Banjo Team, under the direction of Mr. Will Felce, succeeded in gaining an encore each time they appeared, so good was their performance."

Mr. Will Felce, the popular banjo instructor of this town, reports—"The Connaught Banjo Team had a pleasant outing on Feb. 10th, journeying to Kettering to fulfil an engagement at the Working Men's Club, appearing for the first time in costume."

SHOREDITCH.

W. S. Fletcher, junior, Annual Mandolin Concert at Shoreditch Town Hall, on Thursday, the 8th, was a great success, the attendance being much larger than at any previous concert. The programme was as follows :—National Overture, "Our Nation," arranged by W. J. Fletcher, junior, (by desire) encore, "Kendella," quick march (Hamilton), Fletcher's Pierrot Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra; song, "When the Heart is Young" (Dudley Buck), Miss Muriel Heath; humorous song, "The Serial Story" (Spurr), Mr. Owen Way; *a.* march, "Call to Arms" (W. J. Fletcher, junior), *b.* Danse Romanese, Fletcher Family; song, "Come into the Garden, Maud" (Balfe), Mr. William Clifford; mandolin solo, "Introduction and Valse Brilliante" (Alard), encore, "Danse Russe" (W. J. Fletcher, junior), Mr. W. J. Fletcher, junior, A.M.G.V.L.; barn dance, "Continental" (W. J. Fletcher, junior), encore, "Grand March in F" (W. J. Fletcher, junior) Fletcher's Pierrot Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra; fantasia, "Scottish Festival," arranged by W. J. Fletcher, junior, encore, "Circus Queen" galop, (Ambler), Fletcher's Pierrot Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra; humorous song, "In the Pale Moonlight" (Clifford), Mr. Owen Way; song, "Vainka's Song" (Whishaw), Miss Muriel Heath; burlesque sketch, "An Old-fashioned Pantomime" (Skinner), Mr. Ambrose W. Skinner; song, "The Scent of the Lilies" (Cobb), Mr. William Clifford; valse, "Legend of Love" (Anton Cavelli), Fletcher's Pierrot, Mandolin, and Guitar Orchestra; National Anthem.

MR. A. W. NEWTON'S CONCERT AT CHELTENHAM.

"BANJO NEWS" SPECIAL.

MR. A. W. NEWTON gave his seventh annual banjo concert at the Cheltenham Assembly Rooms on February 14th, and scored a very great success. Owing to illness Mr. Cammeyer was at the last moment unable to attend, so Mr. Olly Oakley was wired for, and right ably did this well-known artist fill Mr. Cammeyer's place. The weather was terrible, and it only shows how enthusiastic were both Mr. Newton's pupils and the audience, to turn out in such a blizzard to attend the concert.

With Mr. Olley Oakley, who is in the opinion of many, the foremost English zither-banjoist, and Mr. Will C. Pepper, the finest exponent of the ordinary banjo we have, Mr. Newton was happy in his soloists. Mr. Oakley played German's "Shepherd's Dance" from Henry VIII., and for his encore "Marche Hongroise." Both these selections were given with perfect form and expression, and brought back to us vivid memories of the late S. A. Halfpenny, who was, we believe, the first to render the above compositions on the zither-banjo.

Mr. Oakley chose "Zampa" for his second solo; we did not consider this quite so successful. In encore he gave a march of Mr. Cammeyer's in splendid style. Mr. Will C. Pepper played Eno's "Reign of Love" waltz beautifully, and for his encore, a very pretty "Impromptu" (MS.), by Parke Hunter. We notice Mr. Pepper acted as leader to the orchestra, and also assisted by taking banjeaurine in several items. Mr. Newton and Mr. Pepper gave a first-rate rendering of "Dreams of Darkie Land" and in encore, the "Yacht Club March." We should say these gentlemen would be very hard to beat as duettists, considering that they only rehearsed both items for the first and only time on the afternoon of the concert.

For his banjo solo, Mr. Newton gave a very clear and careful rendering of "Parke Hunter's Waltz," and in response to a vociferous encore, "Darkies's Wedding." His mandolin solo, a selection from "The Belle of New York" was given with much finish and style, as was the encore.

"The Bohemian Banjo Club" went splendidly in Heller's "Bohemian Galop" (from which we presume they have taken their name). Messrs. L. Lane, V. Spring, C. Gough, F. Beauzant, W. Maybraey, T. Trotter, H. V. Silk, W. Westaway, L. Turner, Will C. Pepper, and A. W. Newton, were the gentleman who comprised the club. We were very pleased at the introduction of the harp in this item.

"The Ladies Band," in which Mrs. Ward, Miss Vassar-Smith, Miss Hilton, Miss Locke-Jones, Miss Rome, Miss Lockhead, Miss Lonsada, Miss Norris, Miss K. Norris, Miss Donald, Miss Forbes Robertson, Miss M. Rome, Miss Maitland Reid, Miss Ricketts, Miss Adland took part, gave a splendid rendering of "Yellow Kids Patrol." These ladies are to be highly complimented.

The Cheltenham Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Orchestra, numbering nearly seventy instruments, played "Talisman" overture, "Dinkey's Patrol," "White Coons," "The Runaway Girl," and "Drexel March," "White Coons," was the first band item to be encored. Mr. Newton's "Dinkey's Patrol" went especially well, and we

congratulate him upon his first attempt at orchestration. "The Runaway Girl" was also encored. Mr. Newton is thoroughly "in touch" with his band, and the band with him; it speaks volumes for the care and trouble he has bestowed. One has only to hear them play to appreciate this to the full.

Miss Gertrude Price-Crew gave Tosti's "Good-bye" and "A May Morning" charmingly, and is the more to be complimented upon her singing on this occasion, as, in alighting from her conveyance just before the concert, she suffered a nasty fall. Mr. James E. Mott sang, "The Gauntlet" and "Thy Foe," in good style.

Messrs. S. Morgan and Arthur Waite proved very able accompanists, as did also Miss K. Goodman, who accompanied the band in all their items.

REMINISCENCES OF THE "QUEEN'S NAVEE."

By an Old Sea Dog.

(Continued from page 52.)

Considering that I have served in about every class of vessel of which the Navy is composed, from turrets and barbettes, to torpedo boats and Revenue cutters, I do not see the necessity of sticking to one ship in these yarns. So now, with your kind and polite attention—as the public entertainers say—I will transfer the scene of operations to South America, and give an account of our amusements in that distant quarter of the globe.

Our good ship was called the "Amethyst," senior officer's ship of the "South East Coast of America" squadron, and the prettiest model of a corvette in the service. Her figure-head was also the handsomest in the service, and represented a lady in a night dress, with a large glass amethyst in her hair. She wore no stockings, and her boots had no uppers to them, but were fixed on with straps, which was, I believe, the prevailing fashion at the time she was supposed to exist. The whole ship's company were in love with her, and vowed she was the best-looking woman in South America, and it was a common sight to see a boat-load of "liberty men" kissing their hands to her on their way to the shore.

Our captain was a good old sort—he is an admiral now, and although he called me a "clumsy fool" once, because I accidentally hit him across the face with the tail-end of a manrope, I forgive him, and wish him luck. Our first lieutenant was a Tartar! He was also a joker, and he and I enjoyed the distinction of being considered the two "funny men" of the ship, but I am bound to confess that he was funnier than I, at any rate from his own point of view, for he possessed the power to force the point of his jokes home, and one who couldn't see where the laugh came in must have been dull indeed. Whenever I was unlucky enough to come in contact with him (which was pretty often), I invariably came off second best. One first of April, I elaborated a scheme for making an April fool of a man we called "Chatty." We had had a very successful "Free and easy" the evening before at which "Chatty" had assisted; in fact I often got him to assist because he was such a natural butt, and overdid everything so thoroughly that he got the benefit of more laughs than anyone else.

"Jacky isn't such a bad sort after all, is he?" said I to Chatty. Be it known that "Jacky" was the disrespectful way in which we referred to our first lieutenant.

"Why, what's he done?" asked Chatty.

"I mean for giving us that glass of grog."

"What glass of grog?' asked Chatty.

"Haven't you had yours yet?" asked I. You'd better hurry up! He's got's the bottle in his cabin serving out a glass of grog to all who took an active part in the 'Free and Easy' last night?"

Away went Chatty to the first lieutenant's cabin, and tapped at the door.

"Well! what do you want?" said Jacky.

Chatty stood there grinning with his cap in his hand.

"What in thunder are you grinning at?" yelled Jacky. "What do you want?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Chatty, "but I understood you were giving a glass of grog to the concert party."

"Oh! you did, did you? and who told you that?"

Anybody else would have evaded that question, but Chatty was desperate and answered it, with the result that I was called aft on the quarter-deck.

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered Jacky, "by sending this man to me for a glass of grog? April Fool's Day, isn't it, and you dare to attempt to make an April fool of *me*! Very well, we'll see! Clear the lower deck. All hands aft!" he yelled to the boatswain's mate, and then to me, "Stand up on the bitts, sir!"

When I was on the bitts and all hands aft, he addressed them, "I have sent for you to show you an April fool. You may stand and look at him for a quarter of an hour, and

when I pipe down I hope you will be sufficiently bad-tempered to take him forward and whitewash him as he deserves."

It was lucky for me I was so popular in the ship, or I should have been "basted" at the end of a rope for certain; as it was, I got off pretty easily.

The banjo I now had was a "Dobson" pattern, and a very good one. The closed-in back was very handy too, for I could take it out and smuggle a couple of skins of whisky on board inside it. I often used to take it ashore, and the natives of the Brazils and Monte Video wondered what manner of instrument it was. They called it a "guitaro" and I was often invited to join the string bands in the dance houses, for the wily proprietors knew full well that wherever I went, the rest of the ship's company would follow. But the dance houses did not quite come up to my standard of respectability, so I felt rather proud to think that my banjo gave me the power to keep our fellows away from them.

When we landed, we usually commenced proceedings by hiring horses and galloping like Red Indians all over the country, or attending a bull fight, after which I always insisted that we should have a good dinner, and led my following to some respectable café where I always took over all responsibilities, for I had managed to acquire a smattering of the very bad Spanish they speak in those places. The only notion a sailor ashore has of a good meal is "eggs and bacon." Take him into an eating-house and ask him what he will have, and in nine cases out of ten he will say "eggs and bacon," not because he likes it better than anything else, but because he is afraid that anything else might be out of season, or out of stock, whereas eggs and bacon stands good all the year round.

The first time I took my party to the café, I ordered soup—mulligatawny, oxtail, mock turtle, etc., then filleted sole, or flying fish, chickens, joints, sweets, and wine, and the chaps began to turn their money over to see if they had enough to pay, but the whole only amounted to half-a-dollar (two and a penny) each, no more than they would have paid for eggs and bacon. They, therefore, soon began to realise that there was a certain amount of advantage in sticking to me, and I don't mind admitting that I was also a gainer, for no proprietor would dream of allowing me to pay for my dinner at any time, even if I were alone, and often begged me to accept a box of good cigars; for my party often consisted of between fifty or a hundred men, and they realised that I was a man to be propitiated.

After dinner we would repair to a large room and enjoy ourselves after our own fashion. At first, at my suggestion, we hired a band; a violin, flute, harp, and clarinet, but though they were capital musicians, they never seemed to play exactly what we required. Sailors are funny animals, and seem to prefer tunes they know to anything new. They like their own particular waltzes and polkas to dance to, and besides, what was more important, the band couldn't "vamp" to songs, so after the first attempt, we gave up the band, and the fiddler and I supplied all the music. We often had visitors, men from the American men o' war and English and American residents, who were all overjoyed at hearing the strains of a banjo, for the banjo is as attractive to the American as the bagpipes to the Scotchman, and my old "jo" served me as a medium of introduction to everyone in the country worth knowing.

One of the most enjoyable of our recreations was seining; that is, fishing with a long net. A large party would take the launch and dinghy close inshore and put out the seine; generally bringing back enough fish to supply the whole ship's company.

It was hard work and wet work, but we cared not for that in warm weather. Officers and men worked together, smoking, chaffing, and often a nip of whisky or rum was passed round, and then the pull back in the moonlight. I don't know any more delightful combination than a bright moon, calm water, a boat, and a banjo. Our songs were nearly all of the melancholy order: "Soft be thy slumbers," "What should make thee sad, my darling?" "Maggie May," or the "Canadian Boat Song," and how we dwelt on such choruses as

> "Swift as the morning breezes blow,
> In measured time we'll row, we'll row!"

People ashore and in the ships in harbour used to say they sounded beautiful, and I really believe they did, under the mellowing influence of distance and water. People may argue till they are black in the face, as to whether a banjo is a musical instrument or not, but for this particular purpose no other instrument can beat it! not even the guitar or harp, when I compare the tone of the banjo I now possess to the one I had then. Yet even now I heave a sigh of regret when I think of the fate of that old friend, for after a heavy storm, it was found afloat in an oil tank, into which the pitching of the ship had plunged it, and was utterly useless afterwards.

(To be continued).

Tune thus.

To Mrs. M.F. FRANKS.

KENNEDY'S GALOP.

GRAND CONCERT SOLO.

A.H. NASSAU-KENNEDY.

BANJO & BANJEAURINE.

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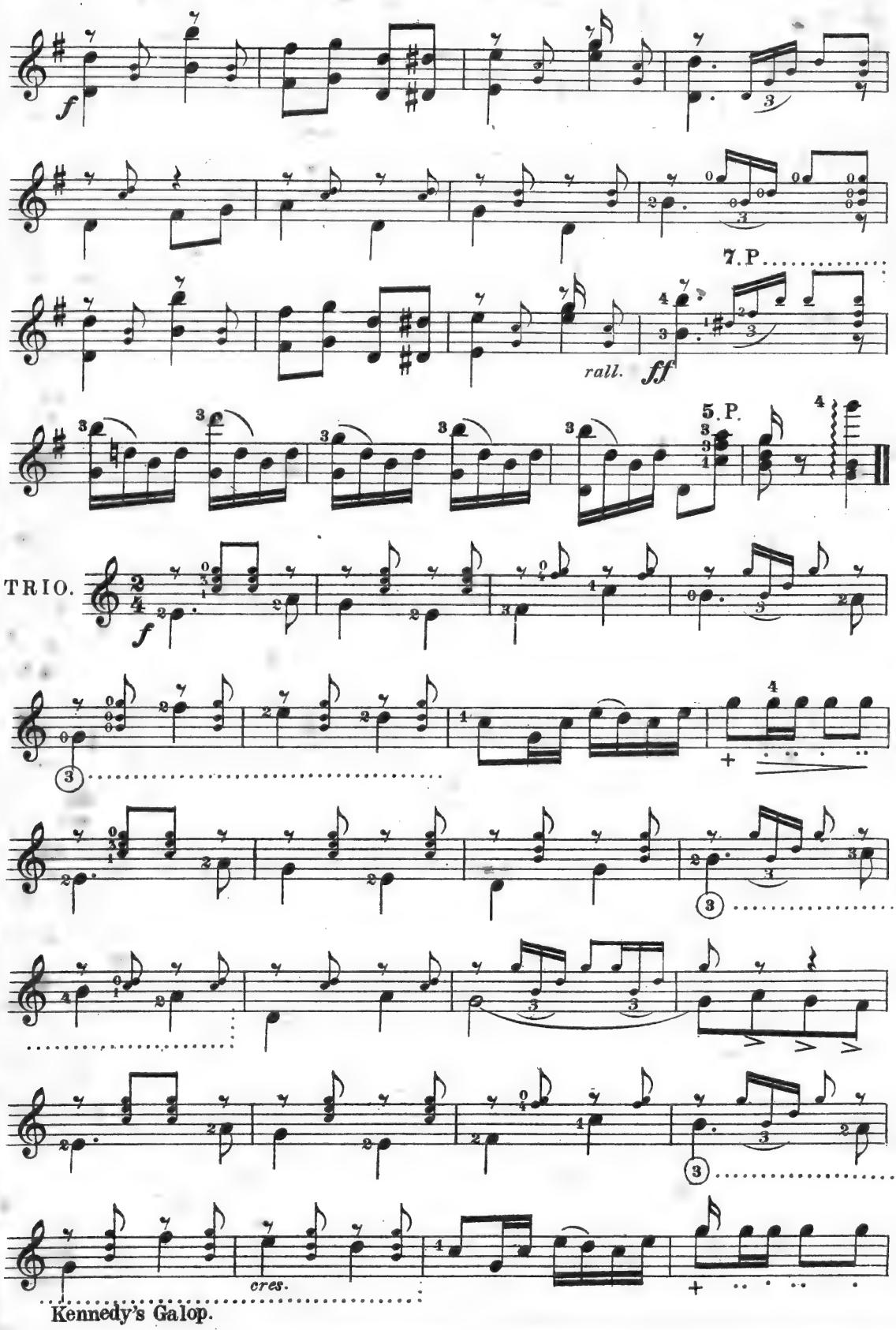
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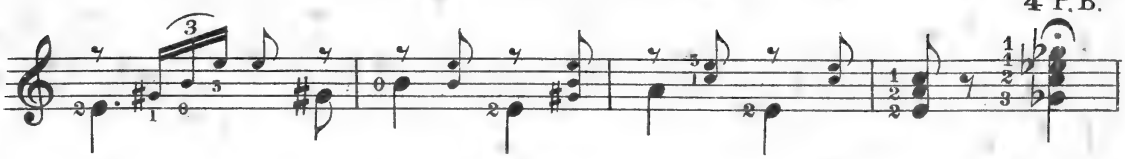

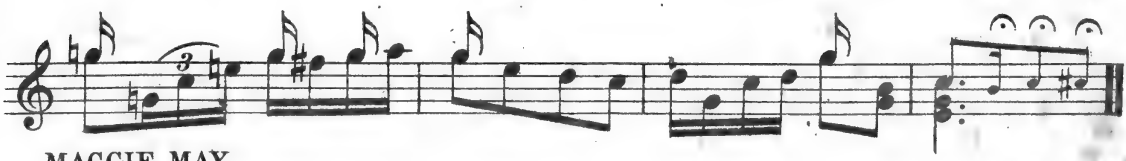

MAGGIE MAY.

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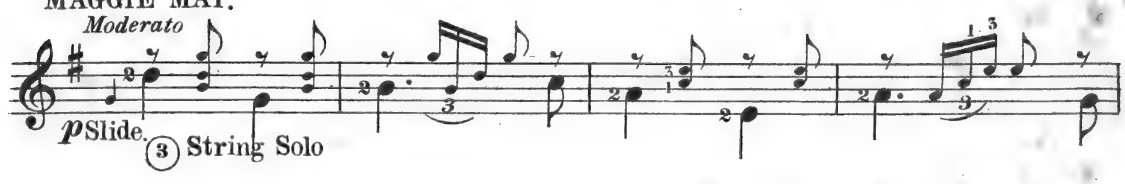
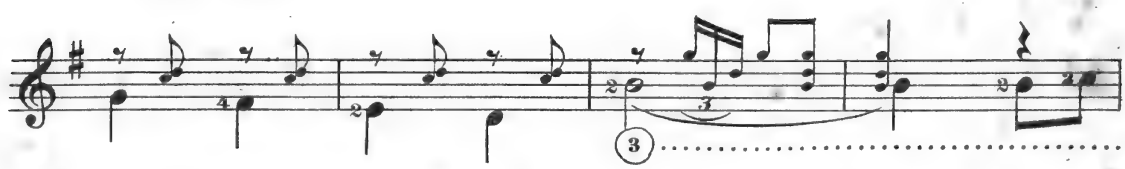
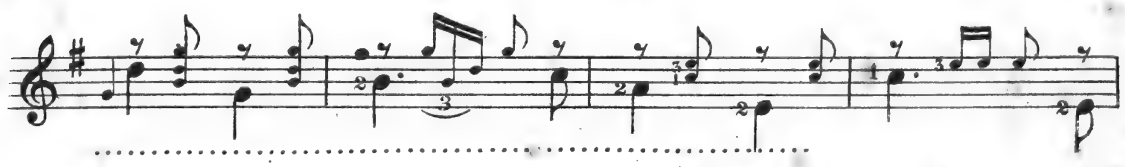
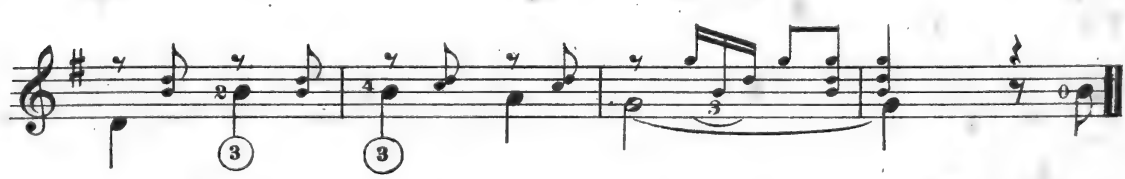
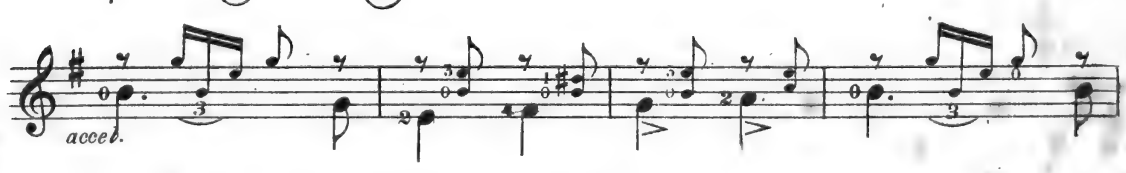
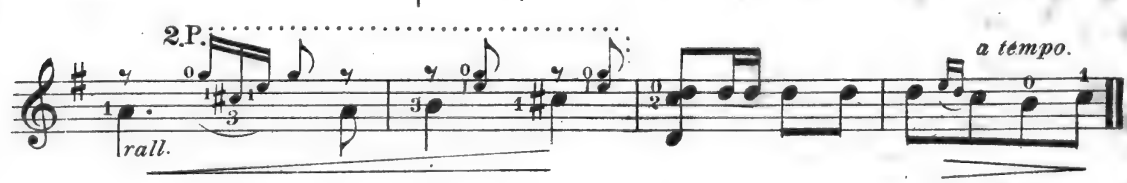


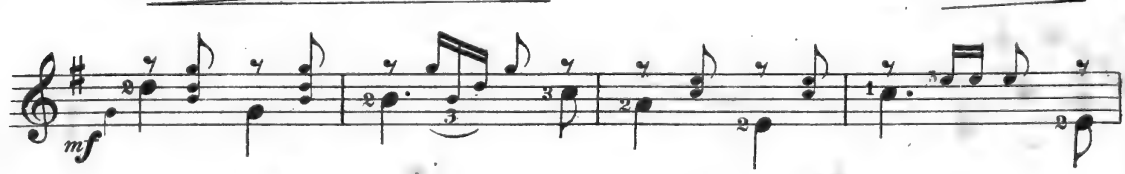


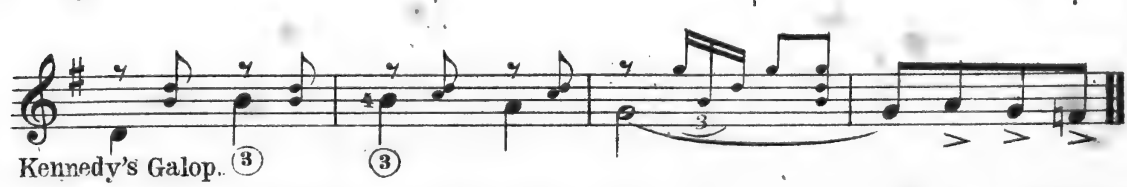


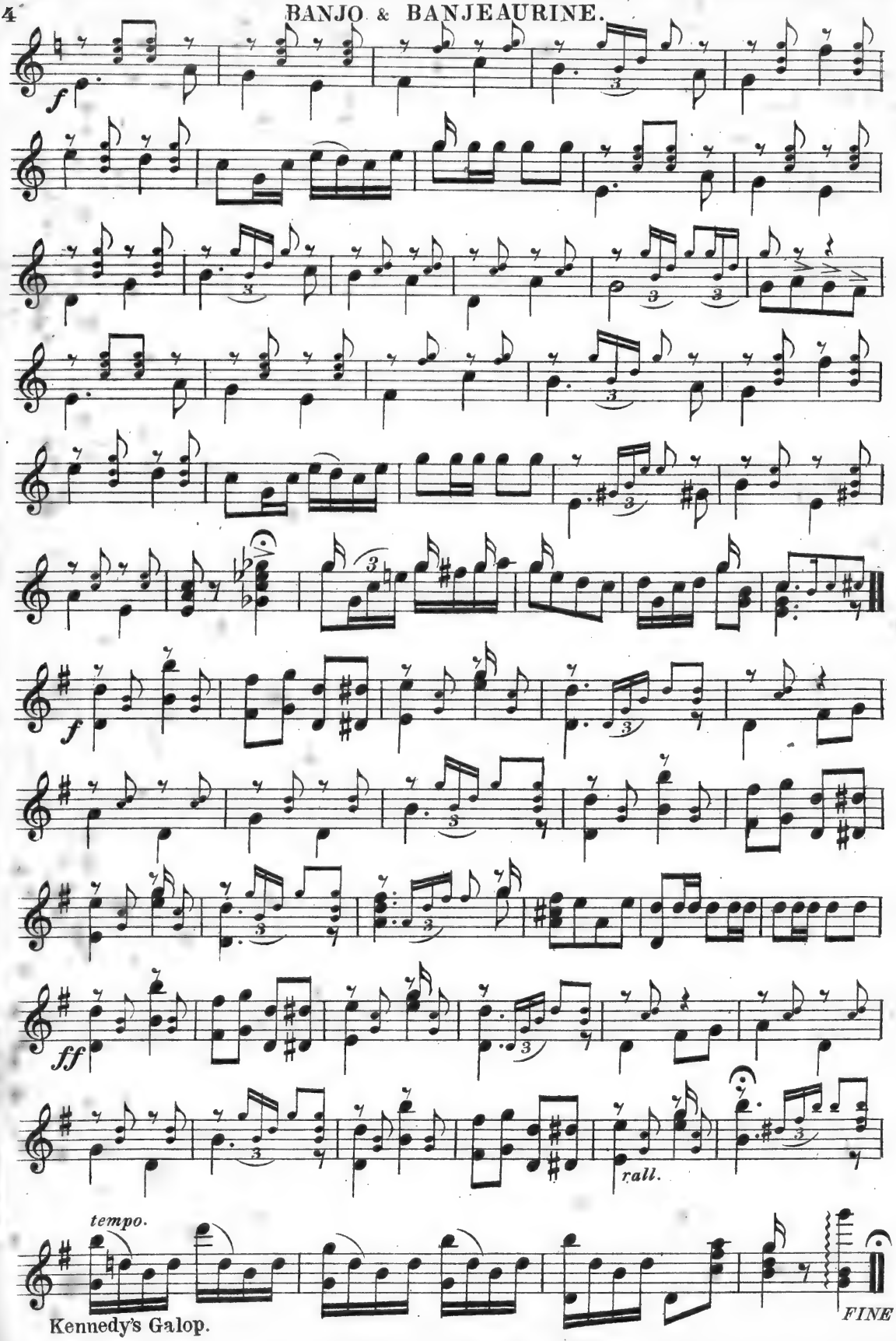




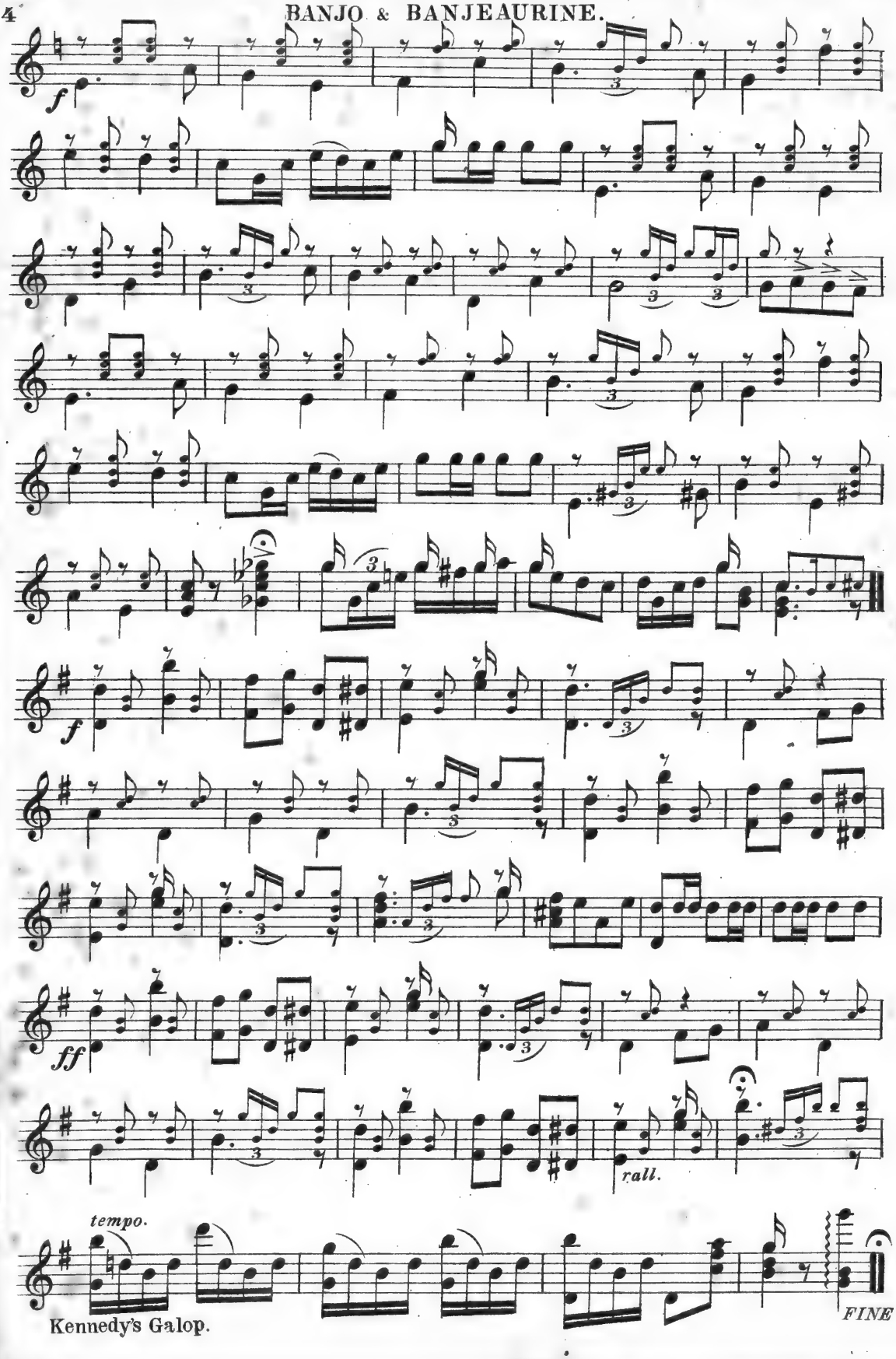








Kennedy's Galop.



Kennedy's Galop.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

FINGER GYMNASTICS.

By J. HOLLOWAY.

IT has been before now suggested that the instrumental student who should spend a little of his leisure time in studying the anatomy of the hand, would find himself well repaid for both time and trouble. At the least it would teach him the general and individual action of those muscles, upon the perfect command of which he is so largely dependent. The common battle-cry of the student now-a-days, however, seems to be that he has no time for anything, whether it is worth while or not. It is to the student who has "no time" to enter into the subject deeply, therefore, that I address this brief outline, intending it to be rather a sketch than a dissertation.

It is upon usage alone that we rely to bring any muscle to its complete development. A muscle which is seldom or never used is naturally weak and incapable of its complete work. Use only will strengthen it and bring to the requisite ease of action. It is of the greatest importance to a musician that his hand should be in every way trained to its utmost muscular development. Practice alone will not accomplish this, although it does a great deal towards it, since it only exercises the muscles in certain directions, and within limits. There are some very simple gymnastics which may be used to strengthen the fingers, quite apart from instrumental practice, and which will tend to make the exercises and manœuvres of the finger-board itself considerably easier of compass.

Briefly, the general action of the fingers is controlled by two sets of muscles, the *flexors* and the *extensors*. The former act in closing the hand, or drawing the fingers towards the palm; the latter, in extending or straightening them. There are two flexor muscles common to the four fingers. One of these muscles acts more especially upon the terminal joints. It is this which is more constantly brought into use in the left hand in playing.

There is one common extensor muscle which sends a division to each finger. This muscle can be seen distinctly upon the back of the hand. The divisions extending to the second, third, and fourth fingers are connected by bands termed *vinculæ*. The third finger, therefore, has, in consequence of this, a less free movement than the others, and is commonly considered to be the weakest finger of the hand. Usage, however, will in time give to this finger almost, if not quite, as complete and independent an action as the others. Many pianists and violinists have had these connecting bands or muscles severed, with a view to securing greater freedom of the third finger, but the operation is not a necessary one, and produces no very marked improvement, tending, if anything, to a slight weakening. One special extensor passes to the first or index finger. This finger is consequently the only one which can be said to have a completely independent action. The little finger possesses special muscles not common to the others, and there are also several smaller muscles which give lateral movement to the fingers and aid in flexion and extension. These it is not necessary to enter into minutely. The muscles governing the actions of the thumb are entirely distinct from those of the four other fingers, and considerably more complex.

A very simple example will illustrate the weakness of those muscles not brought into general exercise. Extend your hand, palm upwards, and keeping it perfectly flat and without moving the other fingers, try to bring your little finger up and forward till its tip touches the palm. A year of practice on banjo or mandolin will not have helped you to do this—unless you are what is termed "double-jointed"—yet in playing it is upon the strength and independence of this finger that you so constantly rely.

This same exercise, applied to each finger individually, will in time bring the flexor muscles, which are the ones used most largely in playing, to their complete development. Take each one of the four fingers in turn, holding the three not in use extended perfectly straight by means of the other hand, and work it once or twice a day till it thoroughly aches—which won't take very long at first. In a comparatively short space of time, if you persist with the exercise, you will find that you are able to move each finger in the direction of the palm quite independently, without influencing the rigidity of the others, and the value of this control will be very apparent in musical practice.

A similar gymnastic exercise, bringing the extensor muscles into play, consists in laying the hand palm downward upon a flat surface, and raising each finger in turn without moving

the others. With all except the third finger this will be found much easier than the preceding exercise. The third finger will be found to be greatly hampered in its action by its connection with the fingers on either side, but this can be to a considerable extent overcome, and its action very largely extended.

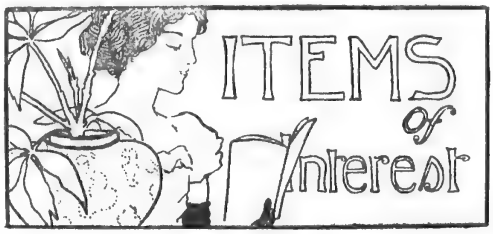
It is said of Paderewski that by placing his hand in this manner upon a thick plate of glass, he can crack the glass by one blow of the middle finger, working simply from the palm. This is rather an unique instance of acquired muscular strength.

It will be found that the fingers of nearly all instrumentalists who have been playing for any length of years, are astonishingly supple in their movements and under an absolute control. They possess a swiftness and exactitude of action which is the despair of the amateur. Yet all this has been brought about simply through usage, and can be accomplished by anyone willing to devote the time and attention necessary to its achievement.

The hand is one of the most wonderful pieces of living mechanism existent. It is complex, sensitive, and accurate to a degree. Upon its accuracy and absolute obedience to the will the musician is entirely dependent in all practical demonstration. It is his tool. Nature has very little to do with this. It is not always the big hand which is the strongest, nor yet the delicate shaped hand which is the most deft. It is training alone which has to do with securing to the hand its most perfect capacity in action. The greater its freedom and strength of movement, the greater your ease and mastery in playing.

I have mentioned only two exercises, because these two alone, brought to any degree of proficiency, will do a very great deal towards attaining independent action of the fingers. Many variations will, however, probably suggest themselves to the student sufficiently interested to make the trial. He may certainly rest assured that ten minutes each day spent in such exercise, outside the time devoted to musical practice, will very shortly render that practice both easier and more beneficial.

Have you seen W. E. Temlett's new illustrated catalogue for 1899—1900? It is "great," and contains some valuable information for banjoists, with Ordinary and Zither-banjos ranging in prices from £1 10s., to £20. There should now be no excuse for the oft-repeated exclamation, "No, Temlett is too expensive. I must have one later on. Buy a cheaper one to learn on." With well known players, such as Pepper, Edgar and Eugene, Sullivan, the Stavordales, Booth and Kennedy using the instruments, this should be sufficient guarantee of an established reputation.—ADVT.



WE are in receipt of a letter from our friend, Rudy Heller, Philadelphia, U.S.A., in which he says "Your bright little journal, THE BANJO, comes to hand regularly. I think it contains more solid, legitimate banjo, mandolin and guitar news than any other journal in the world."

* * *

Mr. Myron Bickford, of Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A., writes :—"Have been giving an entire programme which I enclose. 'Narcissus' is always one of the most taking numbers."

* * *

Our readers will regret to hear that Mr. A. D. Cammeyer has been suffering with a very sharp attack of influenza, which has prevented him from fulfilling any of his numerous engagements. Latest reports, however, state that the talented artiste is slightly better.

* * *

Messrs. Edgar and Eugene have been making a big success at the Empire Palace, Edinburgh, and Tivoli Palace, Glasgow. "West Lawn Polka" is having an enormous run and is enthusiastically encored at each performance.

* * *

We hear the Miles-Stavordale Quintet have commenced an extensive continental tour, which will embrace Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburgh.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that we record the compliment paid recently by one of our greatest living vocalists to a lady whose name as accompanist, and more particularly as a banjo accompanist, is familiar to all readers of our columns, Miss Lilian Bryant. This talented instrumentalist, who has been referred to before now by the press as one of the best lady accompanists in London, was assisting at a concert given at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, at which Madame Albani had kindly consented to sing, and in addition to two pianoforte solos, acted as accompanist for the evening. In the report of the concert, a local paper says :—"At this point on the programme, Madame Albani

was ushered into the room, being escorted by Messrs. Ellis and Rucker. As she entered the door, she graciously accepted a lovely bouquet from Miss Pickett, an inmate on crutches, being the gift of the inmates. Shortly afterwards she sang, giving the inmates Handel's beautiful composition, 'Angels, ever bright and fair,' winning the golden opinions of all. Being encored, she smilingly returned, and sang an Italian song. A little later on in the evening Mme. Albani sang 'Blue bells of Scotland' and 'Within a mile of Edinburgh town.' Again she was recalled, and ascending the platform with Miss Bryant on her arm, bowed her acknowledgments, and responded with a fifth song, 'Home, sweet home.' At the conclusion of the song, she thanked Miss Bryant for the manner in which she had accompanied her."

* * *

Mr. Chris Bern, of Liverpool, is engaged to provide the whole of the entertainment for Lord Amsdale at Hooton on Monday, March 5th.

* * *

W. J. Fletcher, junior, the well-known mandolinist, is specially engaged for Mr. Pidoux's Grand Banjo Concert at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on March 1st.

* * *

Mr. A. W. Newton, the clever and popular banjoist of Cheltenham, is to be congratulated on the splendid concert he gave. A local "Patriotic Concert" and most fearful weather against him, he nevertheless succeeded in getting a crammed full house.

* * *

We hear Messrs. Windsor and Taylor are coming to London again very shortly and will bring along their orchestra. This is good news for us Londoners.

* * *

The largest orchestra consisting of mandolins, guitars, etc., etc., ever organised was the one that performed at St. James's Hall on Feb. 19th, in aid of the War Fund, under the direction of Signor Marchesio. With the help and interest of a great number of different suburban and London teachers, the gentleman got together nearly five hundred instrumentalists, which were heard to great advantage. Besides giving several selections the orchestra accompanied Madame Amy Sherwin in a song, but this was not very successful; otherwise the orchestra was a very strong item.

Vide Daily Mail:—4. "Air de Bijoux" from "Faust" (Gounod), Madame Adelina Patti; 5. The Amateur Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Band, Conductor, Mr. A. D. Cammeyer. This is lifting the good old instrument with a vengeance! All praise is due to Mr. Cammeyer, for who has *lifted* the banjo more than he? (no joke.)

* * *

It is a matter of regret that Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer are so soon dissolving partnership. We heartily wish such a proceeding was unnecessary, but we are informed, on the best authority, that the actual date is June.

* * *

I read, the other day, in a leading London morning paper, the report of Lady Lansdowne's grand concert at Covent Garden. Much space was devoted to the description of dresses worn by many of the more important ladies in the audience and not quite so much to some of the artists. After reading down about two-thirds of the article I found what I was looking for, snugly tucked away in the middle of a paragraph. "After this came Mr. Cammeyer's amateur band others" —something about someone else. I suppose we ought not to expect too much in a programme so chock full of brilliant names as this was, but they might at least have let people know that it was a Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Band, for it is just possible there may be some living who have never heard of Mr. Cammeyer.

* * *

I have often found myself speculating on the origin of catch phrases, and I have no doubt that if we could trace back some of the most popular to their birth, we should find that they originated in the most innocent manner. Last month "Horace Weston," in his interview with Mr. J. C. Bertolle, addressed that gentleman as "friend of my early youth!" He did it with the best intention, and could not have foreseen the consequences, but since then it would seem that anyone who can claim over a week's acquaintance with Mr. Bertolle is entitled to address him in the same way. "Friend of my early youth" may become monotonous, especially if it is accompanied by a slap on the back.

* * *

It is a pity that gut strings should be so named. The name is ugly, to say the least of it, and ladies particularly avoid using it. "I don't mean wire strings, I mean the

others," is the way they generally ask for them. Why doesn't someone invent a pretty name for them ?

* * *

Mr. Bert Meredith (of the White Coon Banjo Team), is visiting the following districts for the purpose of banjo tuition, and intending students will do well to place themselves under his care—Hampstead (Messrs. Rogers and Son, 249 Finchley Road), Ealing (Mr. A. Ewing, the Broadway), Hammersmith (Mr. E. Clarke, The Broadway). Mr. Meredith may also be engaged for Concerts, At Homes, etc. etc. Full particulars and terms for tuition may be obtained at any of the above addresses.

BANJO, GUITAR, AND MANDOLIN TEACHING IN CLASSES.

By Geo. Stannard.

Having been connected with different schools for ten or twelve years, during which time I have watched some of our most learned and able men successfully conduct classes in various branches of art and education, it was mainly through their ideas and influence, that I undertook the task of teaching banjo, guitar, and mandolin in classes five years ago. It is with pride that I say a great many of my last pupils have received instruction only in classes. I do not calculate to take classes in exceptionally large numbers, but I can guarantee success to all pupils I enroll who follow my instructions from twelve to twenty in a class. Anyone who is sceptical on the above subject will be welcomed, and is invited to visit one of my classes, see my work and progress of pupils. The only persons I reject are those engaged in manual labour, whose hands are hard and caloused and would not succeed under any circumstances or conditions.

Suppose a pupil is a little backward; I take him aside, get him to exert his will power and determine to win, make an appointment with him for a little private coaching, and perhaps one private lesson will give him the confidence needed, and he may come out at the head of the class at the end of the season, whereas, at the beginning he seemed the dullest.

I meet each class once a week, for two hours, keep both eyes wide open and closely watch each student by constantly moving about among them, offering such suggestions as I think best, see that they hold their instruments properly, use correct fingering, etc. I give each one a pitch pipe at the first meeting, so after a few weeks all the trouble of tuning may be done away with, thus saving much delay. Before playing an exercise or piece I carefully define it, calling attention to the signature, time mark, different chords, accidentals and everything it contains helpful and instructive to the pupil.

As far as the financial part is concerned a teacher can readily see that class work is more profitable and pleasant. More instruments, music, and merchandise will be sold; he will have many persons working for him who are anxious to start a class.

My Stannard class studies are complete for each instrument; one has no bearing or is dependent on the other, except that each exercise or selection is written for first and second banjo, first and second mandolin, and first and second guitar, and can be used in private instruction as well as in class work. If a teacher does not care for class teaching he may have two pupils in one family studying different instruments; they can practice together and help each other after the first lesson. If the music is different the chances are he would not take the same interest, thinking it would take a long time before he reaches the degree where he can get music written for the two instruments that they can play.

Class teaching in a great many cases has proven a failure, because the teacher has gone into the work blindly or has not had the proper method to work with. With my studies I trust I have opened the way and made the road easier for those interested in class work.

Another point in favour of class teaching which must be recognised sooner or later by every teacher who is dependent on music for a livelihood that he may reach the masses. There are hundreds, yes, thousands, who feel they cannot afford private lessons who will jump at the idea of getting into a class, and will make good, hard-working, serious students.—*Musical Tempo.*

CONCERT NOTICES.

Messrs. Windsor and Taylor's Thirteenth Popular Banjo Concert, Thursday, March 8th. Mr. Olly Oakley, Mr. Alf. Wood, Mr. D. C. Thomas, Signor Marchisio, Miss Dewhurst, Mr. Ernest Shand, and the Birmingham Banjo Orchestra.

Midland Institute (Large Lecture Theatre), Birmingham. Mr. John Pidoux' Grand Orchestral Banjo Festival, (under direction of Messrs. Joseph Riley and Sons), Thursday, March 1st, 1900. Reserved seats, 3s., unreserved, 2s. and 1s., admission, 6d. Tickets and plan at Messrs. Joseph Riley and Sons' Music Warehouse, 56, Corporation Street.

"WHIMWHAMS."

Thos. J. Armstrong dabbles in electricity.

E. M. Hall is fond o' dogs.

Valentine Abt likes variety shows.

Rudy Heller is somewhat an inventor.

R. L. Weaver is a golf enthusiast.

E. Pritchard dabbles in oil and water colours.

W. A. Cole is a crank—on theatres.

Myron A. Bickford collects rare coins.

Erastus Osgood's fad is Monologue.

J. E. Henning collects banjo antiquities.

L. H. Galeucia is a chess enthusiast.

B. E. Shattuck is a sport—dog-and-gun.

Fred C. Meyer wears a new necktie every day.

Frank S. Morrow has the "bicycle craze."

Edith E. Secor collects choice engravings.

O. H. Albrecht is an expert fisherman.

Jessie Delane plays, sings, dances, paints (*on canvas*), composes, writes and teaches.

S. Duncan Baker is a sheriff; has a glass case prison in his house, and 'runs in' all the banjos he can lay hands on.

Geo. Stannard has a workshop over his studio, where he spends his spare moments.

Joseph Cullen makes botany his fad, and his charming wife assists him.

Fred Stuber has a mania for buying shoes!

—Boiled down from Armstrong's Concert Programme.—The Major.

CONCERNING OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By "Minim."

The *Allegro* (Jan.) contains an able article on "Qualifications of the Teacher," by C. W. Wilcox. Weidt's latest hit, "Koonville Koonlets," piano solo, appears in the Musical Supplement. We hear this composition is having a great run in the States. The *Allegro* devotes considerable space to the song publishing trade, and it brings music and musicians together very effectually.

* * *

"Capriccio" of the *Major* is henceforth determined to sway the sceptre of criticism. He is competent for the position. F. L. Keates muses in the January issue upon the subject of banjo music, good, bad, and indifferent. There is a valuable article on "Tone" by C. S. De Lano, and the Musical Supplement is devoted to mandolin and guitar. The *Major* is keeping well ahead.

* * *

Leading articles, "The Imperial Troubadour League" and "The Troubadour Hospital Corps" appear in the February issue of our bright contemporary. Both projects seem to be meeting with very hearty support. The "Theory of Music" column, conducted ably by Glen Turriff, is a very valuable feature. "The Lute in the B. M. and G. Orchestra" is one of many interesting articles which go to prove that the *Troubadour* is on the road of progress.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

W. F. (Northampton). Your letter and reports are always interesting, but please write on *one* side of the paper only.

Sybil Grey. Sorry we cannot accept your contribution in its present form, it wants carefully revising. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Will be returned on receipt of stamps for postage.

E. K. De Cristofaro's Mandolin Tutor will doubtless meet your requirements.

"One in Sympathy." Your letter being written on both sides of the paper, we regret that we are unable to print it. Will you please remember this in future communications?

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of The Banjo. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Communications must be written on one side of the paper only. Otherwise they will be disregarded.*

To the Editor of The Banjo.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We have heard of a banjo "bringing down a house," but now its latest and greatest achievement is raising the propeller of a steamship out of the sea to enable the vessel to sail!! What ho!!! Ship ahoy!!!!

But as this is only a canine "tail" of the sea, I think the most appropriate remark to make is "Rats."

Yours marinely,

"A YOUNG SEA PUP."

To the Editor of The Banjo.

5, Creek Street, Canning Town, E.

Dear Sir,—I should be pleased to hear of any mandola, guitar, banjeaurine, 'cello, or bass players (amateurs) desiring to join a band in the east of London.

Yours faithfully, A. WIMPORY.

To the Editor of The Banjo.

Kensington, *February 22nd.*

Dear Sir,—The letter signed "Fairplay the Second" was correct in every detail and I was indeed surprised at the course Mr. Gordon took in the matter.

Yours faithfully, ALBAN BOOTH.

To the Editor of The Banjo.

Birmingham, *February 22nd.*

Dear Sir,—We wish to draw your kind attention to the London Banjo Orchestral Concert, which will be held in St. Martin's Town Hall on Wednesday, April 4th.

The celebrated Birmingham Banjo Orchestra will travel by special train, Mr. Olly Oakley will appear as Solo Zither Banjo, and Miss Dewhurst as vocalist.

Yours faithfully,

WINDSOR AND TAYLOR.

Will C. Pepper's

NEXT

BANJO CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. MARTIN'S TOWN HALL

CHARING CROSS

Friday, April 27th, 1900.

All the best available Talent will appear

Full Particulars will be duly announced

Orchestral Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8. Carriages at 10.30.

No Money taken at the Doors until 7.45., except for Reserved Seats

Plan and Tickets at the Hall; Will C. Pepper's Banjo Studio, 39, Haymarket, W.; and of Messrs. J. A. Turner, 39, Oxford Street, and 33, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; J. A. Mills, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings and 26, New Bond Street, W.; Alban Booth, 34, Thurloe Place, South Kensington; W. J. Fletcher, 100, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; C. Bromley, 6, Eversholt Street, Camden Town; J. C. Allan, 50, Copthall Avenue, E.C.; W. E. Temlett, 29, Charlotte Street, S.E., etc., etc.

The Special "MOZART" BANJO

"The Banjo with a BIG MUSICAL NAME."—*Vide Press.*

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THE MILES - STAVORDALE QUINTETTE

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EDGAR & EUGENE

(The celebrated American Banjoists, now on Tour in England)

A. H. NASSAU-KENNEDY

(The renowned Canadian Banjoist)

WILL C. PEPPER, etc.

105, BRONDESBURY ROAD, N.W.
23rd April, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND TEMLETT,

The Mozart, (1899 Model) which you made specially for me *is very satisfactory indeed.* No Instrument could be more accurately fretted, and so far as finish and the ease with which it can be played are concerned, *it is without a rival in the country.*

Wishing you every success,
Very truly yours,
(Signed) A. H. NASSAU-KENNNEDY.

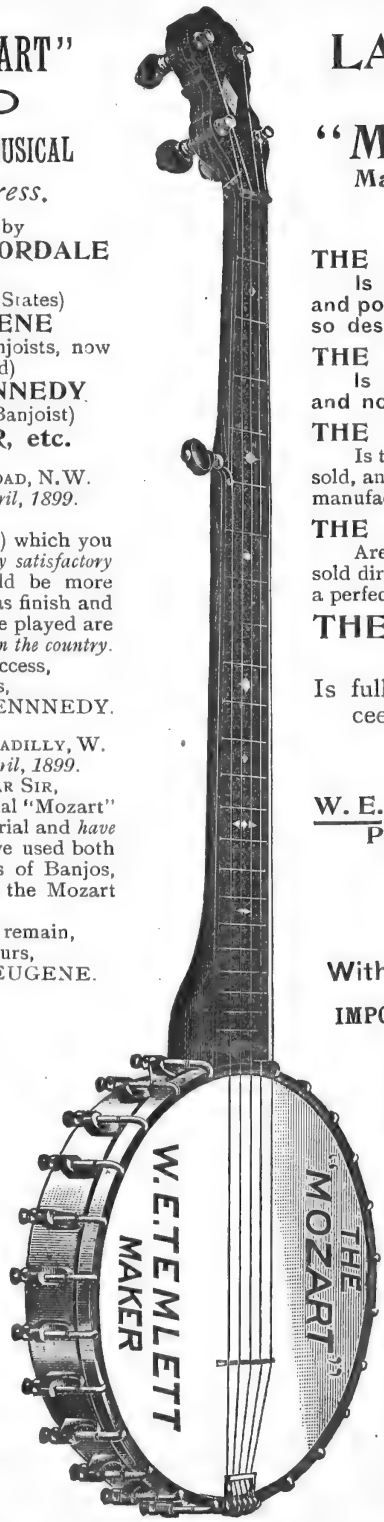
LONDON PAVILION, PICCADILLY, W.
1st April, 1899.

Mr. W. E. TEMLETT—DEAR SIR,

We have given your Special "Mozart" Banjos (1899 Model) a good trial and *have decided to adopt them,* we have used both English and American makes of Banjos, and find *for brilliancy of tone* the Mozart *has no equal.*

With kind regards, we remain,
Faithfully yours,
Signed) EDGAR & EUGENE.

What better guarantee could a purchaser desire than the above Testimonials received from the leading English and American Performers who are at the present time using the "MOZART."



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The Special "MOZART" Banjo.

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THE "MOZART"
Is made of the choicest materials and possesses the quality of musical tone so desirable in a Concert Banjo.

THE "MOZART"
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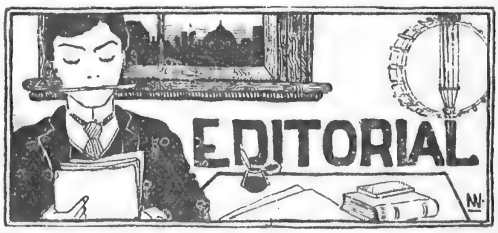
MUSIC—"Dinky's Patrol" (Banjo).

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]



WE are glad to note rather more encouraging reports from London and the Provinces this month, although the war still continues to exert a very depressing influence upon the profession generally; having created in fact a typical "slack season" during what should be the busiest and most prosperous months in the year. Without dwelling, however, on the dull side of affairs, we can only hope for better times in the near future. Some have been throughout more fortunate than others, but there is not one who has not suffered in one way or another from the universal complaint — business standstill. Across the Atlantic the season seems to be a fairly busy one; each month brings new artists before the public in the banjo, mandolin and guitar world, and adds fresh laurels to the fame of those already widely known. Judging from present achievements, the West is one of the greatest fields of advance. Some of our most progressive journals hail from thence; it has produced virtuosos second to none of the East; many of the most prominent Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Organisations of the day belong to Western cities.

* * *

South African news reaching us from time to time is necessarily somewhat fragmentary in character. The banjo is still "going strong" there, however, despite disturbing influences; and its voice is as cheery as ever, as befits "the war drum of the white man round the world." As a banjo centre, Cape Town has been for a time actively to the fore, and the instrument is well represented there.

* * *

The question of universal notation would appear to have dropped for a while, or at

least, one hears of it only at intervals. One might ask:—Why all that spasmodic display of anxiety on the subject, if nothing was going to be done about it after all? A little while ago a definite move was anticipated—and we are still anticipating; but the vexed question seems to be getting "no forrarder." Is banjo music (transatlantic) destined to be written in A and played in C for all time, or is the thing ever going to be set right? Perhaps this sudden cessation of enthusiasm about it comes from a disinclination on part of the music publishers to spend money on new plates. This is in a degree reasonable. But why should not the *new* music be published in the correct notation, at all events? This would be breaking the ice, and though it might conceivably come as a shock to backwoods "artists" who can only read in three keys, still the idea is surely worth a definite trial. Wanted—a pioneer.

* * *

Perhaps, on the other hand, it is simply awaiting some evidence of open support in professional circles. I am driven to the conclusion that there must be a specially contrived limbo for all the projects awaiting similar support and approbation. They would make a pretty long list. The amateur, especially, has a wonderful confidence in the power of the "professional" (is it a magic in the name?) to smooth over all difficulties. One is continually in receipt of ideas, vaguely sketched, with the final sanguine opinion expressed, that if only a few of our leading professionals could be induced to take the matter up—well, something might be done, in short. Unfortunately, the "leading professional" seems to be a shy sort of bird, particularly as regards the adoption of new ideas, that is; and so the taking up never comes to pass. Now, considering that some of the proposed schemes that have thus fallen to earth again, as it were, have been pretty good ones, there is something pathetic in this persistent and serene lack of response. Is it modesty—that no one likes to assume openly the title of the "leading professional?" I can't quite believe this, even with trying hard. But the phrase *is* rather ambiguous, and perhaps a little judicious sorting out might help to clear the way. In the meantime one can only reply earnestly to these castle-builders in search of support—"first catch your hare."

HAVE you seen W. E. Temlett's New Illustrated Catalogue, of 24 pages? If not you can have one sent you for the mere asking, a post card will do, but first try and procure one through your nearest music-seller or teacher.

BIRMINGHAM.

A large audience gathered at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, March 10th, for the annual ballad and instrumental concert arranged by Mr. Alfred E. James, and a very good programme was provided. Perhaps the most pleasing and artistic contributions to the list were those by Mr. John Pidoux's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra. The fifty performers who took part interpreted their music with verve and skill, and the general effect was very tuneful. Miss Gertrude Marks was well received for her sympathetic rendering of "All in a garden fair," while Mr. A. Thomson proved a very capable baritone, and Mr. Sydney Stoddard, bass, was equally appreciated. Mr. John Pidoux played banjo solos, "Reverie Pathetique" (Pidoux), "Pizzicato" from "Sylvia" (Delibes), "Carnival de Venice" (Air Varie), and "Carmen" Grand March (Bizet), in charming style, displaying exceptional technique and a pure tone. Mr. Tracy James gave some excellent piano solos. He also acted as accompanist.

"Messrs. Windsor and Taylor's banjo concert at the Town Hall on the 8th, to which we briefly alluded last week, was one of the most successful and best attended of the many admirable concerts the firm have promoted. It is singular to note the popularity of the banjo. Admirers of more classic instruments profess to regard it with a kind of amused contempt which it hardly merits, but, for all this, it is certain that its hold on the public is continually growing, and a glance at the queue which, an hour before the doors were opened, encircled the Town Hall, showed what a numerous and enthusiastic body it is that the little instrument appeals to. Mr. Ernest Shand was one of the stars of the evening, his guitar solo being loudly applauded. Mr. Olly Oakley, on the zither banjo, displayed the mastery of the instrument which has made him famous. Signor Marchisio's mandolin solos were beautifully rendered, and the banjo work of Mr. A. Wood and Mr. D. C. Thomas was most artistic. Miss Dewhurst's singing, and Mr. Nelson Jackson's contributions were

most enjoyable, and the Birmingham Banjo Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. A. J. Taylor, played several selections in spirited style."—*The Owl.*

Mr. Albert P. Monk scored with his banjo solos given at the Festival held in the Midland Institute on March 1st, receiving hearty encores.

Bow and Bromley Institute, Bow.

The White Coon Banjo Team fulfilled an engagement at the above Institute on March 24th, and although the programme consisted of sixteen items, encores were so numerous that twenty-four items were given. Messrs. Will C. Pepper and Bert Meredith in their banjo duets were a great success, and they gave "White Coons," "Columbian March," "West Lawn Polka," "Realm of Beauty," and "Brother Josh," this latter piece going splendidly. Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Chas. Conyers were very much appreciated. We hear Mr. Pepper has booked two dates for the coming session from the management of the hall.

Bradford.

Messrs. Harrison and O'Flynn, the "Yorkshire Premier Banjo Duo," report a very busy time this season as regards both concerts and pupils. These gentlemen have been working a great many of the principal halls in the north of England, and have met with great success wherever they have appeared. Their repertoire, which is extensive, comprises both classical and popular selections. Of the latter, they have made considerable hits with "Narcissus," "Darkies' Wedding," "Drexel March," etc. We hear these gentlemen are already booked well into next year, including many re-engagements, and are now making preparations for their holiday bookings.

Chesham.

At a concert given in the Temperance Hall on March 13th, Mr. F. Norman played banjo solos, "Yellow Kids' Patrol" and "Mill Dam Galop"; and with Mr. J. Stacey, gave a banjo duet, "Gaiety," each item meeting with a hearty reception. Other successful numbers were: mandolin quintet, "Sleeping Beauty March," by Miss G. Child, Messrs. F. Lacey and J. Wright, guitar, Miss L. Lacey, banjo, Mr. F. Norman; instrumental trio, "Ruby Gertrude," flute, violin and piano, by Messrs. G. Moyse, F. Norman and Miss M. Abbot (encored), and a violin solo by Miss B. M. Wallington. Mr. F. Norman was encored for "Musical Novelties."

Chesham.

At the Star of Hope musical evening on Friday, March 2nd, F. Norman played banjo solo, "Yellow Kids' Patrol" (encored), and "Mill Dam"; also mandolin solo, "Valse D'Espagnole." Mr. G. Moyes played piccolo solo, "Mazurka" (encored), and "Sleeping Beauty" March. A mandolin, violin and piano trio, "Marianne," by Misses G. Child, B. M. Wallington and E. How, was greatly applauded.

Hull.

Mr. D. Milner's Banjo and Mandolin Band gave a very successful concert in St. George's Hall, Story Street, on February 6th, assisted by Mr. D. Milner, Junior, Mr. J. W. McKee, Mr. J. Holland, and Mr. R. Seabrook; Mr. A. W. Lambert acting as accompanist for the evening. We append the programme given, which met throughout with thorough appreciation.—Part 1.—Overture, "Talisman" (Hill), Banjo Band; song, "Pilot Jack" (Allon), Mr. J. W. McKee; banjo solo, "Bells of New York" (Kennedy), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; song, "A Soldier's Song" (Mascheroni), Mr. J. Holland; banjo trio, "Dora" (Ellis), Messrs. Roberts, Wright, and Sawyer; mandolin solo, "Broken Melody" (Van Biene), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; song, Mr. R. Seabrook; banjo band, "Newport Galop" (arr. Kennedy). Part 2.—Banjo band, "Coloured Band" (Eno); song, "A Sailor's Grave" (Sullivan), Mr. J. W. McKee; banjo solo, "Amaryliss" (Bertholdt), Mr. D. Milner, Junr., encore; song, Mr. J. Holland; banjo duett, "Westminster Polka March" (Dallas), Miss Kitty Roberts, Miss Alice Milner; mandolin solo, "Momento" (James), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; song, Mr. R. Seabrook; banjo band, "Highland Dance" (Kennedy).

Kennington.

At a concert given by the Cricket Club at the De Laune Institute, New Street, on Feb. 23rd, Mr. A. Bailey was most successful with a banjo solo, "Dreams of Darkie Land," winning great applause. Among other items on the programme were mandolin selections, "To the Front" and "Newport Galop" given by the "Mikados."

Leeds.

Mr. A. Warner writes:—The banjo has been going very well here the whole of the season, and in spite of War Concerts (which have taken a fair amount of my time up), I have done very well with regard to other engagements and pupils, of which I have

now a good connection. Messrs. Mays and Hunter were here a fortnight ago and I was fortunate enough to secure an introduction to these fine performers, who treated me with the greatest courtesy. A few of my advanced pupils attended the "Empire" purposely to hear these talented artistes. In addition to playing "The Patrol of the Powers," "Church Service," etc., Mr. Hunter gave "Second Rhapsodie" (Liszt). They were encored repeatedly, and must have made many friends for the instrument.

NEWINGTON.

The second concert in aid of the St. Mary, Newington, Cricket Club took place in the Parochial Hall on the 22nd ult., and proved a marked success. Among the most successful artists was Mr. A. Evans, whose wonderful performance on the violin entranced a crowded hall. Mr. Ernest Tremelling's 'cello solos were rendered skilfully, and Mr. A. A. Bailey distinguished himself on the banjo, playing "White Coons" and "Dreams of Darkie Land," whilst Mr. H. Pearson thrilled the audience with his remarkable fine recitation, "Me and Bill." Mr. F. Everett, with his fine tenor voice, elicited hearty approval, as did Master P. S. Eustace in the "Promise of Life." Messrs. Sargent and E. Hinde (humourists), were remarkably successful, the latter being specially so. Two sketches, "Hard Up Rivals" (by Messrs. Burrows, Sargent and Overton), and "Pat Molloy, the Litherary Ganius" (by Messrs. Hancock, Overton, Sargent, Burrows, Riches and Nicholls), were loudly applauded and much enjoyed, the acting in the first sketch being remarkably good. Mr. W. R. Eustace officiated at the piano, and the stage management and decorations were under the direction of Mr. A. M'Vey.

NEWPORT.

On Thursday, February 22nd, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn, G. Redman, and Miss E. M. Williams appeared at Michaelstone to fulfil an engagement. The concert room was crowded with a select and appreciative audience, and amongst others Lady G. Walker brought a party. At a Benefit Concert held at the Cambrian Arms Hotel on March 5th, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman played banjo solos, "Bonnie Scotland." Mr. Gus Finn also received an encore for his comic song. The concert was a great success, over £50 being raised.

On Thursday, March 8th, at the National Sailors and Firemen's Union Dinner held at the Shaftesbury Café, the Mayor presiding, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman played Banjo solos. Mr. Gus Finn also rendered several excellent songs.

On Saturday, March 17th, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn, G. Redman, F. Hughes, S. Cunhan, and Miss E. M. Williams appeared at the Temperance Hall, and had a splendid reception, playing "Selections" (encore, "Lorne Polka March"), and "Bon-Bon" (encored.)

NORTHAMPTON.

Mr. Will Felce writes:—I have nothing much to report this month in the way of concerts, as except the usual Saturday evening talks at the Town Hall on March 17th, we have not had any engagements. I enclose press report of same. We appeared in costume and were given a very hearty reception for the "Fanfare de Dragon Galop" and Kennedy's "Bonnie Scotland," the audience insisting on an encore for our first piece, time not allowing an encore to second selection. With respect to studio work I have every vacancy I get filled up at once, and am pleased to say have a full book for the next three or four months; and taking into consideration there being five other teachers in the town, three of which are old pupils of mine, it speaks well for the popularity of the banjo in Northampton.

The frequenters of the Saturday Evening Talks at the Town Hall were, on Saturday evening, again entertained to an enjoyable musical evening. The programme opened with a selection, "Fanfare," by the Connaught Banjo Team, which was enthusiastically encored, "Newport Galop" being given in response. Mr. S. Robinson gave a fine rendering of "The Handy Man" (Somervell), and later in the evening he sang "Killaloe." Mr. W. G. Haynes's flute solo, "Tu Vedrai La Sventuata" (Bellini) was much appreciated as was also his concert valse, "Silver Birds" (Le Thiere) on the piccolo. The comic element was supplied by Mr. W. Barcock, who first sang "I've a terrible lot to do to-day," for which he was enthusiastically encored. He later in the evening sang "The amateur actors." The Lute Quartet (Messrs. Kilburn, Broxton, Coles, and Lamberton) gave a fine rendering of "Annie Laurie," and in response to an encore, gave "Simple Simon" (Macey). Miss L. Faulkner, of the Northampton Amateur Minstrels, sang "The Promise of Life" (Cowen), for which she was enthusiastically encored. Mr. H. Beard-Brown, of the Northampton Amateur Minstrels, gave

a humorous "talk," which was well received, and kept the audience in roars of laughter, his "tall" stories being very funny. The Connaught Banjo Team played a much-appreciated selection, "Bonnie Scotland." Miss M. Bartle sang sweetly, "My gal is a high-born lady."

PECKHAM.

Our correspondent reports: Champion Hill Cycling Club held their third annual dinner at Mackey's Hotel, Rye Lane, on Thursday, March 22nd, which proved a big success in every way. The hard working secretary had provided an excellent entertainment. The vocalists were Messrs. Llewellyn, May, Marrett, Chessell, Baker, E. J. Fish, J. A. Fish, Lassham, and last but not least, Mr. A. Bailey, whose comic contributions were much enjoyed. A noticeable feature of the evening was a banjo trio composed of Mr. Linley Belmont and his two pupils, Messrs. Baker and Fish. The two well-known pieces, "Reign of Love" Waltz and "Columbian March" were most effectively rendered and loudly encored. "Mozart" banjos were used. The Misses Sharland and Gregory proved themselves most able accompanists.

ROTHWELL.

Mr. Charles H. Brown, of Leeds, met with very great success at a concert given here on March 13th, scoring well with both instrumental items and the character sketches for which he has achieved considerable fame. The Rothwell *Times* says:— Mr. Brown's mandolin solo, "Home, Sweet Home," was in some parts simply delicious, and although the variations are almost too quick for the mandolin, the piece was greatly enjoyed. In the banjo sketch, the player was very successful. His encore was "The Old Man on the Common," a laughable little ditty. Mr. Brown's entire performance gave every satisfaction to a decidedly critical audience.

SOUTHSEA.

An interesting concert was held last week at the Fawcett Road schoolroom, Southsea, and drew a large audience. The Banjo Band, under Miss Radford, which is making steady progress, contributed a number of selections and earned well merited applause. They first gave a creditable rendering of the "Coloured Band Patrol," and this was supplemented by "Negro Melodies" (Ellis), which was encored; another capital item was "Darkies Patrol," and great approval greeted the conclusion of "Curly Coons," a selection played uncommonly well. The band, which numbers about twenty instruments comprising banjeaurine, banjos, mandolins, mandolas, and guitars, was ably led by Miss Radford. Songs were given by Mrs. E. C. Allen, Mr. E. C. Allen, Mr. A. G. Freby, and Miss Kennish, the latter particularly distinguishing herself by her expressive rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Miss Hine showed proficiency on the harp, and Miss Freby contributed a pianoforte solo. Mr. G. W. Allen gave a couple of recitations.

SWINDON.

Mr. Albert P. Monk's Banjo Festival was held on February 21st in the large Swimming Baths, his Orchestra and Concert Party appearing before an audience of fourteen hundred people. The augmented band numbered about sixty. Extra talent from London, Bath, and Bristol was engaged, and a splendid programme was given under the management of Mr. Horace Dyer. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Mahoney.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END.

The White Coon Banjo Team were engaged by Miss Van Wart with the 2nd Life Guards Band, Miss Fanny Wentworth, Mr. Nelson Hardy, and Mr. Reginald Kenneth. The tremendous building was crowded, there being nearly 5,000 in the audience. The "Coons" proved very popular, nearly all the items being re-demanded.

TWYFORD.

Miss Ada M. Watson gave a very successful concert at St. Mary's Hall in aid of the *Daily Mail* A.M.B. Fund. We believe this talented lady handed over a considerable sum to the Fund. A splendid programme was arranged, of which Miss Watson performed a large share. Mr. H. A. Lampe also played "Valse de Concert" and "Columbian March," receiving encores for both his items.

IT matters naughts to you and me
If this, the new born year,
Begins or ends a century;
Our duty still is clear.
Each in the span of his own life—
Amid the storm and bustle—
Must win his laurels in the strife;
So get to work and hustle.

—*Washington Star.*

"KENNEDY'S GALOP" is a real good Banjo Solo, get it at once. Post Free, 1s. 5d.

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

LINLEY BELMONT.

Mr. Linley Belmont may be—and I don't mean to say that I have any reason to doubt that he is—a most estimable young man, but whatever other good qualities or virtues he may lay claim to, I am bound to say that punctuality is not one of them. He promised faithfully to meet me at seven o'clock, and did not arrive till half-past six! the consequence being that when I reached home after the interview, my solitary evening meal was hopelessly burned, and my temper ruffled. His apology was weak too—very weak! "He had met a man who had a banjo which he got from another man, and he wanted to know, etc., etc." However, as he is a somewhat important individual in his own way—I don't mean in his own estimation, for he is really modesty personified—and also taking into consideration that he is a bigger man than I am, I thought it better to conceal my displeasure and get on with the interview.

"You have been teaching the banjo a long time now, haven't you?"

"For more than ten years, and through long experience and practice, I believe I have acquired a method of teaching beginners, which would be hard to beat. I have been the recipient of numerous testimonials from pupils who, since leaving me, have attained eminence in the profession, and most of them have been good enough to say that it was owing to the thorough ground work I gave them to work on. In some instances I have had pupils who were not actually beginners, but have given me more trouble than if they were, for they have to "unlearn" nearly all they have previously learned, and are of course at first inclined to grumble, but when once I have convinced them of the advantages of the modern style of fingering, they become most enthusiastic and diligent."

"Have you many pupils?"

"About as many as I can manage now, and my time is fully taken up. The banjo is justly called an "increasingly popular instrument," for banjo business was never better than it is at the present time, and I know many ladies who have discarded the mandolin and guitar in favour of the banjo."

"Which banjo do you prefer?"

"Well, for drawing-room playing I like the zither-banjo, but I think it is a generally accepted fact that a good ordinary, such as the 'Mozart,' is absolutely indispensable for the concert platform or stage. I don't do quite so much solo playing as I used to, because I have so little time, but I have had a long and varied experience, both as banjo player and comic singer. I have been a member of three minstrel troupes, and some years back ran a little suburban Music Hall, and several of the artists who were willing to perform then for a few shillings per night, are now earning at some of our principal halls quite respectable salaries."

I have heard Mr. Belmont sing, and thought at the time that if he went in for it seriously, and affected the "Chevalier" style of coster song, that gentleman would have to look to his laurels; but he appears to really like teaching the banjo, which is more than I do! and it is well for young aspirants that such is his turn of mind.

"What solos do you like?"

"Well, when I used to play, there were not very many good solos to pick from, but now there are dozens, which gives the up-to-date performer a great advantage. I think the solos published by Mr. W. E. Temlett are some of the brightest and most effective that have ever been produced. Pieces I am very fond of are Eno's 'Valse de Concert,' 'Academy,' 'Andante and Waltz,' and 'Reign of Love,' and when I play nowadays I generally pick from them."

Mr. Belmont has been engaged by the "Exchange and Mart" Journal for a considerable period as banjo expert and valuer, and what he doesn't know about a banjo is unfit for publication. Many are the stories he has to tell of individuals who seek to advertise banjos "by the best makers, excellent quality of tone, beautifully finished, and inlaid,&c. Original cost, £16 16s.—sacrifice 25s. including case," and all that sort of thing; in nine cases out of ten turning out to be absolute humbugs. But our hero is down on them like a thousand bricks, and has prevented many a gullable youth from being swindled. He has a quiet, droll way of talking, and quite a professional appearance and is an indefatigable teacher. He holds his court in East Dulwich, and in his quiet, unassuming way has done more good in the banjo interest than many well advertised men. He likes his little joke too.

When I had got through my catechism, he said he would like to ask me a question which had been puzzling him for some time, and I began to wonder what my opinion was likely to be worth, but driving away all thoughts of my waiting meal, I settled down to listen, and resolved to answer to the best of my ability.

"Now," said he, impressively, "I know you are intimate with all the principles of

harmony, counterpoint and fugue, and I have often wished to meet someone to whom I could put this query; someone, I mean, who would understand what I am talking about."

I felt flattered, but nervous, and began to think of my meal again, but I didn't like to tell him that I knew next to nothing about either harmony or counterpoint, so he went on:

"Well, you know that the strings of the banjo are all of the same length—that is all except the octave string, which is shorter than the others, but I don't include the octave string in this, because it is, as it were, a string,—well, you might call it an auxiliary string—and therefore does not come under the same heading. But the other strings, although of the same length, are not of the same thickness, nor even of the same material—at least, not always of the same material, because the first is sometimes of wire and sometimes not, but that doesn't matter much. Well, we'll say these strings are, say twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches long—(it would amount to the same thing in the end), and are of any material you like, except the bass, which is, as you know, usually made of silk and covered with wire, and is rather thicker than the others, although sometimes it is not so thick as the third, and yet, when you touch the bass string at the twelfth fret and pick it gently, you get an harmonic, isn't that so?"

I said it was so, but what was so I didn't quite understand.

"Such being the case, then, and taking into consideration the acoustic properties of the materials used in the construction of the banjo, and the elasticity of the strings and also the vibrating power of the vellum, why shouldn't you be able to do the same on the other strings?"

"Do what on the other strings?" said I.

He looked at me with a pained expression and said he was afraid he had not put it plainly, and that I did not quite follow him.

I began to think I should be very pleased to follow him—through the door! I also thought of my meal and sighed—but I made another effort to understand him as he propounded his awful problem again, beating time with his right forefinger on the palm of his left hand.

"You know the bass string, don't you?" I had to admit that I was fairly well acquainted with the bass string—had known it for years, in fact.

"Very well, then! You know perfectly well that if you touch the string in the middle—that is, at the twelfth fret, you divide the number of vibrations by two—I should say you increase the number of vibrations by two, for of course the number of vibrations thus obtained by each half of the string is just double that which you would obtain by striking the string at full length, though if the string happened to be tuned half a note higher or half a note lower, the number of vibrations would not be the same, and I feel sure that this is the reason why the—"

"Please excuse me, Mr. Belmont," said I in despair," but my dinner—I mean I have an important appointment in five minutes time, and if you don't mind we will resume this interesting conversation some other day."

"All right, I'm sorry you can't stop, but I should like to know your opinion, so shall be glad if you will think it over."

"I will," said I, and kept my word, for I have thought of nothing else since, until my nerves all vibrate more than the strings do.

The Editor, who knows Mr. Belmont better than I do, says he was fooling me with a lot of gibberish, and if he was I think it a beastly shame!

"HORACE WESTON."

BANJO AND MANDOLIN CONCERT AT BRIGHTON.

FIFTY POUNDS FOR OFFICERS' WIDOWS.

THE platform of the Music Room of the Brighton Pavilion was gay on Saturday afternoon with the red, white and blue ribbons of a number of mandolins, guitars, banjeaurines, and banjos; whilst two of the lady banjoists appeared in khaki costumes, daintily made khaki dresses, with brass buttons, and khaki felt hats. Obviously the concert was for a War Fund. Hence it is gratifying to add that the room was crammed. The concert had been organised on behalf of the War Fund for Officers' Widows and Orphans by the pupils of Mr. W. H. Plumbridge, who had themselves defrayed all the expenses, so that the entire proceeds might go to the benefit of the Fund. When Mr. Plumbridge came forward to thank the audience for their patronage and to announce the results, his own labours and his personal popularity led to his being received with a round of applause that prevented him from speaking for several seconds, and the applause was renewed with emphasis when he was at last able to declare that the concert had realised quite £50.

At other stages of the afternoon there was

no lack of applause. Need it be said that the ladies in khaki, Miss M. Holt and Miss M. Johnson, secured a hearty encore for one of their sprightly duets. The duets, by the way, would have been trios but for the fact that Miss E. Brown, the third lady in khaki was indisposed. Another item that roused the audience into demanding an encore was a mandolin quintett played by the Misses L. Andrewes, M. Brill, K. Phillips, M. Steele, and A. Rogers, with the taste and unanimity that stamped all the performances on this class of string instruments. The accomplishments of Mr. Richard Rickard as a pianist also found recognition in his being encored for a "Nocturne" and a "Ballade" by Chopin. Had these compliments in all cases been awarded according to merit, then Miss Florence Donovan would have shared in them by virtue of her skilled and delicate treatment of a couple of songs. The other vocalist was Miss Gertrude Hall, who sang a couple of songs by Elgar and Tosti's "Vieille Chanson Espagnole," and at the end of the concert led off the singing by the audience of the "National Anthem," to the accompaniment of Mr. Plumbridge's Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band. This Band contributed four selections, and, whilst they acquitted themselves admirably in everything, they especially pleased the audience with a "Serenade." The melody, exactly suited to the silvery tones of the tinkling mandolin, rose and fell in mellifluous cadence, with a constant play of shading as from one instrument, whilst the deeper toned instruments filled in an effective harmony. The banjo is a less sensitive instrument. Leaving the mandolin to utter its love plaints, it delights to strum out marches and to put all its energies into exuberant patrols. To compositions of this class then did Mr. Plumbridge's Banjo Orchestra apply itself with dexterity and precision. The opening item no doubt came as a special treat for the gorgeous, but fearsome creatures that belong to the adornments of the music room. All three mandolin soloists received a recall for their refined performances—Miss L. Andrews for a tremulous melody, suggestive of "Visions," Miss L. M. Northern for a "Reverie," and Miss M. Gaskell for Gounod's "Ave Maria," at the close of which she left the platform laden with a handsome bouquet and basket of flowers. Miss A. Crockett and Miss F. Holman were much applauded for a harp duett, whilst Miss Feodora Andrews so much pleased the audience with an emotional and a whimsical recitation, the former being Kipling's "Soldier, Soldier," that she was twice recalled. Mr. Ernest A. Hedgecock made an efficient accompanist. Apart from those already named the bands consisted of Mrs Webster, Mrs. Kingston, and the Misses D. Bellerby, A. Clutterbuck, M. Ingledew, R. Jennings, E. Smith, M. Slade, D. Waghorn, H. Coote, E. Imray, M. Jennings, R. Smith, V. Wright, A. M. Creswell, R. Edwards, K. Langfield, A. Scott, E. Young, S. Smith, C. Bell, H. Coote, H. Goldsmith, L. Holloway, A. Langfield, L. Morgan, E. Rose, F. Mitten, A. Scott, and Mr. G. Harrison.

The seating arrangements were by Messrs. Lyon and Hall.—*The Brighton Herald.*

HOW FARLAND PLAYED "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The Virginia Pilot (Norfolk, Va.) in its issue of January 17th, contains the following description of Farland's rendition on the banjo, of "Home, Sweet Home," given at a recital the night before:

"It was the old but ever new 'Home, Sweet Home,' of John Howard Payne, and had Payne heard him he would have wept with pleasure.

"When he first turned the banjo's attention to it a country church choir was singing it, and just putting their hearts right into it. Then, although 'twas Sunday, a lot of street boys got whistling and singing it and he put the banjo up to keeping time. Then Si Slocum, who sings tenor through his nose, got at it, and the boys sang the chorus, and Uncle Josiah, him as has the big bass voice, sang it as a solo, and that banjo furnished more trills and quavers than a mocker or a cat-bird ever thought of, and then—everybody went to sleep and dreamed, and in the vision was the old farmhouse and Mary at the little cabinet organ, grandma sitting by the fireplace, pa and ma on either side the reading lamp and ma a knitting and the boys and girls standing round Mary singing it, and the wind whistling around the house, and the snow sifting off the trees and ma stopped knitting and was crying quietly, while a big tear trickled down pa's face as he glanced over his glasses at a picture on the wall and—and, your throat choked and your eyes hurt, and—well he stopped playing, and the vision faded.

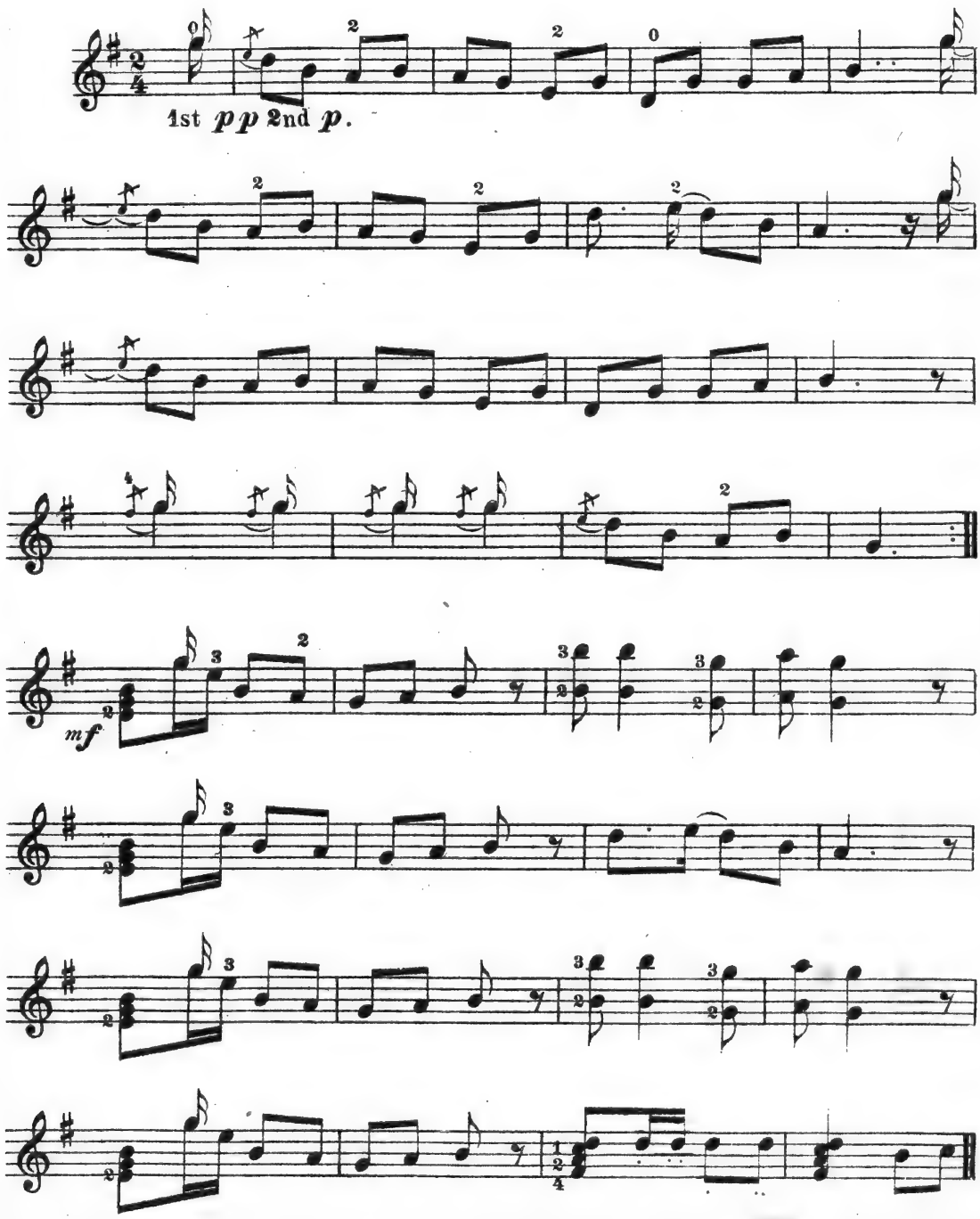
"That's how Farland played 'Home, Sweet Home.'"—*The Allegro.*

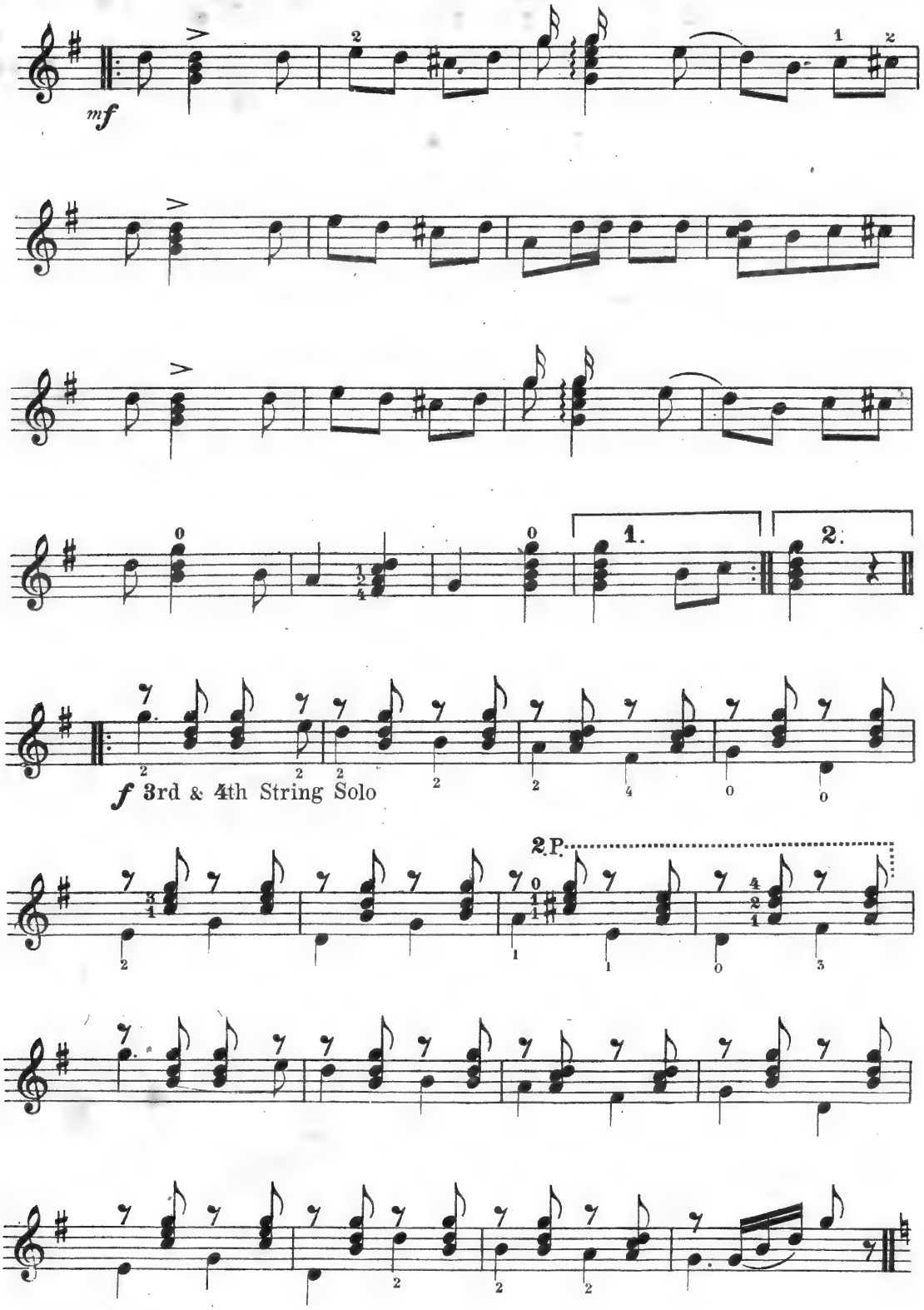
SIGNED Cabinet Photos of Mr. Will C. Pepper and Mr. W. E. Temlett will be sent, post free, for 1s. each.—[Advt].

DINKY'S PATROL.

ELEVATED BASS.

ALF: W. NEWTON.

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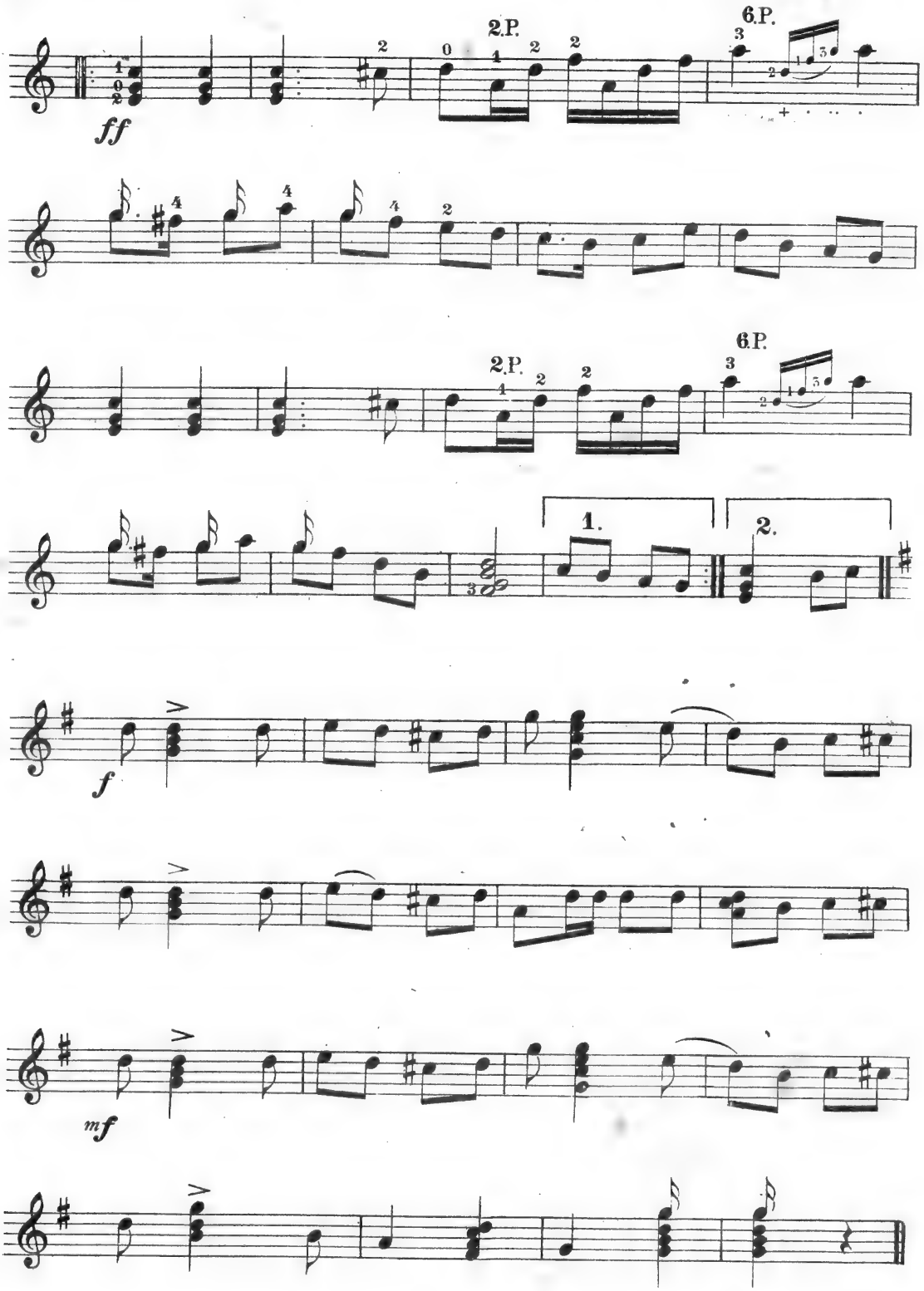
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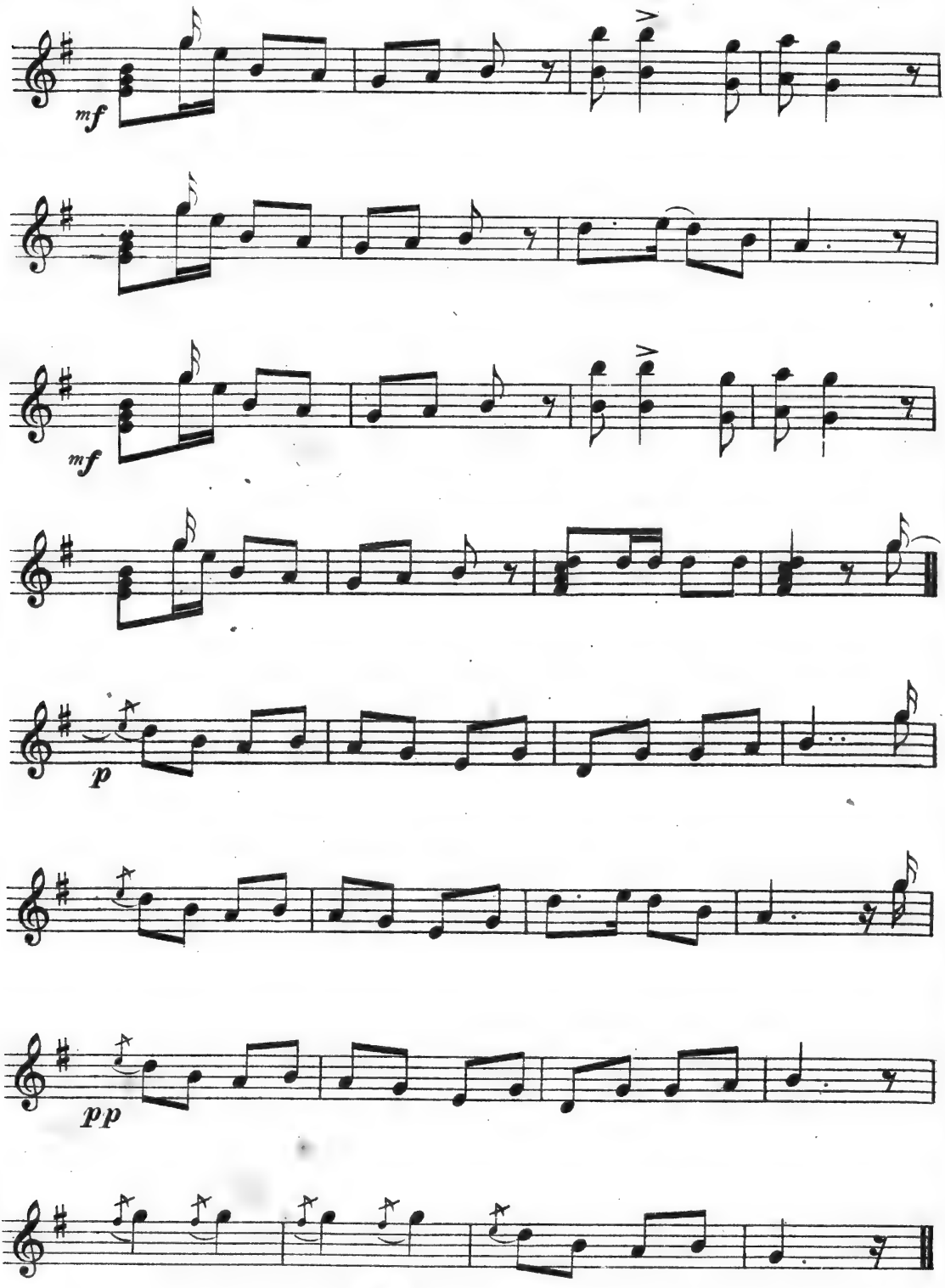

Dinky's Patrol. "Brother Josh" Played everywhere.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

MAKING A START.

I.

THE FIRST QUESTION.

" 'How am I to get in?' asked Alice again, in a louder voice.

" '*Are* you to get in at all?' said the Footman. 'That's the first question, you know.' "

THERE is more than one problem to confront the young teacher on the outset of his career. Having once decided upon a profession, there will be a hundred minor points which will demand consideration before the matter of ways and means is finally settled. Looked at, however, from a purely practical standpoint, which is after all the important view, the chief question to present itself is:—Am I perfectly certain that I have sufficient ability, of the sort the public requires, to justify me in entering a field which, although wide, is nevertheless one of keen competition and hard-earned reward? Can I compare my own achievement honestly, side by side, with the achievements of others in the profession, and feel that they are as good?

This is rather a steep qustion to put, I am aware. Yet a great deal—one might say everything—depends upon its answer. The public requires in all work a certain standard. If your individual work is not up to that standard, it is of no use looking to the public for either support or patronage. And it seems to me that, in the musical profession more than in any other, that only too many persons are inclined to rush into it, without in the first place reflecting whether their education on such lines has been sufficient to justify their taking it up at all. This is not discouragement. It is a simple regarding of facts.

The first thing to be considered then, is—actual competence. It is idle to attempt instruction in any art or craft of which you yourself are not already master. How far your knowledge of the instrument extends, you can best judge. When I speak of comparing your own playing with that of others, I make, of course, no reference to the greater artists of the day; it is the moderately successful with whom you will enter into competion, the city or provincial teacher of average repute. They have already set the standard by which you will be judged. If you are not prepared to offer to the public work of equal value, far better turn your attention to other employment where you will have more certainty of success. And in regard to ability, what is very good for an amateur is poor for a professional. Success in amateur circles is no criterion. Nowadays, also, and we see the fact more every year, mediocrity has little or no chance. The one who is only fairly good in any branch of art has little hope of recognition. There are better, and it is to the better that the public most naturally turns.

Neither, let me add, is too much reliance to be placed upon the encouragement of your friends. Of relatives I say nothing. Relatives are not notably encouraging in any respect. But when it comes to friends, these are only too apt to prove a pitfall to the unwary. And at no time is their goodwill less fortunate than in this very question of deciding one's career. They have no intention in the world beyond sheer kindliness, but their encouragement is apt to prove disastrous. When a friend says to you: "Oh, you play beautifully! I'm sure you ought to make no end of money at it if you took it up. Look at Mr. X——! Doesn't really play a bit better than you, and see what a little time you've been at it!" If you can get on as well in one year——" etc., etc., they have probably no thought beyond an honest wish to help you on, and to see you successful. You thank them at the time. Appreciation is always welcome. Whether you thank them later is another matter.

I have recollections of a time in my life when I determined to take up designing. Having since lost the greater part of it from disuse, I have no hesitation, looking back now, in saying that my drawing was in those days not bad. Not so bad as it might have been, anyway. Also I was encouraged; largely encouraged. One friend in particular, who should have been in a position to know, told me that a certain form of design was in particular demand, and sketched out a vivid harvest for me in the immediate future if I only kept to it. I took my drawings to a well-known publisher, and by an inadvertance which I have been able since to set down to Providence, got to see the head of the firm. I showed him the designs and explained what I had been told about the demand for them. The head of the firm looked at the drawings, then at me. "Who told you that?" he said. I gave him the friend's name. "Well," he said, "You take those drawings back to him and ask him to buy them from you."

I have often remembered his remark since, as being one of the kindest things ever said to a beginner, though I don't believe I appreciated it very much at the time. And I have thought, too, that the same principle might be applied to very great advantage by the beginner in the musical profession. When your friends encourage you promiscuously, and allude to the worth of your performances from a pecuniary point of view, it would do no harm to take them for once at their word. Ask them to have lessons from you, at your own terms. Ask them, simpler still, to pay you a guinea to play two solos at their next musical evening. You will see how far their encouragement will extend. Verbal encouragement is very easy; there is nothing much easier, and it has the further merit of giving satisfaction on both sides. But it is encouragement of a more solid sort that you want, the sort that takes the form of practical support. And that you will not get unless you have earned it.

The teaching field is not overcrowded. The demand for competent teachers for banjo, mandolin and guitar is as extensive as it ever was, and it is a demand increasing year by year. But it is a demand for the competent only. It is not by any means a business for the amateur to take up simply with a vague idea of turning his own limited knowledge to account and "making some money at it;" and he will very speedily find out his mistake. As an old teacher once remarked to a pupil anxious to set up for himself:—"Yes, there is money in the profession all right. But it's the very deuce to get it out!"

A good many will say:—"Oh, but I don't intend to teach. I just mean to take up playing." Well, if you are merely aiming at glory, and have no regard to the business side of the matter, you can afford to suit yourself in this respect. But otherwise, unless you have the luck to absolutely take the world by storm at your first concert appearance, a not very probable occurrence, you will find that you simply *have* to teach. You will have to accept the drudgery as well as the ease; there never yet was a road royal to success. You will want patience and perseverance and a great deal of all-round knowledge which you probably never thought you would be likely to want at all; and all this above and beyond the solid technical knowledge and proficiency which is the first requisite. If you have these, or feel pretty sure you have, then good luck to you. You have the makings of a successful career, which is as much as can be said for anyone.

If you have not, then learn a trade, and don't waste your own time and other people's in an effort to accomplish that for which you are ill equipped.

And having decided the first question of whether you are to make a start at all, we will proceed next month, with our Editor's permission, to the more engrossing subject of ways and means. If I have occupied my opening chapter with a question which you have already settled in your own mind, it is only because it is one which cannot be too earnestly underlined.—*Merton H. Grant.*

We have pleasure in printing the programme of a concert given recently in Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., at which the famous mandolin soloist, Valentine Abt, appeared. The Arion Club, who gave several selections, comprise the following well known artists:—Roy B. Simpson, Director, solo mandolin; W. A. Humphreys, second mandolin; Paul Cessna Gerhart, mandola; W. Alex. Benham, solo guitar; Jerome Humphreys, harp guitar. Programme:—"Au Moulin," Characteristic (Gillet), The Arions; Perpetuum Mobile, (Ries), Fantasia (Abt), Mr. Valentine Abt; Exultation (Foerster), "Revelling Butterflies" (Norcott), Miss Hallie Hudson; Spanish Dance, Op. 12, No. 1 (Moszkowski), The Arions; Andante Concerto, Op. 64 (Mendelssohn), Serenade Badine (Gabriel Marie), "Annie Laurie" (varied), Mr. Abt; "Since We Parted" (Allitsen), "I dream of a Rose" (Denza), Miss Jessie Woodruff Pottle; "Orient Sunbeams" (De Janon), Mr. W. Alex. Benham; Fifth Air Varie (Dancla), "Slumber on" (Abt), Valse Brilliante (Abt), Mr. Abt; Overture, "Semiramide" (Rossini), The Arions.

* * *

The Connaught Banjo Team, under the conductorship of Mr. Will Felce, are having a busy season and meeting everywhere with great success. The following testimonial

received by them recently is good evidence of their popularity.

Kettering Working Men's Club, Feb. 14th.
TO THE CONNAUGHT BANJO TEAM.

It gives my Committee much pleasure to testify to the excellent performance of your Banjo Team on Saturday last, the whole of the items being capitally rendered. I can thoroughly recommend same to any club requiring a *good musical turn.*

On behalf of the Committee, I beg to remain,
Yours truly, F. STURGERS, Hon. Sec.

* * *

Mr. Will C. Pepper, whose lease of his studio in the Haymarket expired this month, is negotiating for new premises in the West End. Meantime he is giving lessons at Messrs. Chappell and Co., in Bond Street.

* * *

Mr. Will C. Pepper has been very much engaged lately with Phonograph work for the Edison Company. This Company has a tremendous sale for "White Coons," "Yacht Club," "Narcissus," "Valse de Concert," "Brother Josh," "Columbian March," "Bohemian Galop," "Dreams of Darkie Land," "On Guard," "Rose Tree March," and "Realm of Beauty."

* * *

"Dagonet," in the *Referee*, has been asking the meaning of "Rag Time." He evidently does not play the banjo! His enquiry has elicited a great many replies, and he says:—"Owing to the courtesy of many American Refereaders and some English ones, including Mr. Richard Morton, who sends me a most interesting letter, the meaning of "A Rag Time Girl" is now established and settled beyond dispute. "Rag Time" is a holiday time, and it gets its name from "Rag Time," a peculiar changing of the time of catchy airs sung by genuine darkies on the plantations. Many of the popular nigger songs are advertised now as being in "rag time." I believe musicians describe it as syncopated time. In an American music publisher's announcements, kindly forwarded to me by Mr. Eardley Turner, I find "The Cake Walk in the Sky." This is described as "Harney's best rag effusion." Another song, "Mr. Johnson, Turn me Loose," has the following footnote to it:—"Harney's first song hit. Through this song *rag time* became a craze." Another song, "You've been a good old Waggon, but you Done Broke Down," is a "real coon song, introducing the popular 'rag time' which Ben Harney originated." So all is clear now, and all doubt as to the paternity of the Rag Time Girl is at an end. Rag time, being associated with nigger cake walks and jubilations, became in the States a popular synonym for playtime and holiday time, and "The Rag Time Girl" of the coon song, "Hello! ma Baby, Hello! Ma Honey," is the Dusky Dancing Partner of the coon. The Lily of Laguna and Little Dolly Daydream are the rag time girls of that King of Coons and Prince of Plantationists, Mr. Eugene Stratton.—*Referee.*

* * *

The only place in the world where violin making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, grey-headed veteran and aged grandmother, are all constantly employed making some part or other of this musical instrument.

* * *

We are able to announce that Mr. Will C. Pepper has arranged for the Edison Concert Phonograph to play during the interval at his next concert, on April 27th, at St. Martin's Town Hall. This enormous machine reproduces whatever is played into it in a most wonderful manner, and will, we are sure, prove an appreciated feature in the evening's entertainment.

* * *

A thief broke into a large mansion early the other morning and found himself in a music-room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he hid behind a screen.

From seven to eight o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano.

From eight to nine o'clock the second daughter took a singing lesson.

From nine to ten o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From ten to eleven o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At eleven all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an earsplitting piece for piano, violin, flute, and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 11.30, and falling at their feet, cried:—

"For mercy's sake, have me locked up, or give me a rest!"—*Tit Bits.*

* * *

We do not know a great deal about the "Gondolin," but think the following is worth

perusing—we should say it was a "Sporting" reporter who wrote this criticism: "Concerning the gondolin, the statement that 'instead of having to learn it, the gondolin itself teaches the player music and harmony in the easiest and most perfect manner,' suggests that the instrument plays on the performer. Mr. Jackson executed a solo on it, however; did a good deal to make it speak; he stroked, alternately brushed, patted, and whacked it with little sticks and big sticks, until, the instrument lying flat on a table, his movements suggested the renovation of his summer suit. Some pretty effects were produced, however, effects which, if you shut your eyes to the process of the castigation which the instrument seemed to be receiving, savoured of gently moving winds through bending trees, and fairy revels on forest glades."

* * *

It is worthy of note that the "Mozart Banjo Club" at Mr. Will C. Pepper's next concert will be composed of the leading professionals from various parts of England. We think it speaks volumes as to the good fellowship existing between Mr. Pepper and his many banjo friends. Through the courtesy of Mr. Pepper, we are enabled to give a list of these well known gentlemen. Messrs. Chilton (Edinburgh), Claydon (Bishop Stortford), Stradling (Cirencester), Newton (Cheltenham), Brown (Leeds), Lampe (Reading), Stromeyer (Richmond), Wilson (Plumstead), Herbert (Lee), Holtum (Dover), and Messrs. Alban Booth, J. C. Bertolle, Bert Meredith, Sam Payne, Goodman, Tate, Rogers, of London. Amateurs will be well represented by Messrs. H. J. Fiske and W. G. Paxton.

MR. JOHN PIDOUX' BIRMINGHAM BANJO FESTIVAL.

The auditorium capacity of the large theatre of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, was last night fully tested on the occasion of Mr. John Pidoux' Orchestral Banjo Festival, and the audience was not only large, but very enthusiastic. There was an orchestra of upwards of fifty ladies and gentlemen with banjeaurines, banjos, mandolins, mandolas, guitars, and bass instruments, and the selections set down for them were played with crispness, and splendid ensemble. The descriptive piece "Grand National Patrol" perhaps gained the largest amount of applause. It introduces melodies which could not fail to commend popularity in these stirring times; notably "The British Grenadiers," "The Girl I left Behind Me," and several Scotch and Irish Airs. The piece which is descriptive of the approach, march past, and disappearance of a military patrol was rendered in a most skilful manner, affording excellent testimony to the conductor's tact and skill. Other band items were "Dandy Fifth" (Farland), an overture, "Old London" (Hucke), a "Galop de Concert," etc. Mr. John Pidoux himself appeared as solo banjoist, affording great pleasure by his exceedingly well played "Dervish Dance" (Pidoux), "Rakoczy March" (from Berlioz's Faust), "Cocoanut Dance" and the Grand March from "Carmen" (Bizet). A feature was the refined and expressive playing of the mandolin solos: "Romance" (Mache), "Danse Russe" (Fletcher), "Introduction and Valse Brilliante" (Alard), by Mr. W. J. Fletcher, Junior. Mr. Albert P. Monk proved himself quite an expert on the banjo in "Home, Sweet Home" (varied), and "Introduction and Quickstep" (Kirby). The vocal items were supplied by Miss Beatrice Vernon and the "Oratory Quartet," and the accompaniments by Messrs. George Atkinson and J. Gale, Med. L.A.M.

The following are the names of the ladies and gentlemen who form this large and well known orchestra:—

Banjeaurines:—Mr. A. P. Monk. Misses E. Aslet, Rosa Britton, Ethel Barlow, Gypsy Moyle, Alberta Smith, Daisy Ludlow; Messrs. Douglas Arter, Clifford Davis, Frank Eaton, Hilton, R. H. Woodward, Edward Langton.

Banjos:—Mrs. E. Arter; Misses Ethel Rouch, Dora Reynolds, Maud Shires, Eveleen Jackson, May Hadgkiss, Bertha Smith, E. Redfern, Nellie Smith; Messrs. Frank Colgan, Treliving, John P. Miller.

Mandolins: — Mr. W. J. Fletcher, A.M.G.V.L. Misses Lucy Jones, Mary While, Annette Johnson, C. Penn, E. Johnson, G. Hall, Mary Wheatley, Beatrice Smith, L. Vernon, Marie Smith, Jessie Houghton, Emily Harris; Messrs. J. R. Sanders, Charles Minton, Frank Simpson, J. Lees Carless.

Mandolas:—Miss Gertrude Hall, Mr. T. B. Woodward. Piccolo banjo, Miss Aslet; bass banjo, Mr. J. White.

Guitars:—Miss Beatrice Vernon. Misses Evelyn Spencer, Elsie Spencer, Christabel Pett, Ethel Scott, Ada Britton, Edith Moyle; Messrs. William Whitworth, Leonard D. Thompson.

Harp, Mr. George Stanley; piano, Mr. Charles Lofley; contra bass, Mr. George Tonks; tympani, Mr. D. Browne. Conductor, Mr. John Pidoux.

AMONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

A Selection from the Banjoist's (Home) Made-Vecum.—Date, B.C., 59.

Question.—Do you use beeswax?

Answer.—'Er, yes.

Q.—What for?

A.—'Er, 'er—It stops the string jarring in the bridge.

Q.—But *should* the string jar at all if the bridge is a good one and the instrument not faulty?

A.—'Er, 'er—Have you heard our latest piece of music. It's *so* pretty, etc., etc. (Sold again!)

* * * * *

Q.—What does x mean applied to right hand fingering?

A.—That the string should be struck with the thumb.

Q.—And one dot?

A.—That signifies the string should be struck with the first finger and *two* dots the second finger.

Q.—Is that style of fingering called by any special name?

A.—'Er, yes. Double fingering.

Q.—Who invented this style?

A.—'Er — blank — dash — blanketty — blank—!!

(To be continued).

"I hear the Bureaus are forming a trust." "So they are. A trust to trust each other and establish some confidence among themselves."

A gentleman attending Leland T. Powers recital accosted him at the close and said: "I enjoyed your performance exceedingly. How often do you do this?"

Mr. Powers said, "Quite often."

The gentleman with much astonishment said, "I don't see how you stand it. Doesn't it interfere with your business?"—*Talent.*

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And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—[Advt.]

"So you intend to be a critic?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, it's so easy to find fault with things, and if a fellow can get paid for doing it life ought to be one long, sweet snap."—*Chicago Times Herald.*

"But her voice is so cold, it lacks fire."

"That's strange, too. She has a good range and several registers."

Never judge entertainers by their first appearance.

The orator sometimes leaves a lecture before the curtain to receive one of his wife's curtain lectures.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of The Banjo. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Communications must be written on one side of the paper only. Otherwise they will be disregarded.*

To the Editor of The Banjo.

30, Gilmore Road, Lewisham, S.E.

Sir,—I beg to inform your numerous readers that I have now severed my connection with Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer, and take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so generously supported me as a traveller both for them and my previous employer, Mr. W. E. Temlett.

Wishing your paper every possible success,

I am, faithfully yours,

SAM. PAYNE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

"Original." If you intend publishing the score, certainly it would be direct infringement of the copyright. We advise you to apply to the publishers for the permission. We know of no easy method for transposition, since it requires in any case a certain amount of theoretical knowledge, and your suggestion refers to the "beginner."

C. A. H. (Brixton). (1) Rub the new wire string with a drop of sweet oil on tissue paper. (2) No, not under any circumstances.

We are glad to hear from Mr. James Blakeley that the rumour as to his leaving the team with which he is at present connected is unauthorized.

WILL. C. PEPPER'S
NEXT
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WILL TAKE PLACE AT

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FRIDAY, APRIL 27th, 1900.

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MR. J. C. BERTOLLE (Solo Banjo). **MR. SAM PAYNE** (Solo Banjo).

MISS MARGERY WILLIAMS (Banjo). **MISS FAY GRAHAM** (Banjo).

MISS ETHEL HEISCH (Banjo).

MR. WILL. C. PEPPER (Solo Banjo).

MESSRS. STANFORD ROGERS & GORDON TAIT (Banjo Duets).

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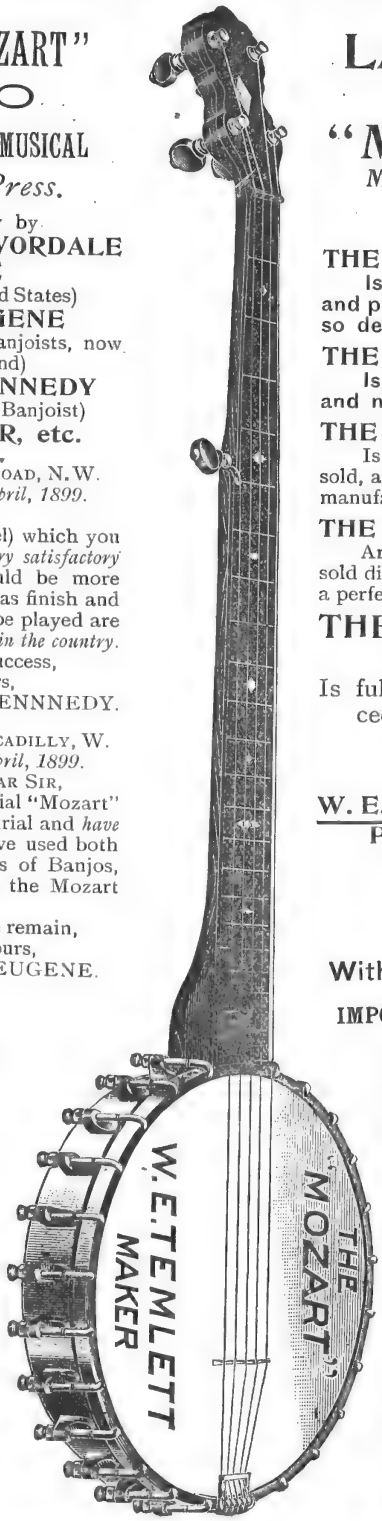

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MUSIC—"Keystone State March," Quartette

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

WITH the return of spring half-yearly concerts are once more the order. It is pleasing to notice how banjoists one and all will turn out en masse to attend these gatherings. I use the term "gathering" advisedly, since it always seems that the audience at such concerts are almost as "professional" as are the artists. They are there with a purpose, and though in eight cases out of ten the purpose is criticism, it is only fair to add that it is, in the majority, criticism unbiassed. There is very little unintelligent listening here. If anyone doubt this, let them keep their ears open at the next big banjo concert they attend for the stray remarks and comments of their immediate neighbours. Very apt they are upon occasion. To evolve a Fowlerism, it is the "insideness" that constitutes the interest—particularly among the amateurs. Come to think of it, there is something noble in the idea of the struggling beginner contributing cheerfully his "bob" to sit and hear a successful rival play a selection that he is confident he could play every bit as well himself. I gather that this *is* the attitude, merely from sundry of the remarks above alluded to, overheard on different occasions. But I have no wish to risk the imputation of crabbedness, and have always maintained, moreover, that I respect the amateur his opinion.

* * *

Messrs. Windsor and Taylor's orchestral concert was a big success. It was their second concert given in London, and the audience evidently came with pleasant recollections of the former evening. There is considerable work and no small difficulty involved in the mobilization, if one may borrow a topical term, of so large an orchestra, but the success scored on each

occasion might well induce other organizations to try a similar venture. It has always seemed to me that our English banjo, mandolin and guitar bands are rather home-abiding. Why should they not give more concerts during the year and spread them over a wider radius? The expense might be shared equally among the members. Of course the idea is not one that would appeal universally, but our London and provincial orchestras are in general sufficiently big to admit of a fairly good-sized touring band, to be composed of only such members as are enthusiastic enough to risk the experiment. This sort of thing is general in the States, and has met invariably with considerable success. And if extended tours are out of the question, the plan could at least be tried of one-day trips—morning concerts even—to places within easy radius. There is a great deal to be done for the banjo, mandolin and guitar on orchestral lines, and it is safe to say that it will not be accomplished until our bands will arouse themselves to grasp the possibility of giving more than one or two concerts a year, and of giving these in different localities. Something has been done in this way already, but we want the movement to be a general one, if it is to achieve any real good. Charitable concerts —dare I mention it?—are another field where our orchestras do not, with all due respect, come to the fore as often as they ought to do. I am not referring to what are known as "swell" functions of the sort, but the average concert given for charitable purposes. Here, to be practical, is the chance of doing a good action which shall be at the same time self-advantageous, yet in what proportion do banjo orchestras avail themselves of it? The war fund has, I admit, awakened some sort of enthusiasm and activity, but more could be done even yet. Here again it may be argued that in many halls a large orchestra, for only two turns, say, in the evening, would be impracticable; but a picked band of fifteen or twenty would meet the difficulty, and perhaps with better result than a larger organization. I leave the question for our orchestras to consider. But since we are on the subject, what a success might be scored by the Mozart Club if its members could be induced to take a week off once a year for a provincial tour. There would be some big possibilities in the scheme.

* * *

I am at present engaged in hunting up accounts of the life of Rossini, because it can only occur to me that, according to poetical justice, one might find in his life a key which should unlock the reason for much of this gratuitous harrying after his death. On ordinary lines it is unexplainable. A physiologist has explained that certain minds are so keyed as to run naturally in circles, like a toy engine on a floor. One can credit this with no difficulty, and it may serve to throw light on the question. Usually, when a man, in a moment when his ignorance is temporarily unguarded, happens to say a ridiculous thing, he is satisfied to let it sink into oblivion, instead of seeking to justify the remark and prop it up on every possible future occasion, by other observations equally futile and quite irrelevant. One is reminded of the Irishman who could never open his mouth but he put his foot into it. To define Rossini's work as "trumpery," in the first instance, might perhaps have passed for a mere miscalculation as to the average intelligence of the reader. To attempt justification of the slip from the fact that Rossini once wrote a composition which has attained general popularity, and was recently included in an orchestral programme under the term, "light music," is nothing less than humorous. Now, are we to understand that Mr. Gordon is desirous of posing as a humorist of the first degree, or simply—the only alternative—that he has, metaphorically speaking, waded into deep waters when he can't swim? To draw a slightly different parallel, many of our greatest modern writers have at times condescended to the the lightest of comedy, but it does not therefore occur to intelligent persons to class them as "trumpery," or, even as representative of "light" literature. Also I would point out that the "William Tell" overture had nothing whatever to do with the question as it first stood, which concerned Rossini's claim to distinction as a composer of high class music. What would the gentleman who rightly classed "William Tell" among light music, have said to the "Stabat Mater"? Or is not the latter composition to be considered as representative of Rossini at all? Plainly, if Mr. Gordon's remark was originally intended for a joke then it was never a very good one, and we have surely by now heard enough of it. Such things only grow hoary by reiteration.

MR. W. E. TEMLETT is again compelled to caution the public against buying imitations of his "Mozart Model" banjo. These imitations, although somewhat similar in appearance, are absolutely devoid of the powerful and sustained tone contained in the genuine "Mozart," which is in every case stamped W. E. Temlett, Mozart Model."—[ADVT.].

MR. WILL C. PEPPER'S CONCERT, ST. MARTIN'S TOWN HALL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27th.

I ALWAYS like to say when reporting a banjo concert that this particular concert eclipsed all previous enterprises, and the audience was much larger than at the preceding one. It is the sort of paragraph which flows freely from one's pen, and up to now I have always been able to write it with a clear conscience, and I wish I could do so now, but I dare not risk damaging my reputation for truthfulness, and therefore, with much regret, I am bound to say that the hall was not so full as it might have been.

It *looked* full to the casual eye, but I, who have attended the six previous concerts, have been accustomed to see crowds standing at the end of the hall, and this time there were only a few. Of course the war gets the blame of it, so do not be surprised if I have to announce later on that I have gone over to the peace or pro-Boer party—at present I merely observe, "Bother the war!"

This is Mr. Pepper's seventh concert, and compares very favourably with previous ones. The programme was, if anything, a little too full, but that is an error on the right side.

The first item was "Kennedy's Galop" by the Mozart Banjo Club. It went very well, but too slowly I thought. A galop is a galop whether played by one or twenty instruments, and anyone playing it as a solo at that pace, would have forfeited all title to applause even.

"Zig-zag Galop," by Messrs. Rogers and Tait, was going capitally when Mr. Tait unluckily broke a string. I was very sorry to see this as it was their first appearance, and I always like first appearances to go well. He soon procured another banjo, and returned in time for the trio, and they were recalled out of sympathy for what might have been. Mr. Pepper is always finding new turns, and there must be a good many who have since become more or less famous, who are indebted to him for their first introduction to a West End audience.

After Mr. Wilson James had amused the audience with a funny patter song "Barnaby Phee, Q.C.," Mr. J. C. Bertolle played a MS. Polka by Parke Hunter. This is a somewhat difficult solo, but Mr. Bertolle was quite equal to it. I don't suppose there are very many solos he is not equal to, he is a very fine player and still improving. His sister's English concertina solo "Irish Air," with variations, was also capitally played. I don't know much about the instrument myself, but I always think it sounds better when the performer stands up and waves it about. I wonder if anyone will write and abuse me for that suggestion.

When a contemporary reports on Mr. Pepper's performances, it generally asserts that "Mr. Pepper played a solo which was unworthy of his abilities," or words to that effect. I wonder what it will be this time! Obviously it will have to be altered, for Glynn's march, "Ahead of the times," is one of the most difficult solos I have heard and is most aptly named, and I can honestly say that I never heard him play better, and he followed it up with that very pretty gavotte by Arditi, "L'Ingenue," and for an encore another distinctly good and quaint "Cake Walk," which *went* splendidly.

Mr. Conyers was as funny as ever in his musical sketch, which was followed by a banjo trio, Miss Fay Graham, Miss Ethel Heisch and Miss Margery Williams, pupils of Will C. Pepper, who all looked very nice and played very nicely "West Lawn Polka," and on being recalled for an encore looked very happy and played "Columbian" with equal dexterity. Miss Williams later on played a solo, "Rondo Brilliante," by Half-penny, and I was surprised to see what extraordinary progress she has made since the last time I heard her play, and her well earned encore, "Enfield March" (Pepper), was played with all the ease and accuracy of a professional. She was accompanied by her mother.

The Club in Eno's "Reign of Love" Waltz was very fine indeed, and this was their best selection, it is wonderfully pretty and beautifully orchestrated, and the audience would have liked it a second time. Their other pieces were good, "Yacht Club" and "Hot Corn," especially the latter.

I was glad to see the "White Coon Banjo Team" give a bigger show this time. They are strong on every point; the banjo element, the comic element, and the sentimental. "Brother Josh" banjo duet was very quaint and "niggery" with its sand dance accompaniment, and has already sold in thousands. Mr. Wilson James' song, "When the carpet laid our —" or rather "When father laid the carpet on the stairs," and Mr. Chas. Conyers ventriloquial sketch were both screamingly funny. Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Pepper gave a splendid rendering of a duet, "No one in the world like you," and had to respond to a very hearty encore.

Miss Temple has a fine, rich, smooth sort of voice, and her songs, "Good-bye" and encore, "When I was a Child of Three,"

were most pleasing. The comic trio, "Bobbie's Banjo," Messrs. Conyers, James and Meredith, in which the latter (presumably Bobby!) had a "thinking part," was very funny. In fact, the whole show was good, and having heard them, one ceases to wonder at their popularity.

Mr. F. J. Fiske, who was styled on the programme, "Amateur," can give points to any number of professionals. He plays the zither-banjo divinely, and I would travel a long distance to hear him again. He played his own "Rena May," and for his encore Cammeyer's "Kenilworth Polka."

Mr. Sam Payne, who had been requested to play his own popular "White Coons," was greeted on his appearance with a burst of applause, which indicated that some of the audience had seen him before!! He is an old stager, and played at the first banjo concert given in London, and now at the latest, so everyone was pleased to see him.

Messrs. Pepper, Meredith and Booth in a tremolo trio were very fine, although I thought the piano was rather too loud. I should have liked another item from these gentlemen.

Without doubt it was a splendid concert and I am sure Mr. Pepper must have been finger tired, for he worked very hard all the evening. "ONE OF THE AUDIENCE."

REHEARSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THOSE of our readers who heard the performance of the "Mozart Banjo Club" on April 27th (to-day is the 25th) will realise that in order to bring such ambitious selections up to "concert pitch," it was necessary that we should have two or three rehearsals, so Mr. Pepper notified all and every of the members thereof that a rehearsal would be held at Mr. W. E. Temlett's Banjo Factory, 29, Charlotte Street, on Saturday the 21st. So to the factory we repaired at the hour appointed. But by an error of judgment it was discovered that the studio wouldn't hold us, for we are all big pots in our way, and when two or three of us are gathered together the din we make is something appalling. We couldn't very well rehearse in separate rooms, and if we went into the street the public might have mistaken our motive, so we put the question to the presiding genius of No. 29, Mr. W. E. Temlett, who overcame the difficulty by suggesting that we should rehearse in one of his workshops, so that the blame of the whole affair should rest with him.

There was plenty of room in the workshop, and plenty of other things as well which we didn't want at the moment. I nearly tumbled down the steps to start with, and trod on a banjo hoop which sprung up and kicked me in the shin. We had some difficulty in finding seats, for banjo makers don't sit down at their labours, and Booth was the first to make himself comfortable. He perched himself on a bench, and rigged up a music stand with sundry hoops and necks which were strewn around. Pepper and Meredith were artful! they knew the ropes and brought chairs down from the studio, and smiled serenely on the discomfiture of the rest of us. The old sea dog squatted himself on a heap of shavings and commandeered the glue pot for a music stand; he seemed to enjoy the whole affair and said it reminded him of old times when he practised in the sand tank.

When we were all fairly comfortable, Mr. Pepper announced "'Hot Corn' at the second tap." Wilson looked round at the word "tap"; I believe he expected to find a beer barrel! but seeing his mistake he blushed, and hoped no one else had noticed it.

We started off alright, but American ragtime was new to most of us, and at the second movement we fancied we were all wrong, the pauses didn't seem to come in the right places, and we thought that the notes and rests had got mixed up, so we dropped off one by one, till one second banjo was left to dig it out on his own account. He found it uninteresting and stopped too, and during the silence which followed, the one-eyed workshop cat, who had been an attentive listener, made a dash at an imaginary mouse and upset Booth's music stand.

However, we got through it very well the next time, but the fellow sitting behind me being at a loss for a music stand, pinned his part on to the back of my coat—at least that's what he meant to do, no doubt, but he was in too much of a hurry! and I disturbed the harmony with a yell which wasn't down on the music.

"Reign of Love" went beautifully, but in the middle of one of the dreamiest parts which made me think of strawberries and cream, we noticed a pained expression pass across Stanley's face. At first we thought something was wrong with the music, but he had only shifted his position to get a better view of the music and found a tin tack. I laughed, and disturbed the brick which propped up my soap box, and down I came among the polishing bottles. Then everyone

else laughed! Some people will laugh at anything!

When the foreman had brought the pincers and extracted the tin tack, we got to work again, and Mr. Temlett, catching some reproachful glances directed at him, and no doubt feeling himself in a measure responsible for the series of mishaps, and fearing the result, quietly withdrew. It is a fact worthy of note that from that moment everything went smoothly until he came back. We had gone through every piece without a slip, and were just doing the "Maggie May" part of "Kennedy's Galop," when he returned with a tray loaded with bottles and glasses, and everyone seemed to lose his place the moment he appeared. Most extraordinary that! and we didn't find it again for a quarter of an hour or so either. Booth would have it that it was the sight of the refreshments which distracted our attention, but of course that is ridiculous!

There is another rehearsal to-night and I am going to take a camp stool! M. B. C.

"TEACHER AND PUPIL."

By J. W. McLouth.

Musical Instruction should be given with judgment and consideration. Many instructors in musical art fall into the error of teaching too much. The pupil should first be allowed to exhibit his quality, to teach the teacher what to teach, this course would answer the double purpose of first revealing how much the pupil is capable of learning, and what is still more important, of permitting him to display his powers untrammeled, whereas, if the master begins by pounding his dogmas into the student, the latter becomes environed by a foreign influence, which, if not repugnant to his nature may smother his ability; musical ideas cause us to grow, as the showers from heaven create the verdure of the earth. You cannot abstain from all musical influence and then suddenly empty a whole reservoir of technical exercises upon your fingers, thinking thereby to become a musician as by magic. It is far better if you can only practice one hour a day, that you do that systematically for several years, than that you crowd four or five hours a day into your head and fingers, weary your head and injure your nerves, bewilder your brain and torment all of your neighbours in the hope of becoming suddenly a mushroom artist.

The great majority of players give too little attention to this important subject (*Exactness in Fingering*) for if a passage is fingered correctly and the fingering exactly followed, the hand as well as the mind learns the passage, and a mistake becomes merely impossible. It will be found that all musicians who play with certainty and without break give much attention to fingering, and these can be acquired only by exact repetitions of a passage over and over; including the fingering as well as notes, and *that* in a *true* time or rhythm—in fact, including everything that goes to make a perfect performance; it hardly need be added, that the absolute perfection that this demands can only be controlled by slow practice. Do not expect the same uniform excellence in each recitation, the teacher must remember that *he* is not always in the same mood for work and study, and therefore should make due allowance for a similar variance in his pupils.

Many pupils, as soon as their fingers have acquired some little facility, are led astray by the charms of novelty and run into the error of attacking the most difficult compositions. The natural result of this overhaste is that players, by omitting the requisite preparatory studies, always continue imperfect, lose much time, and are at last unable to execute either difficult or easy pieces in a creditable manner. Many other pupils run into the error of attempting to decide on the merits of a composition before they are able to play it properly. From this it happens that many excellent pieces appear contemptible to them, while the fault lies in their playing them in a stumbling, incorrect, and unconnected manner, often coming to a standstill on false and discordant harmonies, missing the time, and making only a series of mistakes and blunders, usually putting aside the piece when half way through with the remark, "that's no good. I wonder why people will write such stuff." Inaccurate practice is worse than worthless, it is a positive injury to development, accurate ideas are a necessity, these come from the teacher, and are inspired by his teaching and illustrations. Exactness of impression fades fast, and the more delicate and artistic the model, the sooner it fades from memory. Hence, the necessity of the pupil being often with the teacher, and missing no lessons. Inspiration, enthusiasm, and the models up to which work is to be brought all came from the teacher, therefore the necessity of being often with him is apparent.

The boy's copy-book shows a fair penmanship as far as two or three lines next the printed copy, but his hand-writing steadily grows poorer and poorer as he gets farther below the copy.—*Musical Tempo.*

BATH.

Mr. Walter Howard, Junr., has been meeting with very great success at the Lyric Theatre, receiving two and three recalls nightly. All the papers speak highly of him, and he has booked re-engagements. Mr. Howard opens at the Empire, Pontypridd, Wales, shortly, and will appear after at Mansfield, Ilkeston, Nottingham, Derby and Leicester. We append extract from *Bath Herald* of April 17th: "Walter Howard, Junr., a negro comedian of great merit, quite brought down the house with his funny 'gags' and clever performances on the banjo."

CHARING CROSS.

The evening of Wednesday, April 4th, marked the second appearance of the celebrated Birmingham Orchestra before a London audience. The concert was fully as successful as on the occasion of their former visit, and Messrs. Windsor and Taylor are certainly to be congratulated upon their enterprise in these metropolitan ventures. A large proportion of the banjo public turned out to do them honour, and we noticed many prominent London professionals and amateurs among the large audience present.

The orchestral selections given were, in order: — Grand Overture, "Cambridge" (Ellis); "Andante and Waltz" (Cammeyer); "Sunny South"; "Royal Windsor March" (Oakley); selection from "The Runaway Girl," "Drexel March" (Armstrong); Musical Sketch, "The Advance and Retreat of a Salvation Army" (Orth); and Farland's "Dandy Fifth." Of these "The Runaway Girl" was the first selection to be encored. The orchestra is a large one for the size of the hall, and we are of opinion that they would be heard to better advantage in a larger building. The volume of tone is excellent, but it inclines in parts to harshness at close range. They play with great precision, "Drexel March" being a very good example of style in this respect, and went with a swing that called for a vociferous encore. The Salvation Army sketch, also encored, was quaint and decidedly effective, though the vocal chorus struck one as being given with a rather shamefaced air. "Sunny South" was perhaps the least successful of all their items. "Dandy Fifth," the closing selection, went very well indeed.

Mr. Olley Oakley was undoubtedly the star of the evening. The overture to "Zampa" was given with great accuracy and finish. In "En Avant" a much simpler selection, Mr. Oakley was far less successful, and hurried the time to the detriment of the real effectiveness of the composition—in fact, the finale became somewhat a blur in consequence. Later he gave Chopin's "Valse in E flat," the overture "Poet and Peasant," and being recalled again for these gave a rendering of "March Hongroise," in which, however, he was not at his best. But of Mr. Oakley's playing, in the main, we retain a very vivid and happy impression. He is entirely deserving of his already high reputation as a zither-banjo soloist of the first rank.

Miss Dewhurst gave several charming songs, being encored on each appearance; as was also Miss Aimée Wathen, whom we had the pleasure of hearing at the first London concert, and whose singing was perfect, both in expression and execution. Mr. James Dunn proved himself a very clever performer on the smooth-arm banjo. One of his humorous society sketches comprised some imitations of old time banjoists which were very good—in particular the Thimble March, after the style of the Bohee Brothers.

Messrs. George and Fred Atkinson acted as accompanists for the evening.

CHESHAM.

The concerts arranged by the Chesham Cadets of Temperance are invariably well given, and that which took place in the Temperance Hall on Easter Tuesday evening was no exception to the rule. There was a large attendance, over whom Mr. F. R. Knight, Grand Patron, of London, presided. Among the artistes were Miss Amy Chandler, soprano, London, Miss Lottie Knight, contralto, bronze medallist, L.A.M., London, and Mr. Andrew W. Elliott, a popular humorous and dramatic reciter of the National Temperance League, London. The first part of the programme opened with a selection from the string band. An instrumental trio, "Keystone State March," in which the instruments were violin, mandolin, and piano was given by the Misses B. M. Wallington, G. J. Child, and M. Abbott. Mr. F. Norman contributed a banjo solo, "Apollo March," and this also gained an encore, giving "Columbian March." Part two of the programme was commenced with a selection from the band, being followed by a

flute solo, "Romance at Eventide," from Mr. G. Moyes, which secured a warm round of applause. Miss Amy Chandler sang another song, "The Scent of the Lilies," and had to respond to repeated demands for an encore, and Miss M. Abbott and Messrs. G. Moyes and F. Norman gave an instrumental trio—flute, violin, and piano—that went with a nice swing. The programme was brought to a close by a selection from the band, "National Anthems."

Dewsbury.

Mr. Albert Lyles writes: "The Dewsbury Club and Institute held a smoking concert on April 12th, and I was very successful with my banjo and mandolin items. Encores the rule."

Fleet Street.

At the thirteenth monthly supper of the Erratic Club, held at the Red Lion on April 6th, a very good musical programme was provided. Mr. Will C. Pepper contributed banjo solos "Reign of Love" waltz and "Hot Corn," which were received with enthusiasm. Songs were given by Messrs. Morris, Day, W. Needham, Edgar, and W. Burton, and a pianoforte solo by Mr. Gifford. Mr. W. Morgan, who acted as chairman, also contributed a recitation which was much appreciated.

Leeds.

An Invitation Recital was given at the Leeds College of Music on Wednesday, April 4th, by Mr. Albert Lyles (professor of banjo, mandolin and guitar at the College), and his pupils and banjo orchestra, assisted by Miss Wilson, vocalist. The concert was most successful. Mr. Lyles' banjo solos were one of the features of the evening; and the orchestral selections showed the results of excellent training. The orchestra comprises the following members:—banjeaurines, Mr. Albert Lyles, Mr. Tom Oakes; first banjo, Mr. Percy Sykes; second banjos, Mr. Ridge, Mr. Dransfield; bass banjo, Mr. Baldwin; mandolines, Miss Appleyard, Miss Jenkinson, Master H. Waring; guitar, Miss Armitage. Following is the programme as given: banjo orchestra (*a*) "Cupid's Realm" Overture (Armstrong), (*b*) "Queen of the Sea" Waltz (Armstrong), (*c*) "To the Front!" Quickstep (Cammeyer); mandoline solo, "Il Trovatore" (arr. Rovinacci), Miss Hilda Atkinson; banjo duet, "White Coons" Polka March (Payne), Messrs. T. Oakes and P. Sykes; song, "Flight of Ages" (F. Bevan), Miss Wilson; mandolin solo, "Simple Aveu" (Thomé), encored, and "Serenade" (Waud), given, Master H. Waring; banjo solo (*a*), "Morris Dance" (*b*) "Shepherd's Dance" (Ed. German), Mr. Albert Lyles; four mandolins, "El Clavel" Bolero (Monti), Misses Atkinson, Appleyard, Jenkinson, and Master H. Waring; banjo solo (*a*), Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1 (Chopin), (*b*) Second Mazurka (Wieniawski), Mr. Albert Lyles; guitar solo, "Home Sweet Home" and Variations (arr. Pratten), Miss Armitage; song, "The Better Land" (Cowen), Miss Wilson; mandolin duet, "Le Coucher du Soleil" (Silvestri), Miss H. Atkinson and Mr. Albert Lyles; banjo orchestra (*a*), "Raymonde" Overture (Eno), (*b*), "Brazilian" March (Armstrong), (*c*), "Let the hills resound" (Richards) (arr. by permission of Messrs. Novello); National Anthem.

Market Harboro'.

The Yellow Kids' Banjo Team, under the direction of Mr. Will Papworth, gave two very successful entertainments on Easter Monday and Tuesday in this town. There was a large and appreciative audience at each concert, and undoubtedly the Yellow Kids are very strong favourites in this part of the country, judging by the reception given to each item on the programme.—March, "High School Cadets" (Sousa), the Banjo Team; banjo duet, "L'Americaine" (Cammeyer), the Brothers Kinsella; song, "Nina" (with full accompaniment), arr. Papworth, Miss Tilly Saunders; Spanish Dance, "La Reine D'Espagne" (Plumbridge), the Stella Quartet; comic song, "You've got a long way to go," Mr. W. Pedley; guitar solo, "Phippa Waltz" (Ellis), Mr. H. Mawby; song, "Queen of the Earth" (Piccolomini), Miss Tilley Saunders; barn dance, "Four little curly-headed coons" (arr. Kennedy), the Banjo Team; waltzes, "Love and Beauty" (Armstrong), the Banjo Team; song, "Sunshine above," Miss Tilley Saunders; duet (mandolins), "Memento" (James), the Brothers Kinsella; banjo song (Rag Time), "The Belle of Honolulu" (Johnson), Mr. Will Papworth; popular melodies, (arr. Papworth), the Stella Quartet; song, "The Old Folks at Home" (with full accompaniment), (arr. Cramer), Miss Tilley Saunders; zither banjo solo, "Andante and Waltz" Mr. Sam Mawby; comic song, "The Midnight Son," Mr. W. Pedley; polka march, "The White Coons" (Sam Payne), the Banjo Team. "God save the Queen." We wish Mr. Papworth every success with his team, which is quite a fresh style of entertainment in this district.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

On April 4th, at the new Assembly Rooms, Byker, a grand complimentary concert was given to Mr. Walter Scott, in recognition of his past work in public entertaining. That he has done much to advance the banjo in his district was amply proved by the large and appreciative audience gathered on the occasion. Our beneficiare was obliged to give four selections in order to partly comply with the numerous requests. The following programme was given:—Part 1. Trio, violin, 'cello, piano, "Norma" (Bellini), Mr. Edwin Hood, Mr. H. Rowe, Miss Ethel Wilson; song, "The Lads of the Red, White and Blue," Mr. J. Hood; song (humorous), Mr. Chas. Atkinson; banjo solo, "King Cotton" March (Sousa), Mr. Walter Scott; song, "The Sunlit Highway," Miss Lizzie Knox; recitation, "No. 1" (T. Hood), Miss J. Stobbs; song, "Oh! oh! Hear the Wild Winds Blow," Mr. Tom Hughes; banjo duet, "To the Front," Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. M. Galloway; glee, The Heaton Quartet; duet, "Fioravante's Singing Lesson," Miss L. Knox, Mr. J. Hood. Part II.—Trio, violin, 'cello and piano, "L'Elesire D'Amore" (Donizette), Mr. Edwin Hood, Mr. H. Rowe, Miss Ethel Wilson; song, "Admiral Tom," Mr. J. Hood; musical sketch, "The Squire's Party," Mr. Tom Hughes; song, "In Old Madrid," Miss Lizzie Knox; banjo solo, "Valse de Concert" (Eno), Mr. Walter Scott; song (humorous), Mr. Chas. Atkinson; recitation, "The Bridge-keeper's Story," Miss J. Stobbs; glee, The Heaton Quartet; banjo duet, "White Coons," Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. M. Galloway. The concert came to a most successful close with the singing of the National Anthem, in which the entire audience joined.

Newport.

On March 30th at a "Patriotic Concert" held at the Tredegar Hall, Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn, G. Redman and S. Canham gave banjo quartets and had a splendid reception, receiving encores. The audience numbered over two thousand.

The above quartet, occasionally assisted by a few others, and Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman as duettists, have fulfilled a large number of engagements in and around Newport, and are booked well ahead. Mr. Gus Finn has been meeting with much success lately, singing his own compositions.

Rothwell.

On account of his success in Rothwell last month, Mr. Charles E. Brown was again engaged on April 16th to give three entertainments, of half hour's duration each, at a bazaar in the Central Hall, consisting of humorous songs and sketches, mandolin solos and banjo duets. Mr. Brown was assisted in the latter by his pupil, Mr. R. C. Bew, who proved himself quite equal to the occasion, and though only a young player, bids fair already to become a banjoist of more than average merit. The humorous songs and sketches were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, judging from the laughter and applause evoked. Mr. Brown's mandolin solos, "Home, Sweet Home" (variations), and "Scotch Airs" (both of his own arrangement), were very well received, both items being encored. The banjo duets, "Apollo," "White Coons," and "Reign of Love Waltz" were loudly applauded, and received each an encore.

DONT'S FOR TEACHERS.

By Phillis Love.

Don't rush things.

Don't keep a pupil waiting.

Don't keep a dusty, ill-ventilated studio.

Don't let the pupil see you looking at the clock too often.

Don't be formal, nor unctuous, but be politely straightforward.

Don't, for the sake of making a few cents, overload a pupil with new music.

Don't tell a pupil she is "doing fine" unless there is ground for it.

Don't run down another teacher's methods, but be sure your own are good, and impart them to your pupils with sufficient dignity to command respect. *The Major.*

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes; but his hair is all gone."—*Penny Magazine.*

We think the above gentleman must have been a banjoist!

CONCERT NOTICE.

Mr. Harry Collins, of Liverpool, announces his Nineteenth Annual Grand Concert to take place at Hope Hall, Hope Street, on Monday, May 7th. First class vocal and instrumental programme of duets, trios, solos, etc., including Harry Collins' celebrated Pierrots, and the Liverpool Combination Orchestra. Doors open 7.15, to commence 7.45. Tickets 2s., 1s., 6d.

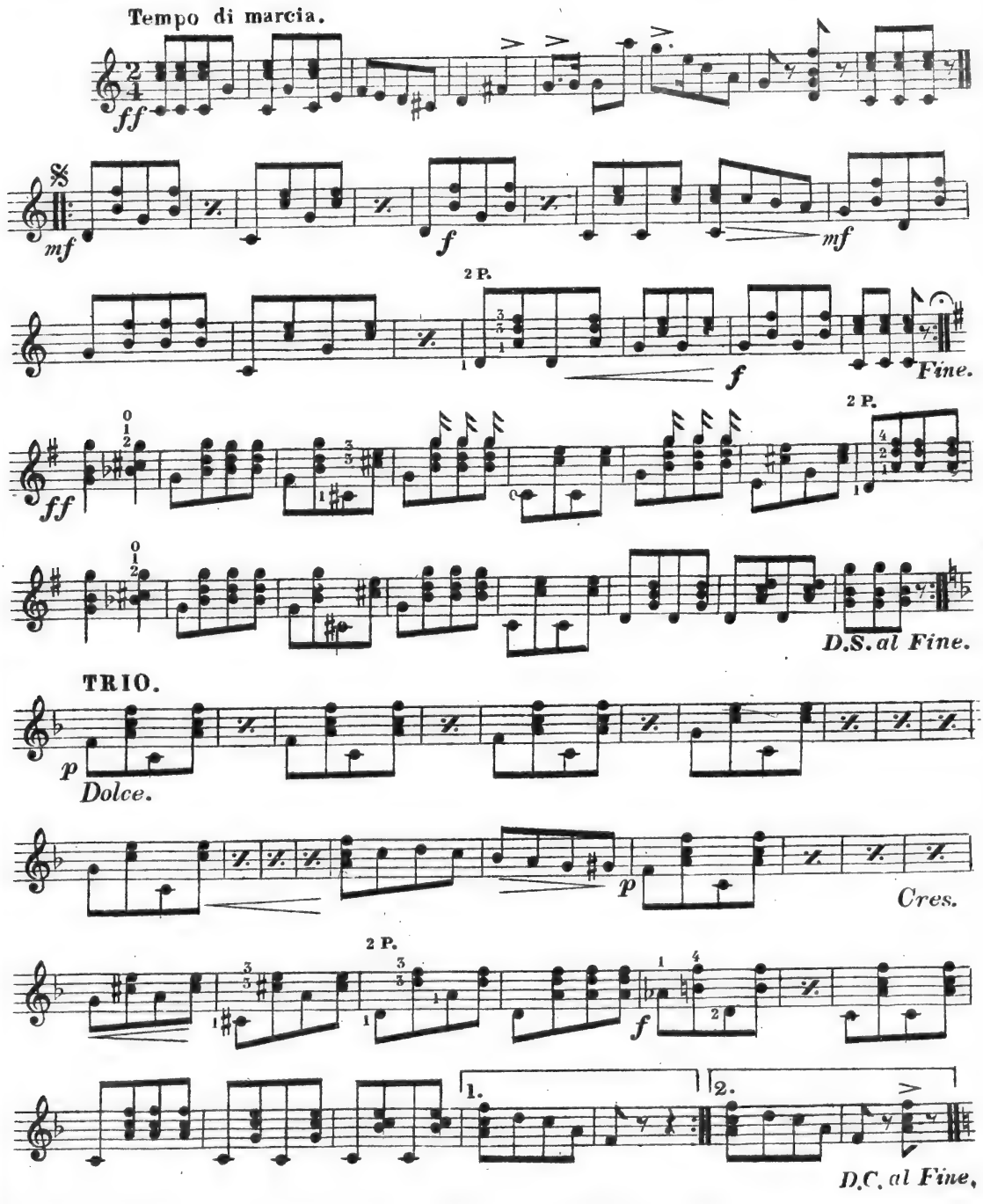
To H. A. Weyman & Son, Phila: Pa.

KEYSTONE STATE MARCH.

(TWO STEP.)

2nd BANJO.

Thos: J. ARMSTRONG.



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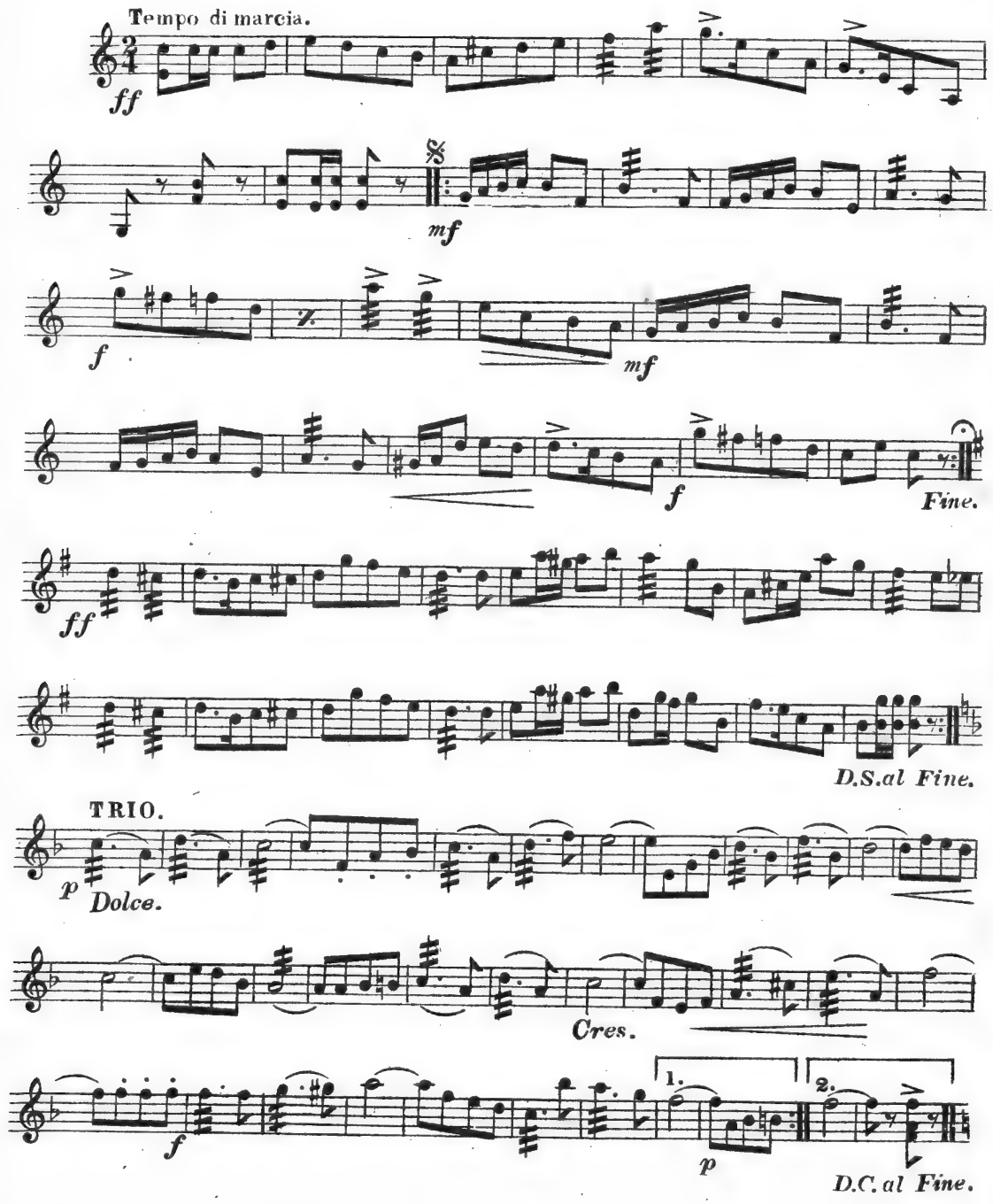
Thos: J. ARMSTRONG.



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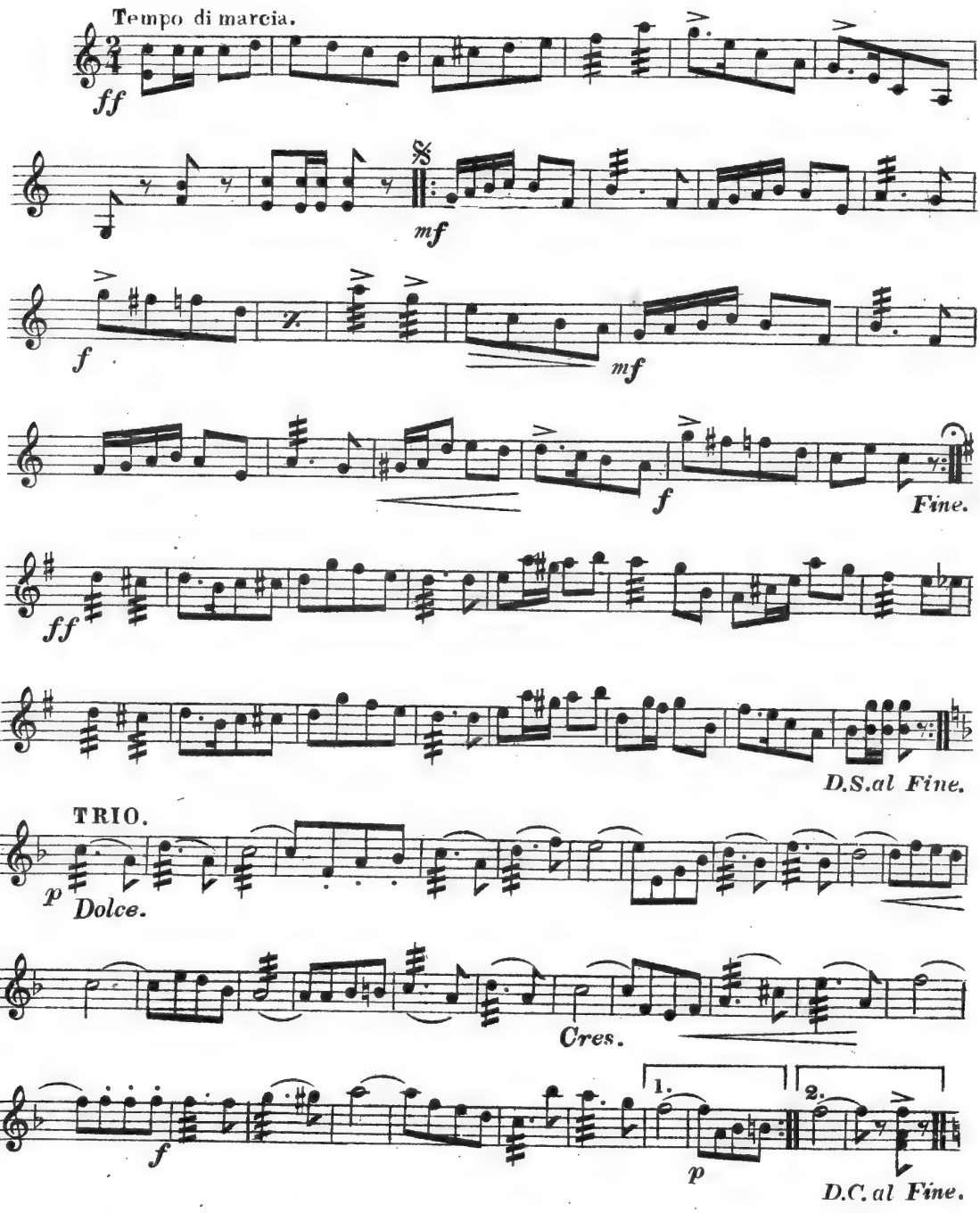

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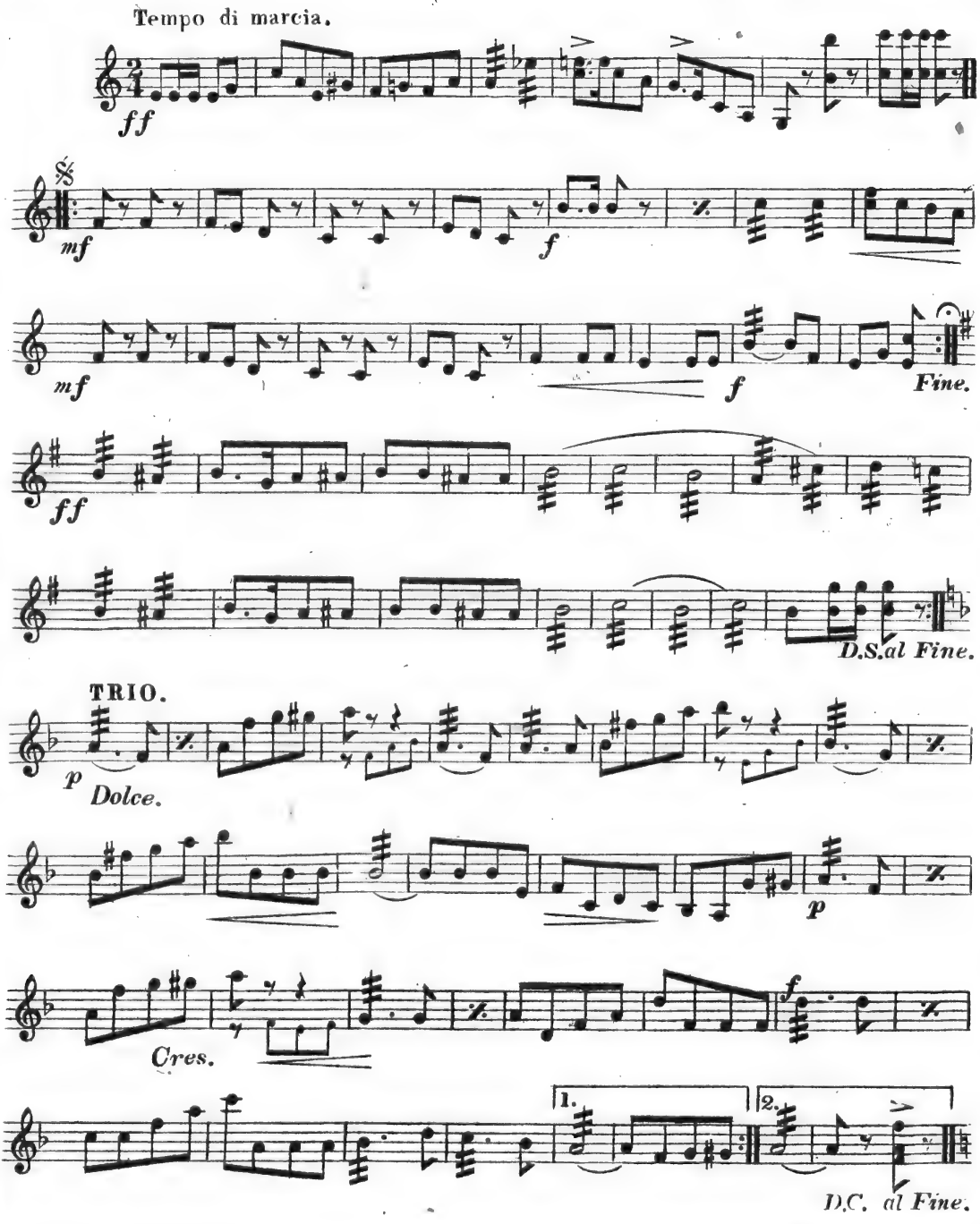


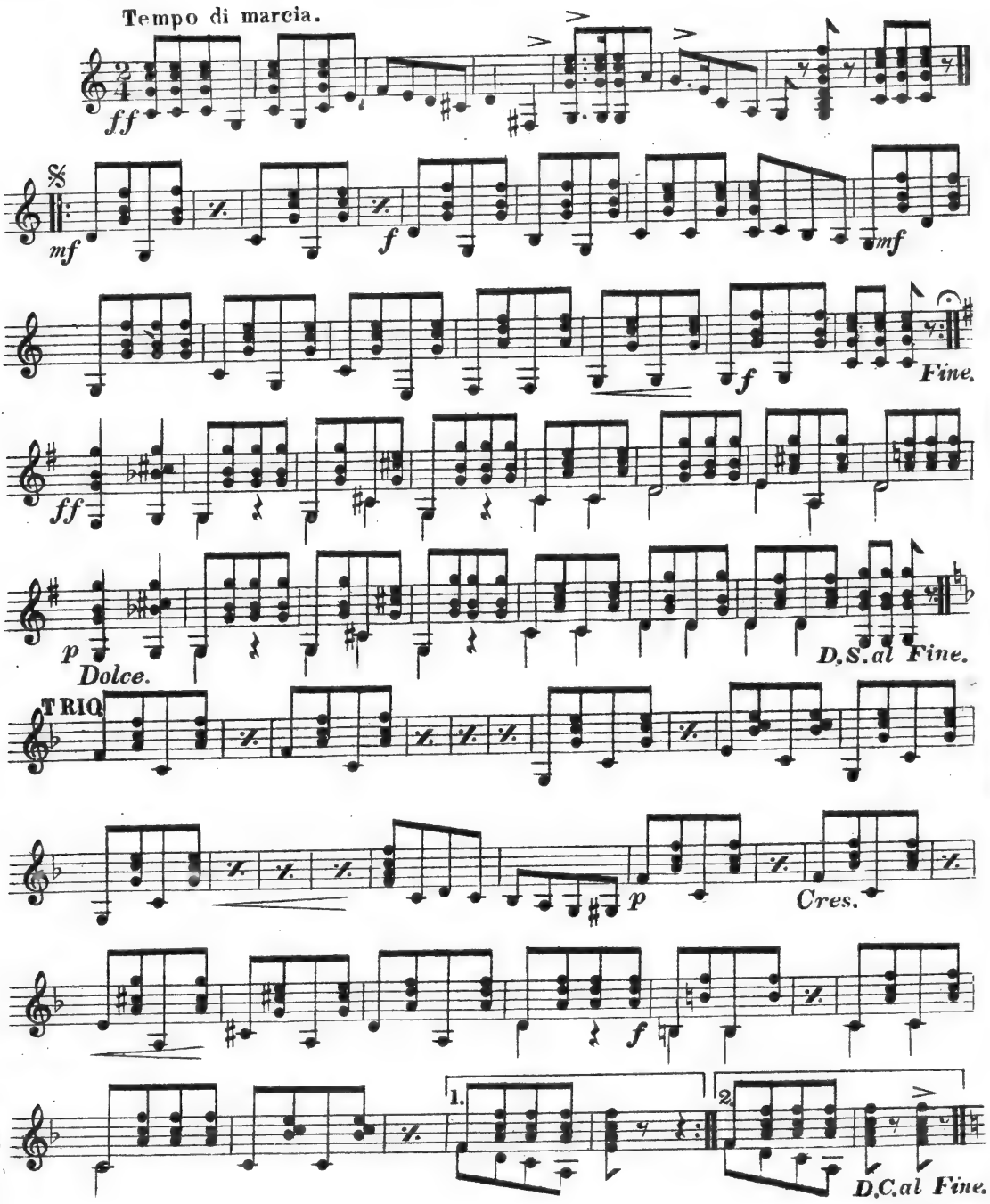
To H. A. Weyman & Son, Phila Pa.

KEYSTONE STATE MARCH.

(TWO STEP.)

GUITAR.

Thos: J. ARMSTRONG.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

MAKING A START.

II.

THE question of locality is a very important consideration. In the teaching field, especially, success depends very largely upon environment. A connection, of sorts, can be worked up anywhere, but it can be done far more readily in some places than in others, and this is very often due to the class of residents. But few beginners have the luck to step into a connection ready made. Of course, if you have the chance of such a thing it will greatly simplify matters, and amounts to merely buying a business. Only make sure first that it is worth it. Unless you are the hundredth man, however, you will probably prefer building your own. One often hears certain towns spoken of as "great banjo centres." It would seem from this that enthusiasm is inclined to be local. In all such cases it will be found to have been brought about mainly through the hard work and ability of those teachers who have made the place their headquarters. They have made the instrument popular, and done their best to bring it under the recognition of those about them, with the best of results. It would be possible to name a dozen towns where a decade ago the banjo was practically an instrument unknown—beyond occasional manipulation at the hands of strolling minstrels—and which rank to-day as accepted "banjo centres." Such metamorphosis is due entirely to the efforts of those who represent the instrument professionally in the district.

A great many persons have the idea that London—preferably the West End—is the only place to settle in with a view to success. This idea is rather misplaced. If you have many introductions, they may very rightly be allowed to influence you in the matter; but otherwise—and assuming that you are comparatively unknown—you will find it infinitely harder to get a start in London itself than in any moderately large provincial town. There are remarkably few Whittingtons nowadays, and one does not pick up a fortune in big cities more easily than anywhere else. Suburban London is another matter altogether, and it is here that a great many young teachers find their best field. Speaking personally, if I were to begin the whole business over again to-morrow, I would, without hesitation, start somewhere in the provinces. It is evident folly to leave a place where one is already fairly well known with the idea of making better progress in some other locality to which one arrives as a total stranger, yet time and again I have known beginners take this step, and the result is only too seldom equal to their expectations.

Wherever you settle, have your studio as central as possible. You want to be within easy access to everyone. More hinges upon this than is at first sight apparent; prospective pupils will not be so likely to hunt you up if your place of business is at all removed from the beaten track. For the first year, however, it is more likely that the boot will be upon the other foot, and if there is any "hunting up" to be done at all in the matter, you will do it yourself. Still, let them have a fair chance of doing so, without its entailing any undue trouble.

A great many newcomers start out with the idea of accomplishing everything all at once. This leads, not unnaturally, to much disappointment, and more often than not at the end of three months they are in a mood to throw the business over altogether and declare that there is nothing to be done at it, and it's no good trying. They are in a hurry to pass judgment before they have even given the work a fair trial. Impatience is a bad fault, yet oddly enough, in many cases, it is the impatient people who in the end get on the best. They have the energy, at all events, and it is energy that tells. Of a very different type is the beginner who, for want of a better name, one might call the resigned person. One comes across them fully as often as the impatient everything-at-once type. They have heard that it is no use trying to work up a connection in an hour; that it takes a long time to make a fair start; and they believe it. They say, in a tone of accommodating themselves to circumstance: "Of course, one can't expect to do very much just at first. One has to get one's name known, and that takes time." This is very true. But their idea of the best way to accomplish the feat of "getting known" seems to be, figuratively speaking, to sit down and wait. Considering that they themselves do nothing to push matters, this faith in an ultimate reward of patience strikes one as little short of superb. "Once I get a little better known," they console themselves, "I shall get along all right." And they somehow give one the impression that this is to be achieved by an earthquake, or the direct instrumentation of Providence. They know what they want to do, but they

have no definite notion of how to set about it. I have wondered, sometimes, whether anything short of an upheaval of nature would suffice to shake such people into an idea of helping themselves. I don't believe it would.

A retiring and modest disposition is a great boon—to persons other than the possessor. But a light under a bushel is as good as no light at all, and it is of no use expecting recognition from the public without making some effort on your own part to secure it. This means more than leaving your name at one or two music-dealers, and telling your friends hopefully that you have decided to adopt teaching as a profession. A certain outlay is necessary in commencing any branch of business, and it is as necessary in this as in any other. You want your card placed prominently before such section of the public as you rely on for support, not only in one or other of the leading journals, but in all, and in your own local paper as well. The importance of good advertisement is one that should suggest itself to everybody, yet it is astonishing how few people seem to realise it, or at any rate, act upon the knowledge.

It is surely unnecessary nowadays to remind teachers of the importance of keeping thoroughly up-to-date in all things relating to their profession. All the newest and best knowledge should be at your finger-tips; there must be no rusty methods and old-fashioned ideas; and you should acquaint yourself in so far as is possible with all that is afoot in the banjo, mandolin and guitar world. The prominent modern artists should be more than mere names to you; you should know their achievements and their work. In short, do your best to learn all that there is to be learned about the instrument, historically as well as technically. There should be a bookshelf in the studio, and beside reference books and the contemporary journals, room should be found on it for a copy of each new educational work as issued. You want to be familiar with all the latest ideas in instruction, and you can do this only by getting the new publications as soon as they come out. It is not a case of saying you can't afford to. You simply can't afford not to, and you will very quickly find this out.

MERTON H. GRANT.

(To be continued).

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Mr. Ted Williams, late of 18, Fairfoot Road, Bow, has opened a studio at 15, Byron Avenue, East Ham, where he will be pleased to see old and new pupils, and has also arranged to attend Mr. Schweitzer's Music Warehouse, Green Street, Upton Park, for the purpose of giving lessons. Mr. Williams has just returned from a successful provincial tour, extending over a period of several months.

* * *

We notice Mr. Essex is advertising for another Pierrette. This will make the second since Miss Dewhurst left a few months since.

* * *

The White Coon Banjo Team are booked for three weeks at the Victoria Pavilion, Ilfracombe. We believe this celebrated team open there on the Saturday before Whit Monday. Messrs. Charles Conyers and Wilson James have frequently appeared at Ilfracombe before and with great success, so the team should prove very popular.

* * *

At Lambeth police court yesterday, Charles Prevett, 18, and George Butler, 17, both described as hawkers, of Arpley Road, Penge, were charged with being concerned together in breaking and entering the premises, 19, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood, and stealing property to the value of £3, belonging to Tom Rennie Vowles. Detective-inspector Fox had charge of the case on behalf of the police. The prosecutor is now residing at 18, Farquhar Road, but up to Christmas he lived at 19, and some of his property was left upon those premises. On Thursday it was found that 19 had been broken into, a pane from the scullery window having been removed for the purpose of obtaining access to the house. Some boxes had been turned out, and several articles of clothing were missed.—Detective Rand stated that, in company with Detective Buxton, he arrested the prisoners at Penge on Saturday morning.—When told the charge Prevett turned to Butler and said, "You know something about this." Butler replied, "Yes. We both went there, and we put our shoulders against the door, and it flew open,

and we went in. We saw the box with the clothing in. We took it out and put it in a sack. We then had a tune on the old banjo and violin, and broke the strings. We thought we heard somebody about, and we cleared out." Prevett exclaimed, "That's right!" A number of articles of clothing belonging to the prosecutor were found at a lodging-house at which the prisoners had been living.—The prisoners made no answer to the charge, and Mr. Francis committed them to take their trial at the South London sessions.—*Lloyd's.*

* * *

In *Stewart's Journal* of April they speak of "Ernest," a wonderful boy banjoist, and by the youngster's repertoire he must be a marvel. He is at present touring with his father, Mr. Albert Rimington.

* * *

A double-bass banjo is also spoken of in *Stewart's*, and is supposed to be the only one in existence, and owned by Mr. R. H. Fletcher, of Sydney, N.S.W. The length of this instrument is two feet eight inches; hoop, twenty-one inches; twenty-four brackets, and has four strings, two silver and two gut, tuned C, D, F and G, and complete it weighs fourteen pounds!!

* * *

"Do you use beeswax?" bids fair to become as popular as "What Oh! she bumps!" It was *very much* en evidence at the recent banjo concerts.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Sydney, late of 4, Damer Terrace, West Brompton, has taken new premises at 8, Molesford Road, Parson's Green, where he has opened a very pleasant and well appointed studio. We believe Mr. Sydney is always ready to welcome a call from banjoists who may find themselves at any time in the vicinity.

* * *

Michelson Bros., banjoists, write to say that their London agents, Nathan and Somers, have notified them that unless the Boer-British war soon comes to a close, engagements will have to be cancelled. They would then go direct to Hamburg, Germany, where they are booked for twenty-six weeks. This clever banjo duo has lately played three houses in Brooklyn; after that, one week at Proctor's, New York, and another week at the Pleasure Palace, N.Y. They then go to Los Angeles, their home, for a well-earned rest. After playing the Proctor Circuit, the manager pronounced them one of the best "hits" he ever had.—*The Major.*

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that Mr. W. C. Barnes, the well known teacher of the banjo and mandolin, late of Poole's Park, Finsbury Park, has opened extensive premises at 262, Hornsey Road, N., where he has a large and varied stock of musical instruments, music, etc. We wish him very possible success in his new venture.

* * *

Our representative called on Mr. F. Peters, a few days ago, and was pleased to hear that this energetic teacher was exceedingly busy with pupils. Mr. Peters' reputation as a first class performer and teacher has long been established and we can thoroughly recommend him to any one wishing to take lessons on the banjo, mandolin, or guitar.

ENGLAND VERSUS AMERICA..

By Thos. J. Armstrong.

Englishmen agree with Americans in everything musical except banjo music.

Over in England they name the bass string "C," while we call it "A."

This results in two entirely different systems of notation for the banjo, and the consequence is that when a young student on this side of the ocean buys a banjo composition published in London he cannot play it unless he is capable of adapting and transposing it in the American form.

There is little satisfaction in the thought that they have the same difficulty with our banjo arrangements in London.

* * * * *

These two different methods in no way affect the real sounds of the banjo. Our banjo is tuned exactly the same as the man in London tunes his. The music also looks the same. What is the difference, then, between our system of banjo music and the English? A musician would explain by saying that we have made our banjo a transposing instrument, like the E-flat cornet, while the Englishman has made his a non-transposing instrument like the violin.

This explanation, of course, refers to the regular size banjo and not to the banjeaurine, which, on account of its dimensions, must be tuned a fourth higher, no matter what system of notation is employed.

An alteration in the size of an instrument must be followed by either a radical change in naming the strings (for its use in a band) or a complete transposition of the music.

England seized our banjeaurine, too, called its strings like their own banjo and wrote its music a fifth higher to make the two instruments harmonise.

This manner of tuning (a facsimile of our own method but in different keys) makes the English banjo a non-transposing instrument and their banjeaurine a transposing banjo.

The above description, on account of its briefness, may be a little obscure, but if the reader is sufficiently interested he will comprehend banjo affairs up to the present time. He will see that America—the home of the banjo—and England have two distinct systems of notation which will never unite unless either one gives way to the other. If we were to transform our piano keys, calling C on the piano A, and D, B, it would represent the condition of banjo affairs between England and America. What a wretched state the pianist would then be in? He must either study his piano all over again, or else be satisfied to play in keys different from those represented on the music. America calls her banjo strings B, G sharp E, A, and E. England calls her banjo strings D, B, G, C and G. And yet the strings of the American banjo sound exactly the same as the English banjo. An American composer, wishing to write a composition in the natural key of the banjo, takes A for his signature; the Englishman takes C for his, and the two instruments play in unison.

As to which system is best it must be acknowledged that the English method has many things in its favour, for it enables the banjo to play in the same signature with mandolin and guitar. Our American system compels the composer to write his banjo part in keys a minor third lower than mandolin and guitar, to make them harmonise. An English student commences his study of the banjo with the key of C natural. An American student commences his study of the banjo with the key of A, three sharps. Englishmen can play from a piano copy and their banjo harmonises with piano. Americans can not do this; they must play their banjo part a minor third lower if they read from piano music and wish their instrument to chord with the piano.

When the Englishmen started their banjo music in its present form they could have simplified matters very much by placing the notation in the bass clef and still name their banjo strings, D, B, G, C and G. American and English music would then resemble each other more closely and the difficulty of transposing from sight would be lessened.

The principal objection to English banjo music is that it soars too high among the leger lines and in this respect it resembles flute music very much. If their system was adopted in America we would soon become accustomed to the change.

As to whether a change will ever take place, it is rather difficult to say. If such a thing would happen the entire mass of American publications issued up to the present time for the banjo would have to be thrown away. And why? Because it must necessarily be re-written to conform with the new mode (the English) of naming the strings. American publishers of banjo music will never submit to this; but, it is barely possible that a convention of banjo players and teachers in the near future may be gathered together for a discussion of this question.

The banjo has advanced in England just as rapidly as it has in America. Its growth in the two countries has not gone forward without commensurate and coincident advancement in a popular desire for unshackeled musical intercourse.

Let us hope we may soon have a "treaty of peace" among the banjo players of England and America.—*Philadelphia Musical Enterprise.*

BANJOISMS.

A Potpourri of Things Banjoistic, Reminiscent and Otherwise.

By Clarence L. Partee.

In a recent issue of a New York trade paper it was stated that the elder Dobson was the pioneer teacher of the banjo. If it is meant by this that Mr. Dobson was the pioneer banjo teacher in New York City, it may possibly be true, although there is ample reason to doubt the assertion. The Dobson family have been identified with the banjo for many years (albeit none of them ever reached the artistic heights attained by our modern banjo artists) but it is likely that the banjo was taught professionally in New York City before the time of the elder Dobson.

Mr. Frank B. Converse, another pioneer of the instrument, is generally accredited with being the first man in America to produce anything like real music upon the banjo, but he had numerous predecessors in the old school of playing who performed upon the banjo professionally, with travelling minstrel companies and otherwise, for years before his (Converse's) advent, so that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for anyone now living to state with certainty who it was that first taught the banjo professionally in this coun-

try. The writer enjoys the acquaintance of two gentlemen who have been identified with the banjo for more than half a century; and is a regular correspondent of one pioneer performer who began practising upon the instrument in 1839, but neither of these gentlemen would undertake to name the pioneer banjo teacher.

Not that the matter is of any special importance—in my opinion it is of no importance at all, except as mere historical data—but it simply shows the readiness of people generally to make assertions concerning the banjo and its teaching, without actual evidence to prove the truth of their statements.

The banjo of to-day mechanically and musically considered, is so far removed from the type used sixty years ago that both players and the public have lost interest in the banjo happenings of that era. The instrument itself was so crude at that time and its music so limited to rhythm of the rudest description, that few care to investigate statements made concerning its early days in America. Except as a matter of historical knowledge, in order that one may be familiar with the evolution and history of his favourite instrument, no modern banjoist troubles himself much concerning the "inventors," the "pioneer" teachers or the "original" manufacturers of the banjo. He is more interested in the happenings of the day, the latest literature for the instrument and the probable progress of the banjo in the future; very properly, too, for matters musical (as well as nearly everything else) are advancing with such speed nowadays that one has no time to look backward, for more than the moment. If he pauses long to contemplate the past he finds himself unable to keep up with the rapidly moving procession and is soon left in the rear of progress.

In the remarkably rapid development of the banjo and its music during the past few years, the three octave solo banjo has certainly been a potent factor. Its arrival markes an important epoch in the evolution of the instrument and modern banjoists wonder now how they ever got along without it. It increased the scope of the banjo to such an extent, gave a so much superior tone quality in the upper register, and made the technique so much easier, that it is a question if such selections as the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3, or the William Tell Overture, could ever have been acceptably rendered on the banjo had it not been for the perfection of the three octave instruments. Of course, it would have been possible to play them upon an instrument without the twenty-two frets, but not with the same effect, ease of execution, or tone quality. It is pretty certain that they could not have been performed with sufficient effect to satisfy a critical audience, without the valuable improvement in the banjo made by increasing the extent of the finger board to three octaves.

Of course the chief credit of playing selections of the highest class belongs to the artist who performs them successfully, but without an instrument which is adequate to the demands made upon it, even the greatest genius must fall short of satisfying himself or his auditors. For that reason it may be truthfully stated that the inventor of the three octave solo banjo made the banjo virtuoso possible. Without it, there could have been no banjo virtuosi, in the accepted meaning of the term; for many violin and piano compositions of the highest class, which are now successfully performed upon the banjo, could never have been reproduced upon the old style banjo of limited range.

It would be interesting to know what effect, if any, the Automatic banjo (styled the Encore) has had upon the popularity of the instrument in this country. This marvellous machine, which, in my opinion, surpasses any mechanical musical instrument ever invented, has probably only been heard to a limited extent owing to the policy of the firm controlling the patents, which refuses to sell instruments and places them only by selling rights to certain territory and utilising them as commercial nickel-in-the-slot machines; but it would certainly prove an educator wherever heard. It may be that some banjoists imagine the Encore would interfere with their prerogatives and that its general introduction would prove a detriment to the profession, but I am sure that this is a mistaken notion. A mechanical instrument such as the Encore, which plays with such marvellous expression, using all the effects of which the banjo is capable, and renders selections of such merit, must prove an educator and a lasting benefit to the banjo as a musical instrument.

The latest machines manufactured by the Automatic Banjo Company are much superior to those made two or three years ago and their adjustment is perfect. The playing of the Encore, as now perfected, is so wonderful and is such a life-like reproduction of the playing of a banjo virtuoso as to be absolutely beyond belief of those who have not heard it, and may be sceptical of its merits. It must be heard to be appreciated; and the more one hears it the more one must wonder at the genius of the inventor.—*The Cadenza.*

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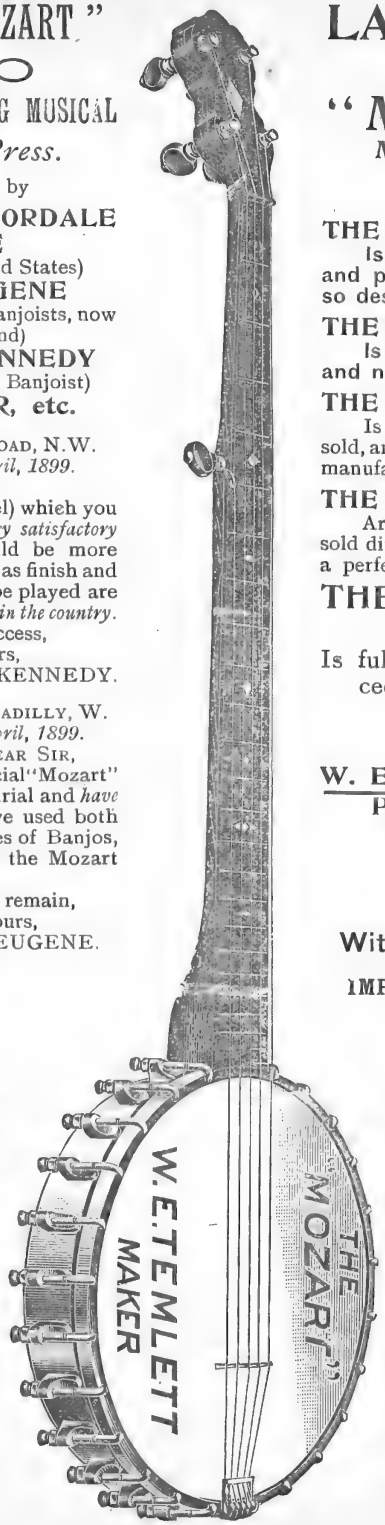

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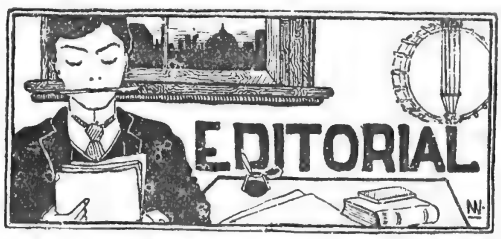


QUITE the best news that has reached us for some time from America, or indeed from anywhere, is of the proposed formation of an American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists, and Guitarists, a project with regard to which *Stewart's Journal* took the initiative. It is an early day to prophesy results, but the new movement is one calculated to work lasting good to the cause, and to assist, not so much in raising the status of banjo, mandolin, and guitar, for that, thanks to recent advance, is no longer the urgent need that it was a few years since, but in making their accomplished position both secure and acknowledged. Although the scheme is spoken of as "The American Guild," we are nevertheless safe in assuming it to be a step which will have a distinct influence upon the future of the instruments in other parts of the globe as well, if only by example, and as being a first stride towards a definite organisation of effort. The proposed guild will, as we understand it, be in a measure protective as well as demonstrative; merit will be the only key to admittance, and it will confer a certain standing upon all members. Heavy entrance examinations will exclude incompetence, which will by this means be at last relegated to its proper level. Mr. Charles Morris states: "No attempt at forming a union or social organisation whatever was, or is, under consideration, or embodied in the Guild proposal. The real object was, and is, to establish an indisputable standard for individuals and leagues to work up to."

This sounds like business. Up-to-date it must be admitted that the amount of talk, as opposed to action, in the banjo world has been rather disproportionate. Mr. Morris's proposal marks, in one sense, the dawn of a new era, and should meet with the intelligent

support and co-operation of all who have the future of their profession at heart.

* * *

The need of an organisation to be formed on these lines is one that is very widely felt at the present day. As matters now stand there is practically no such thing as a certificated banjo teacher. A teacher or "professor," so-called, may be either a person who has spent half a life-time in the study of the instrument, or the merest amateur intent on earning pin-money. There exists no means of drawing a line to distinguish the one from the other. This is unfair on the public, and it is doubly unfair on the earnest worker. One might go a step further, and say there is no such thing as a bureau of acknowledged authority on purely technical questions relating to the study of the instrument. It is this, a final court of appeal, as it were, which is needed as much as anything else, and it is this which a future guild—college—whatever one prefers to call it—would look to to provide. As an authority it would be final, because composed of the leading exponents of the instrument. Besides setting the standard of competence, and adjudging claims for nomination, they would decide upon all technical questions from time to time arising. Everything is not to be done at once. The banjo has not yet reached the summit of development. It is still in the transitional stages of its career. It is conceivable that future methods and possibilities, both in executive scope and construction may arise, which shall be as undreamt of to the present generation as were the methods of to-day to the players of the past. But not only would such an institute as proposed keep abreast of all innovations; it would of itself originate them. In all progress we should have co-operation instead of the waste of individual energy which, albeit tending to a common end, loses necessarily from the fact of advancing toward that end by widely differing paths. To use an old maxim, in union is strength, and it is a maxim which the laws of nature put into daily practice. Any movement, to be of permanent value, must be general, and not confined only to the few. There are among our journals evidences of a spirit of hearty co-operation and support which is the best of promises for the days to come, and which will go far towards laying the foundation of a wider bond which shall unite amateurs and professionals alike, irrespective, and let us hope exclusive, of personal differences. I have no wish to idealise in any degree, or to indulge in futile allusions to a problematical coming "millenium." The present is quite big enough to work in, and when one step is completed, it will be time enough to talk confidently of the next.

* * *

The war is everywhere held responsible for a marked apathy this season among the ranks of concert-goers, resulting in somewhat scattered audiences. Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer are to be congratulated, however, in having secured for their recent concert a great "draw" in the person of Mr. Vess Ossman, the world-famous banjo soloist of New York. As, judging from his tremendous reception, Mr. Ossman's appearance was taken by the audience as practically constituting the concert in question, or at least the important part of it, we may be easily forgiven for placing him first and foremost in the account. His fame has been far-reaching, and one and all were keyed up to the anticipation of something very big. Certainly Mr. Ossman's playing more than justifies his reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. He uses a rather large hooped banjo, and the tone he gets from it is magnificent. He played Berlioz' Hungarian March, "Rakoczy," followed by a rag-time medley of his own arrangement, and was twice encored, applause fairly reaching the point of a tumult. Not for a long while have we known a St. James's audience so enthusiastic.

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

Charles E. Brown.

Who has not heard of Mr. Brown? Why, everybody knows Mr. Brown! Wherever the English language is spoken the name of Mr. Brown is a household word. I don't suppose there is a man, woman, or child in the United Kingdom who has not heard of Mr. Brown—of course, it may not be the particular Mr. Brown I am writing about, but that doesn't matter.

The first time I met this Mr. Brown was at Mr. Will C. Pepper's last concert on April 27th. We were both playing in the Mozart Club, and before the doors opened, we (the club) were just practising a little to get our fingers in trim, practising in the same delightfully independent fashion as usual; all playing different tunes, in different keys, and with banjos differently tuned. It struck me that it wouldn't be a bad idea for some of us to get our banjos tuned alike, so with this object in view, I approached Mr. Brown and asked him for a G.

"Very sorry! haven't got one, have a cigarette instead," said he, and then I knew I had met a humorist. No one but a humorist would have given me such an answer as that. I don't know why it is, but humorists always do say funny things—sometimes.

Now, being, as everyone knows, a seriously inclined individual, I have always had an idea that humorists ought to be kept chained up or muzzled or something, and I confess that I was prejudiced against Mr. Brown at the commencement of this interview. My first question showed this plainly, and my unreasonable prejudice was the cause of a little misunderstanding at the outset.

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" Then, thinking I was rather hard on the poor fellow, I put the question in a different form, and he commenced his history as follows:—

"Well, I was born just over thirty years ago, so I am told, at the age of eight——"

Here was the very thing I had been dreading. Fancy a man telling me in cold blood that he was born at the age of eight! I got into a towering rage.

"Look here, sir, do you think I am going to tell my readers such rubbish as that? How on earth could you be born at the age of eight? It's absurd! Kindly stick to facts and let us have no more joking," and I looked very fierce!

"But," said he, "I didn't say I was born at the age of eight—"

"But you did, sir!"

"I did not!"

"You did!"

"I'm afraid you are making a slight mistake," said he, "I merely said I was born just over thirty years ago, and then commenced another sentence. I was going to say that at the age of eight I commenced learning the violin."

Of course, I had to apologise, and admit that I was an irascible old idiot, and that it was all due to a certain prejudice I had against humorists. After that we got on very well.

"My first teachers were indifferent, but when I was about fourteen I was put under a good musician, who made me thoroughly understand the music I was playing, and I made rapid progress.

"It was about twelve years ago that I first took to the banjo, and the mandolin three years later, my knowledge of the violin being a great help with the latter instrument. I have always played the zither-banjo, but a visit to Mr. Pepper's concert in May last year, convinced me that the 'Mozart' was the ideal banjo for stage work, so I obtained one from Mr. W. E. Temlett, and have played it ever since.

"I thoroughly enjoy these concerts. One can learn so much hearing the different artists play and playing with them in the Mozart Club. Then again, I am greatly indebted to Mr. Pepper for a good many hints he has given me from time to time, which I have found most invaluable, and I have always found him ready to assist one through a difficulty."

"What are your favourite solos?"

"For the banjo, 'Hunter's Waltz,' 'Reign of Love,' 'Valse de Concert,' 'Rose Tree March,' 'Apollo March,' and 'Brother Josh.' On the mandolin I mostly play my own arrangements. 'Tannhauser' is my most successful, though I find 'Bohemian Girl,' 'Home, sweet home,' and 'Poet and Peasant' are also very popular."

Mr. Brown's head quarters are at Leeds, and as may be imagined he leeds a busy life. What am I saying? That comes of interviewing a humorist! the complaint is catching! He has appeared in most of the large towns in England, at concerts, theatres, and music halls. Asked for a few interesting incidents, he said,

"I remember one summer, as there was not much teaching to be done, I accepted an offer for a nine weeks' tour with a combination. We opened at one of the pleasure resorts on the south coast in fearfully hot weather, which no doubt accounted for the fact that there were only about two dozen people in the hall, so we did not show. The manager pleaded poverty, and said he only had enough to pay our fares to the Midlands, our next pitch, so salaries were held over. I shall not forget the journey in a hurry. We took the boat to Tilbury as being cheaper, and then got into the wrong train, so we got out at the first stop but forgot to pull the luggage out, and while I was arguing with the station master, a porter told me that the rest of the company had gone on in another train. There was I, left all alone at a station called East Ham, or West Ham, or some sort of Ham, and it made me long for a ham sandwich. However, I arrived eventually at St. Pancras, found the rest of the company there, and got into a train for the Midlands, arriving at our destination at about 5.30, too late for a rehearsal. No doubt you know what some of these country bands are *with* a rehearsal, and can pretty well guess what they are like *without* one. I was playing a mandolin solo for my first item, and the band struck up a comic song. I explained matters,

and commenced my solo, and about half way through came to a nice *pp* part, when I heard an awful row, as if one of the brass instruments had burst. It was the cornet player who had come to the conclusion that he hadn't enough to do, and meant to make his presence felt, and make up for the notes he had missed.

"As there were about two hundred and fifty people in the hall, I began to hope business was looking brisker, but in the morning I was told it was nearly all paper, so I concluded to clear out. Luckily I had enough money with me to take me home, and a fortnight later I heard that the company were stranded not far from where I left them."

Mr. Brown finds that his banjo and mandolin solos are in great demand at better class concerts, but at the village concerts in the north, he books numerous engagements for humorous songs and sketches only. One of his most successful songs is entitled "Facial Expression," the *points* in the song being conveyed to the audience by the movements of the face, and Mr. Brown has a very flexible face, he can almost whisk a fly off the back of his neck with his upper lip, but not quite! He gave me a photograph of one of these "Facial Expressions," and I find it very useful to keep the cats off the garden in the day time and frighten burglars away at night.

Taking into consideration the fact that he is a humorist, he is not a bad sort, and doesn't even bombard you with bad puns as some of these fellows do. He has a good teaching connection, and has turned out some very capable soloists, and what with lessons and engagements has all his work cut out, and even while this interview was going on he was fidgeting to get away to the scene of his labours, so I let him go with many good wishes for future success.

"HORACE WESTON."

MR. HARRY COLLINS' NINETEENTH ANNUAL CONCERT, HOPE HALL, LIVERPOOL.

(*From our Special Correspondent*).

IT afforded me pleasure to visit the Annual Concert, given by the ever popular Liverpool favourite, Mr. Harry Collins, at Hope Hall upon the evening of May 7th. The turns were many and varied, suiting every class of taste, but as this is *per se* a journal devoted to the banjo, mandolin, and guitar, it would be out of place for me to discourse, however sweetly, upon any other items than instrumental ones. Still, *en passant*, I would like to remark, that the plaster on the ceiling was cracked in many places owing to the thunderous applause that greeted the very up-to-date kinematographic pictures of Messrs. Archer, the latest scenes from the war, generals, etc., etc.

The first encore of the evening was given to Masters Collins and Mathewson, who attacked "Fascination" with the ease of hardened crim— (beg pardon) professionals. Then they gave the platform to Miss Alice Collins, who took it with grace and a mandolin, upon which she discussed the merits of (a) Spring Song, (b) Serenade (Thoms), in a mistressly fashion. (Query, if chairwoman, why not mistressly).

The other items encored were: Miss Annie King (aged 8), piano solo, a clever little girl; Mr. Wilbrad Sykes, humorist; Mr. Ben Robert, tenor, who was in fine voice; and Messrs. Parkinson and Orford, banjo duettists, who in playing "Belle of Columbia" lacked energy and power, although their playing was very accurate.

The item of the evening, however, approached with the entrance of Mr. H. C. and his W. E. Temlett "joe" in a Pierrot costume (yes, Mr. Editor, *he* wore the costume), his son, as a microscopic edition, and Misses A. and M. Collins as Pierrettes. They gave a melange, (good word this, sounds better than mixture, though smoking melange would look funny. Oh the concert! yes), including songs, solos, and a chorus or two. All were well received, as was shown by the audience allowing them to remain upon the platform for twenty-five minutes. Mr. H. C. was in good trim with Valse de Concert and a solo of his own composition. The combined orchestra (over sixty) played with verve and attack of the finest "Apollo March," etc., etc., looking a perfect picture of loveliness and harmonic art, arranged as they were tier upon tier and no crowding, which same often spoils a good show.

The audience, which was *very* large and fashionable, showed their hearty appreciation by splitting their gloves in a very good-tempered manner, hurling chunks of applause at every item on a really enjoyable programme. CHRIS BERN.

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.

A concert was given by the Chesham temperance friends, and the programme was arranged by F. Norman, consisting of instrumental and vocal quintets, duets, solos and recitations. Quintet, "Ruby Gertrude" March and "Perla d'Amore," mandolins, Miss G. Child and F. Norman; violin, Miss B. M. Wallington; flute, Mr. G. J. Smith; piano, Miss K. Webb; banjo solo, "Apollo" March, by F. Norman; mandolin duet, "Told in the Twilight," Miss Child and F. Norman; violin solo by Miss B. M. Wallington; trio, flute, violin and piano, "Etolle," violin, F. Norman; flute, Mr. G. J. Smith; piano, Miss B. Wallington. Songs were given by Miss B. M. Wallington, Miss L. Webb and Mr. F. Howard. Recitations by Mr. G. J. Smith. Time would not permit for encores although requested, and a good number were present, and votes of thanks were expressed by the chairman for the Chesham friends, and hoped they would come again as it was the best concert of the season.

CHESHAM.

At the Chesham Co-operative Society's annual tea and concert, F. Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band played selections during the evening to a crowded and appreciative audience.

HOLBORN.

At the Freemasons' Tavern a concert given by the Association of Lancastrians in London, Messrs. Rogers and Tait were encored for "Zig-Zag" Galop, banjo duet, responding with "Drexel March."

ISLINGTON.

At the Caledonian Rooms on May 2nd a grand vocal and instrumental concert was held, which was a great success. Mr. F. Topping's violin solos were among the best I have heard. Miss Bertolle, Mr. J. C. Bertolle and Mr. Stanford Rogers playing under the collective title of the "Academy Banjo Trio," played "West Lawn Polka" and "White Coons," but owing to the length of the programme were unable to respond to the demand for an encore.

KENSINGTON.

On May 3rd a concert arranged by the Misses Corrie in aid of the Sick and Wounded in South Africa was given in the Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington. The hall, which was prettily decorated with flags and banners, was completely filled by a large and fashionable audience. Where so many ladies and gentlemen gave their services and all well, it is almost invidious to single out names. Special mention may, however, be made of the violin playing of Miss Zeta Mason, and the singing of Mr. Martin, whose splendid voice only requires a little more cultivation in order that he may be heard to even still greater advantage. The feature of the concert was Mr. Will C. Pepper's banjo trio (Messrs. Will C. Pepper, Alban Booth and Bert Meredith). The audience asked for an encore, a request which these gentlemen declined to grant. Miss Muriel Ashwynne and Mr. Leonard Graves in a dialogue entitled "At the Dentists" contributed much to the evening's entertainment. The "Banjo Club" Band, under the leadership of Mr. Alban Booth, played "Drexel" and "Apollo" Marches with great success. Mr. Alban Booth gave a splendid rendering of his new waltz, "La Favourita," and in answer to a most vociferous encore that well known "Andante and Moderato," also his own composition. Mr. Frederic Smith acted as he always does, splendidly, at the piano.

MORECAMBE.

Our old friend, Arti Warner (late of Leeds), writes us that he has taken up a permanent address at Grafton Villa, Alexandra Road, and intends to devote the whole of his time to the teaching of the banjo. He is also working in connection with the Alexandra Pierrot Comedy Quartet at Morecambe through the season. We wish him every possible success.

NEWINGTON.

At a concert given by the St. Mary Newington Temperance Society, Mr. A. A. Bailey played banjo solo, "Dreams of Darkie Land," and for an encore "Only a rose."

NEWPORT, MON.

Easter Monday, Messrs. Gus Finn, Bert Coney and F. Simms, fulfilled an engagement at the Assembly Rooms, Machen, before a crowded audience. They gave as banjo and guitar trios, "Diamond Jubilee" March (encore), "Danse Bon-Bon" and "Bonnie Scotland" (encore), "Selections." Mr. Gus Finn sang his own coon song, "Sweet Virginny Jones," receiving an encore, as also did Mr. Bert Coney with "I couldn't help but laugh," and Mr. F. Simms "I can't think of nothing else but you, Lulu."

At the Oddfellows Hall, Easter Tuesday, April 17th, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Red-

man rendered a couple of duets and were encored.

At the same hall on the 26th at a Conservative "Smoker," Messrs. F. M. Carpenter and Gus Finn played a couple of duets.

On May 3rd the Newport "Black and White" Minstrels gave their third and last entertainment of the season, and like the previous ones it proved a great success. The Newport Banjo Troupe (Messrs. F. Moreton Carpenter, Gus Finn, G. Redman, J. H. Hanks, R. B. Kerr, S. Canham, F. Hughes and Miss E. M. Williams), played "White Coons" in capital style, and for an encore "Bonnie Scotland." Mr. Gus Finn sang (by request) his coon song, "Sweet Virginny Jones," it proving one of the "hits" of the evening.

At a concert organised by Mr. Gus Finn, held at the Town Hall Assembly Rooms on May 9th, the above troupe (and Mr. Bert Coney) rendered several pleasing items and were encored.

On May 14th at the same hall, Great Western Railway Temperance Union's concert, Messrs. F. M. Carpenter, Gus Finn and J. H. Hanks gave banjo trios and had a good reception.

At the "Ancient Order of Shepherds" Social held at the Newbridge Hotel on May 21st, Messrs. F. M. Carpenter and Gus Finn rendered a couple of banjo duets.

NORTHAMPTON.

Mr. Will Felce, the well known banjoist of this town, sends us the following:—"At a smoking concert in the Town Hall given by the Commercial Travellers' Association on Friday, April 27th, we appeared in costume, giving the 'Fanfare de Dragons' and 'Bonnie Scotland,' and in response to encore 'Newport Galop,' playing again by special request later in the evening 'Darkies' Return' (Ellis). The hall was splendidly decorated for the occasion, and this was without doubt one of the most successful concerts of the season. I enclose you a programme of same, also press cutting.

"At a bazaar and concert on Thursday, May 10th, in the Nelson Street Mission Hall, we gave, with the exception of one song, the whole programme, Mr. W. S. Cane giving an excellent rendering of 'The Coon Drum Major,' part of which he had to repeat, and 'The same ole moon am shining.' Mr. H. Walker sang 'Ma Honey's Holiday,' and in response to an encore, by request, 'The Old Folks at Home.' I also played two solos, 'White Coons' and 'Tambourine Dance,' the team filling up with four selections and an encore.

"The Hester Banjo Club, conducted by Mr. H. Lovett, made their first appearance at the Semilong Working Men's Club on April 28th, giving 'Cromartie March' and 'Kincona Polka March' in excellent style."

BY THE WAY.

FROM all accounts concert giving must be an exhilarating sort of pastime. One is often inclined to wonder whether those whose part it is to sit comfortably in "the front" and listen have any idea of the hundred and one minor worries that crop up, usually at next to the last minute, by way of lending a little variety to the affair—an element of excitement that might otherwise be lacking. It is never wise, unless you carry an insurance policy, to assail the organizer on such occasions with questions, so it was only from scattered sources that we were able to glean a few details behind the scenes at Mr. Pepper's recent concert, for the benefit of such readers as are interested in knowing how the wheels go round. Certainly difficulties seemed to have heaped themselves up that night, the culmination being the news, only received definitely at two minutes to eight, when it was practically too late to provide a substitute, that the expected accompanist would be unable to attend. It can be imagined that this was an encouraging announcement to arrive at the moment when the audience were all seated and there was no possible time for rehearsals. In fact three of the items had never been rehearsed at all. Mr. Temlett played for the "Zig-zag Galop," during which a string breakage caused some diversion, and also improvised an accompaniment for the MS. of Parke Hunter's which Mr. Bertolle played as a solo, the success of this latter speaking volumes for both Mr. Bertolle's playing and Mr. Temlett's cheek. Mrs. Williams, also at a minute's notice, offered to play for her daughter. In short, everyone "bucked up" at the necessity and a good concert resulted.

Mr. Holtum, of Dover, was prevented by illness from appearing in the Mozart Club, which was composed on this occasion of the leading London and provincial teachers, professors and amateurs, including Messrs. J. C. Bertolle, Bert Meredith, H. J. Fiske, Will C. Pepper, W. E. Stromeyer, H. H. Claydon, Alf. Stradling, Stanford Rogers, J. G. Tait, C. E. Brown, Bert Wilson, Sid. P. Herbert, Alban Booth, Arthur Stanley,

Sam Payne, Frederick Schmidt and L. Duddelski.

Mr. Fiske never played better. The Ladies' Trio were a great success in "West Lawn," and their instruments spoke out in a way which should be an effectual retort to those who are so fond of alluding to the banjo confidently as a "man's instrument." Mr. Newton, as he had not rehearsed his mandolin solo "Carmen" with the piano, decided not to play, which was a great loss to the audience and one of the drawbacks to the evening's enjoyment.

We may mention that on his way to the hall Mr. Pepper—or rather his cab-driver—knocked a boy down and narrowly escaped a tragedy thereby, an incident scarcely conducive to peace of mind, and which appeared to upset the concert-giver quite as much as it upset the boy.

All things considered, the evening was a good example of what can be done against long odds. Suffice it to add, however, that Mr. Pepper was more than very limp at the finale.

REMINISCENCES OF THE "QUEEN'S NAVEE."

By an Old Sea Dog.

(Continued from page 88.)

I daresay a good many of the readers of this Journal have heard of the Falkland Islands, but I don't suppose very many know much about them. The Falklands are a group of islands to the south-east of South America, and are peculiar in some respects. They are peopled mostly by kelp geese, penguins, and sheep, and the climate is all that could be desired—by a polar bear or an iceberg. If you are caught sheltering yourself from the rays of the sun under a tree, something terrible is pretty sure to follow, for this far-away corner of Her Majesty's dominions is about the only spot on which the sun does not shine, and the only tree that was ever known to grow on the islands was a gooseberry bush. During one particularly lengthy summer—I think it lasted about ten days—this gooseberry bush took it into its head to produce fruit, and the result of its effort was a single, splendid specimen of a gooseberry, about the size of a small pea, which the Governor took possession of and put under a glass case to be gazed at only on state occasions.

We did not often call there, and when we did were generally glad to get away again, but the time we did spend there was pleasant enough, for the people were English, and thoroughly enjoyed talking about the old country they had never seen.

The only town is Port Stanley, which seemed to be full of school children. Healthy, hardy looking youngsters, who formed a pleasant contrast to the sallow, old looking children in the Spanish towns farther north. We used to set them racing for coppers, and organised snowball fights for the lack of other amusements.

The first time we went down there, we found that the ship which had preceded us had been in the habit of giving dances and entertainments in the town, and as we had nothing of that sort prepared, we soon found ourselves unpopular, and several nasty remarks were passed and slights put upon us, so we held a counsel of war and considered what we should do.

The counsel was composed of myself and two other scoundrels of a deeper dye still, named Ward and Williams. Ward was a fiddler, not the ship's fiddler, but he played the fiddle, and Taff Williams played the accordion or "soap-box" as we called it, and we three were generally admitted to be at the bottom of every bit of mischief that took place.

We decided that the inhabitants deserved to be punished for condemning us prematurely and the result of the consultation was, that a huge poster, highly elaborated, was stuck on the notice board which did duty for a local newspaper in the middle of the main street:

"Hi! Hi!! Hi!!! To-night! to-night!!
Be in time! Be in time!!
At the Theatre Royal, Port Stanley,
—for one night only—
The Great Tragically Dramatic Pantomimic
Burlesque, entitled,
"THE FLIGHT OF SIR ROBERT de GROMPENOLIO,"
will be produced for the first time in this country
Scene 1.—"The Flight." Scene 2.—"The Pursuit."
Scene 3.—Grand Triumphal Procession."
Stalls, 1s. Pit, 6d. Gallery, 3d.
God save the Queen.

As may be supposed this caused considerable excitement in the town. Groups read it, and went home and told their sisters and cousins and aunts, and the whole population, numbering between two and three hundred, decided to go to the show and we set to work to make preparations.

We had already made ourselves acquainted with the theatrical resources of the town, and as we considered rehearsals unnecessary, had very little to do. We made arrangements for the only piano the town boasted (unless the Governor owned one) to be carted down to the theatre, and its owner to play all he knew

upon it. The theatre itself was not a very imposing building. It had originally been a barn, but had been converted into a theatre by the carpenters and shipwrights of the ship we relieved, for their own performances. As for properties, there were a few pieces of home-made scenery, and some old clothes, boots, dummy pistols, blunderbusses, and wooden swords.

Taff Williams stood at the door and collected the money, and the place was very soon packed, for anything to relieve the monotony of existence in that bleak, desolate spot, was welcomed with enthusiasm, and my conscience smote me at the idea of the awful swindle we were perpetrating, but it was too late to retract now.

After the pianist had thumped out several tunes, during which time we made as much noise as we could behind the scenes, tuning our instruments and stamping about to give the impression that the company was a large one, a bell was rung and the curtain went up.

We had darkened the stage by putting a plank in front, or rather behind the footlights; for one reason we did not want the people to see too much of us, and another it was all in the piece.

The scene was a green baize cloth, on which was pinned a card bearing the legend:

A FOREST.

To the accompaniment of slow, tremulous music, manipulated by Taff Williams on the "Soap-box," enter Ward, dressed in a fearful cut-throat, brigand style of costume, and armed to the teeth.

Ward (in a voice harmonising with his costume):—"Ah-ha—The night is dar-rk; I must awa-ay!"

Pause, during which thunder and slow music is heard. Then, enter your humble servant dressed in a similar manner, only more so, with moustaches up to the eyebrows!

After a searching glance in all directions—"What!! Sir Robert de Grompenolio gone! then *I* must follow." (Exit in the same direction, and curtain.)

We had informed the pianist that the first act would be very short, and when the curtain came down he was to play "Rule, Britannia" and "God save the Queen," as a grand procession took place in the second act.

The procession did take place! and as we "processed" down to the beach we heard the strains of "Rule Britannia" floating on the breeze. We jumped into a boat and pulled off to the ship which sailed at four o'clock the next morning. But before we turned in, we divided the spoil, and I recollect that my share was two pounds, three shillings and fivepence, for I kept it distinct in case I might be required to refund it.

We had managed matters so carefully and secretly that not a soul in the ship knew anything about our little escapade, beyond our three sweet selves, and for two mortal months we hung on tenter hooks, expecting every mail to bring a letter from the infuriated Falklandites demanding that we should be hanged. Fortunately for us, however, the mail to and from the Falklands is not very regular, and before a letter could be despatched the rough edge of their indignation had had time to wear down a little.

We were in Monte Video when the Captain called us aft on the quarter-deck, and we trembled as we saw an open letter in his hand, but regained courage as we saw the tail end of a smile playing round his lips.

It appeared that the Governor and his two daughters had thought fit to attend, and therefore our crime was worse than we had supposed.

"Who is the author of this disgraceful swindle?" asked the skipper, and as I thought it best that one should take all the blame if possible, I admitted the soft impeachment, but pleaded that it was only intended as a joke and a harmless revenge for the slights we had received. That we had to charge for admission or they would have suspected something, but that we were quite prepared to refund the money.

Then with a very solemn face, the skipper delivered judgment—that the next time we visited the islands we should give at least two theatrical performances and two dances, refreshments included, and all *free*, and put a notice on the board to the effect that he had commanded it as a compensation for the disgraceful fraud which had been imposed upon the townspeople.

The next time we went down we were fully prepared for anything, and gave some very successful farces and dances, and when we left the men cheered, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs and wiped their eyes, and all expressed a hope that we would soon come back, and were really quite sorry to part with us even for a time.

(To be continued).

If you'd be up to date
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

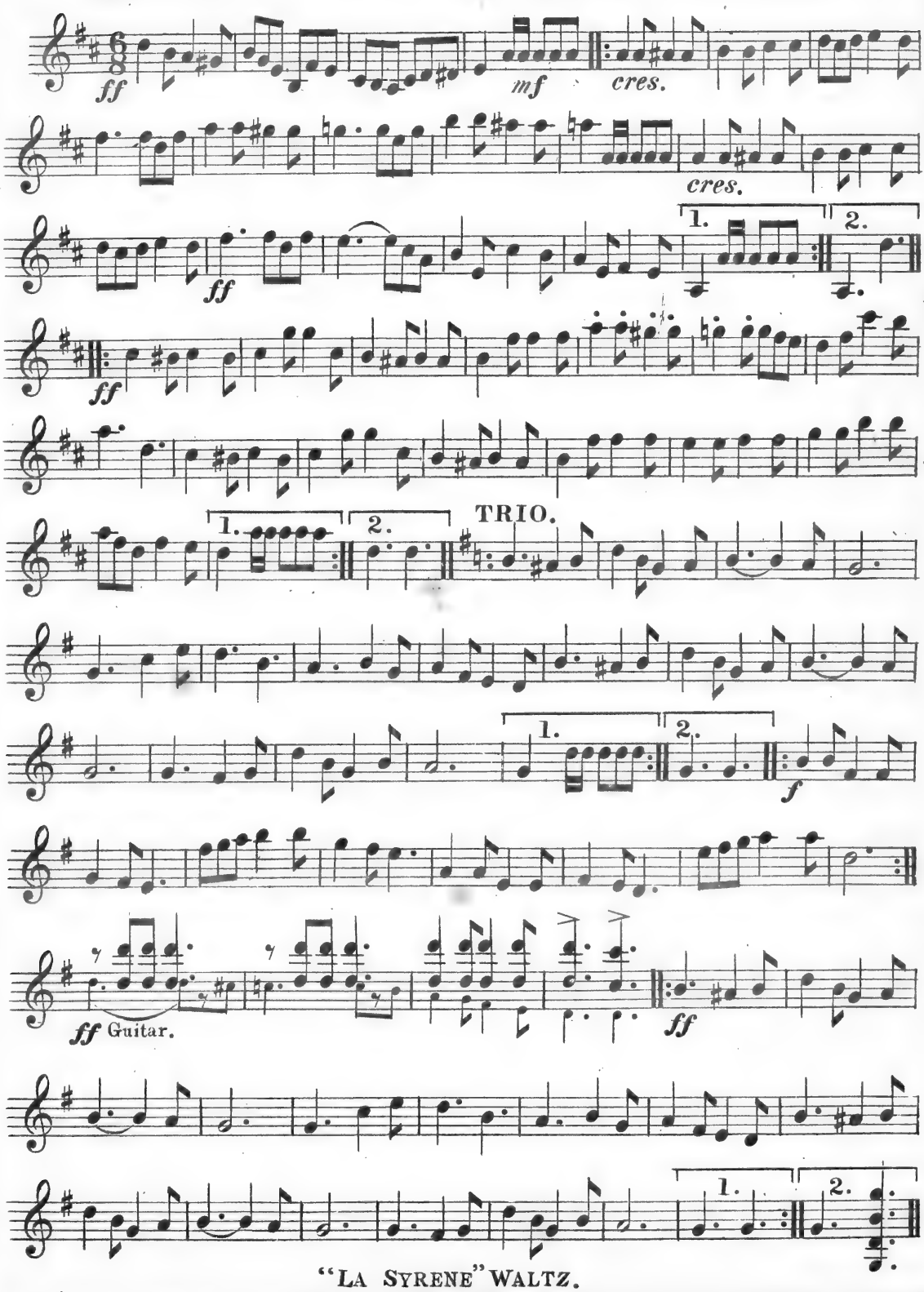
For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—[ADVT.

"The Patriot" March.

(From Gatcomb's Gazette)

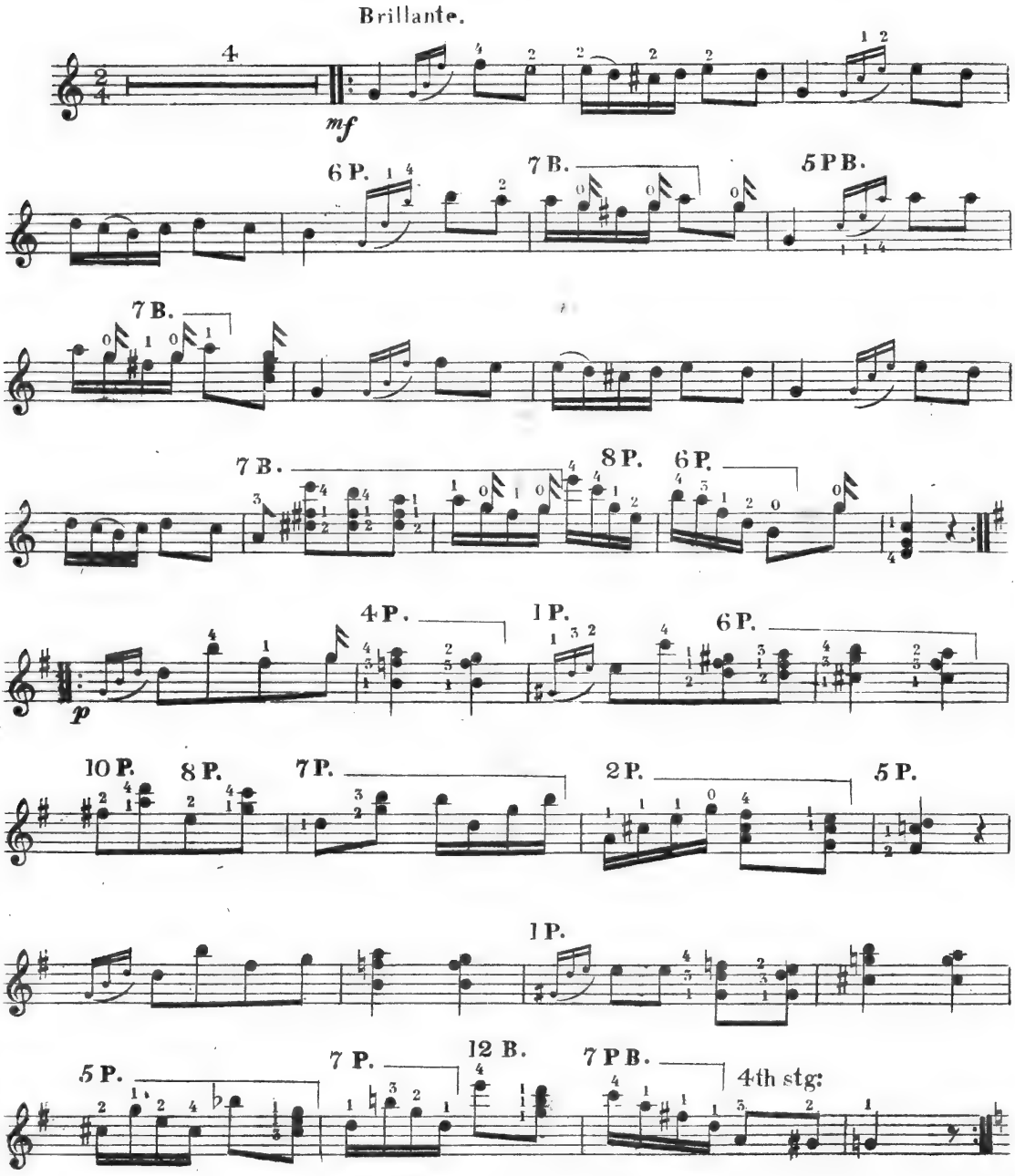
MANDOLIN. WALTER I. DOLBEARE.



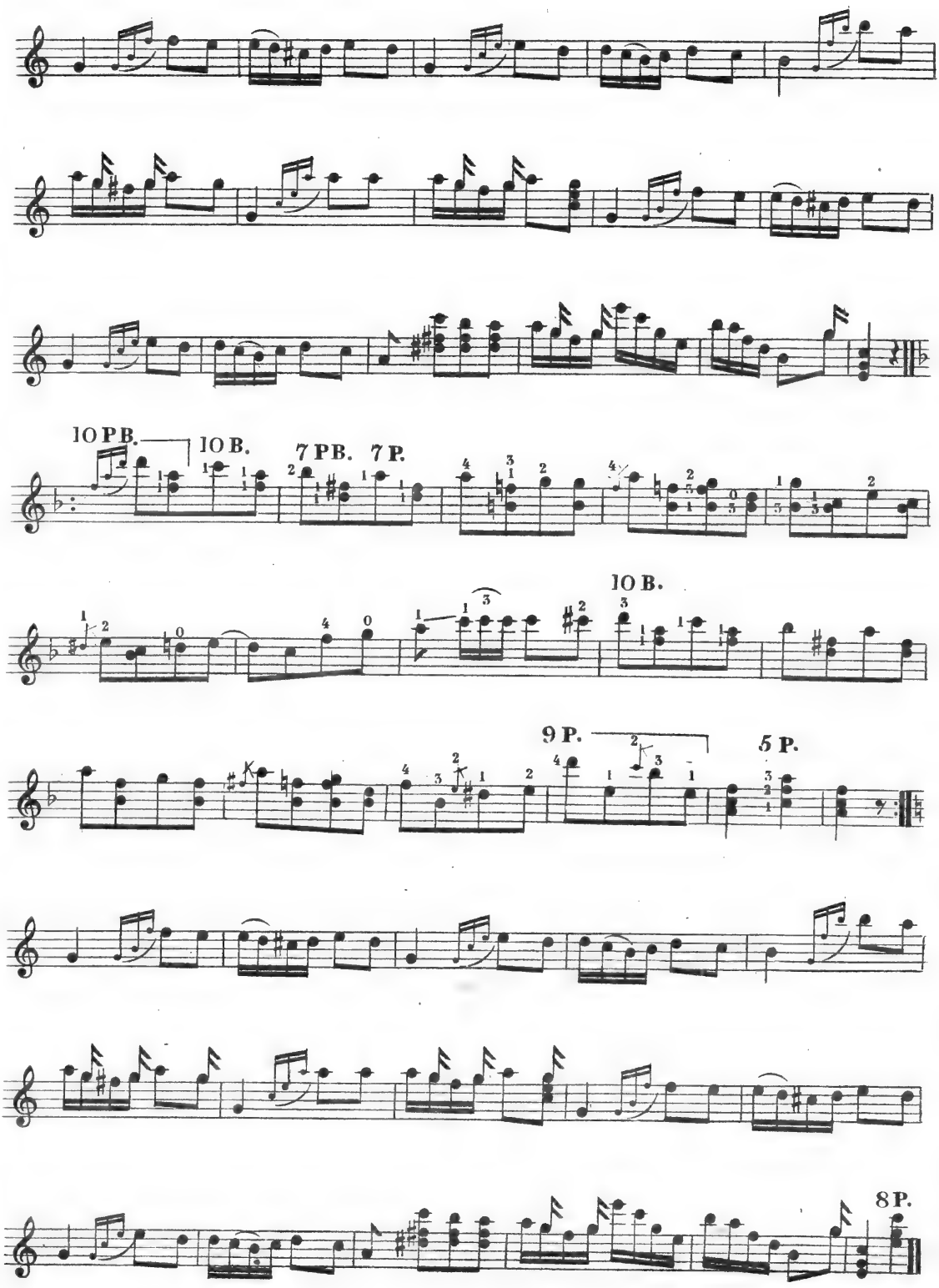
"LA SYRENE" WALTZ.

THE ENFIELD MARCH

BANJO. WILL. C. PEPPER.



BANJO.

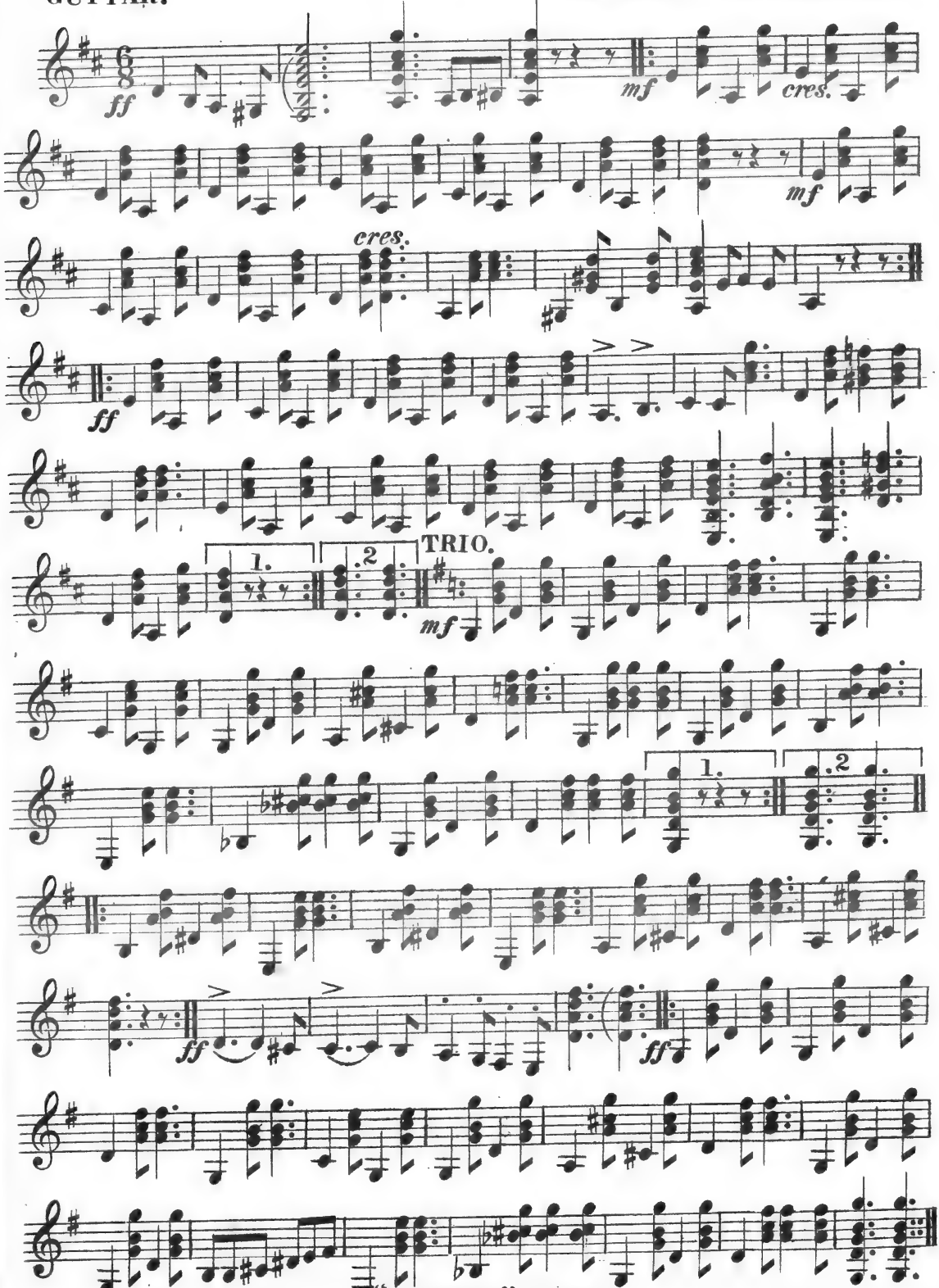


"The Patriot" March.

(From Gatcomb's Gazette)

GUITAR.

WALTER I. DOLBEARE.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

MAKING A START.

III.

ON the subject of terms there is more to be considered than is at first apparent, it being a question that affects others as well as yourself. As affecting yourself, there is one big fact to be confronted—that people are always ready to take you at your own valuation. This may be an advantage or it may not; but in any case it is a thing to be remembered. The public, generally speaking, is always willing to pay a fair price for good tuition, in any branch whatever, and will in nine instances out of ten prefer to do so, knowing this to be a case where the cheapest is not the best. The tenth instance you can afford to disregard. There are always persons ready to exclaim, "Why, I can get lessons from so-and-so at less than half that!" Let them go to So-and-so with the best will in the world. The class of pupil whose sole idea is to secure lessons at the least possible expense, sale price, as it were, and proficiency guaranteed, is one that any teacher will admit he is best without. In this I am not by any means advocating prohibitive prices, or that a young teacher, new to the profession, should expect to secure equal terms with his already successful colleague who has been many years in the field. But there is an average to be struck, and to go below this is as unfair as any other form of underselling. I think I am not far wrong in claiming underselling to be one of the chief evils of the present day, and is in every way to be condemned. The cheap teacher, the one who professes to give competent instruction at terms greatly lower than others, dependent upon teaching for a livelihood, can afford to do, achieves distinct harm to his fellow workers in the profession. Without any attempt to enter on the ethical side of the question, this is nevertheless the view which might well meet with wider consideration than it does.

Having once fixed your terms, don't depart from them. Except in very rare cases, so rare as to be scarcely worth taking into account, it may be assumed pretty confidently that if you start by making an exception for one person, you may as well make it for all. That is what it will amount to in the end. For this reason it is unwise, at the outset, to recruit your teaching connection from the ranks of your personal friends. There should be no such thing as effecting a compromise in the way of terms "just for the beginning." If you once do this you will find that you will never get beyond the beginning. Start as you intend to continue. The same may be said of playing engagements. With regard to the latter, it will be more to your advantage in the long run to give your services for nothing, than to accept any reduction upon your stated terms.

Right here, since most beginners have the idea of combining the profession of both soloist and teacher, it might be well to add a few words on a point that a good many persons seem rather undecided on. They ask, When should I play for nothing, and when am I justified in refusing? Broadly speaking, it is to the advantage of the beginner to take every opportunity that presents itself of playing in public. No experience is ever wasted, and it is experience as much as anything else that you want just at first. People will always engage preferably a performer whom they have already heard, or know of by report, and one concert appearance may in this way lead indirectly to a good many engagements for both teaching and playing. It is probable that for the first year you will do more in the way of charity entertainments than anything else, and I would say never refuse any appearance of this sort. It will be of benefit to you in the end, if only as a means of familiarising your name to the public. There is a line, however, to be drawn with reference to charitable concerts as to all other things. Make sure that the entertainment *is* entirely "charitable." If you find that other artistes on the programme are receiving payment for their services, you will be wise in refusing to appear except upon similar conditions, even should this decision mean the loss of the engagement. This may seem a minor point to thresh out at such length, but it is one upon which I have heard, at odd times, a good deal of conflicting discussion.

To return to the subject of teaching. There are few things more discouraging to the beginner, and it is probable that the first few lessons you give will only end in convincing you that nature intended you for any other business in the wide world but this. Admitted that the ability to impart knowledge clearly to others is distinctly a gift, it is nevertheless a gift that anyone can go a long way towards acquiring. It is all very well to say that you have no patience, and that you simply hate teaching anyway. Patience is a game that can be learnt, and a game

moreover that you will find you have to learn. The mental attitude of a teacher is reflected very quickly in his pupil. If he is impatient and irritable, the pupil will be irritable too; if he is apathetic, it is hopeless to expect his pupil to take any active interest in the task in hand. Don't be too quick to assure yourself and others that your own pupils are anything phenomenal as regards stupidity. Remember that if they knew it all beforehand, there would be no occasion for them to want lessons, and remember also your own early difficulties, and don't expect miracles in the way of comprehension. If you dislike teaching, it won't make it any easier to continually remind yourself what a dull task it is. Try and take an individual interest in the progress of each one, and avoid even the semblance of merely mechanical instruction. Don't look upon a lesson as a stated period of boredom, to be got through as easily as may be. Your pupils will be very swift to "catch you out" in any such attitude, and their own enthusiasm and earnestness will diminish accordingly.

There are a few other "dont's" of quite different intent. For one, don't fall into the habit of making random assurances that you are not prepared to carry out to the letter; as, for a common instance, guaranteeing to teach a prospective pupil to play in so many lessons. Leave that for the "fake teacher," and if anyone comes to you and demands lessons upon such conditions, have the courage to refer them without hesitation to your neighbour of the shilling-an-hour type. You will gain nothing, on the contrary lose, by making encouraging promises which afterward come to naught. If you tell a pupil confidently that he will be able to "pick it up in next to no time," and he discovers instead that it is a matter of hard work, and slow progress, he will not unnaturally lay the entire blame upon you.

Make your instruction thorough, and aim from the first to turn out only finished pupils and such as shall be a credit to you. If they only take a few lessons, and leave you only able to play one simple piece, let them play that as well as can be. It is not so much the amount that is learnt in the time as the way it is learnt. Don't make the lesson all scales and exercises, but be uncompromising in your insistence upon such study as you ordain. With regard to music be guided in a measure by a pupil's natural taste. I don't say teach rubbish, but if he has a desire to learn certain pieces within his scope he will take far more trouble and interest in learning them than in learning other music of the teacher's choice. Choose for "teaching pieces" such as are attractive to the ear, as well as instructive to the fingers. If a pupil hears a certain piece of music anywhere that he takes a very great fancy to, and comes to you very keen upon learning it, in the majority of cases it will be better to let him do so. The only impression gained from a persistent attempt to put him off will be that you cannot play the piece in question yourself and so are unwilling to try to teach it. It is impossible to abruptly convert anyone's taste in such matters, though you may do much to mould it. Time, and acquaintance with better music, will alone teach discrimination as to what is good and what worthless.

Do your best by everyone, and bear in mind that each pupil is a testimony, as it were, of your ability, and will stand to your credit or otherwise every bit as much as a signed picture does to an artist. They are the examples of your work. Let them be good ones.

MERTON H. GRANT.

(To be continued.)

POOR old "Horace Weston," our inquisitor, was returning from an engagement on Friday (Mafeking) night, when he got surrounded by the crowd outside the Mansion House at 11.30. After compelling him to shout "Hurray for Mafeking!" and "God save the Queen," some evil genius suggested that he should play "Rule Britannia" on his banjo. "H. W." pleaded a cold and ten minutes to catch a train, but his tormentors were merciless. "You ain't got no cold! Your a pro-bloomin'-Boer, that's what you are!" So he had to do it. The idea of "H. W." singing "Rule Britannia" to his own accompaniment in the street is too funny for words. He says he will never get back his dignity.

* * *

We heard a good story the other day about a well known society entertainer who was once a popular actor. He happened to meet a brother actor who had preferred to stick to the "legitimate" stage, and with an unpardonable contempt for his former calling, not unmixed with conceit, addressed him,

"Hulloa, Charlie! Still sticking to the same old paint and properties! Why don't you do as I do? there's more money in it. A grand piano and evening dress; that's the thing now-a-days. Grand piano and evening dress." "Very fine, no doubt," was the reply, "but we don't all look so jolly funny in evening dress as you do, you know!"

* * *

When Messrs. Mays and Hunter came over here, there is no doubt that they hit us very hard; they showed us a rapid, brilliant style of performance which was new to us, and we wondered and applauded, and said to ourselves, "If this is a sample of the usual style of banjo playing in America, we have much to learn and would like to hear the very best."

* * *

So far we have heard Messrs. Edgar and Eugene, and Mr. Vess Ossman, but it is a pity they did not come first, for the first arrivals led us to expect too much, and we are correspondingly disappointed.

* * *

Perhaps, after all, Messrs. Mays and Hunter are about the strongest duettists that even America can produce. It is early yet to speak of Mr. Vess Ossman; he is probably reserving his resources, and may "stagger humanity" yet. From Mr. Farland, when, or if he comes over, we shall expect big things, and no doubt considering his reputation we shall get them. But at present I am inclined to think that some of our own soloists, Pepper, Cammeyer, Morley and others, have not lost much prestige up to now, when we consider that familiarity, if it does not altogether breed contempt, has a tendency to lessen enthusiasm. However, let America send her very best and we will tell her what we think of them.

* * *

"Capriccio" in *The Major* (that very smart American journal) speaks of the article in our April number *re* "Universal Notation," and offers a very sensible suggestion as to how the gradual change could be worked. We feel sure that if a few American publishers, as "Capriccio" suggests, would *gradually* issue new publications in the English notation, that in, say, five years' time nearly all Americans would be teaching in the English key.

* * *

The Major speaks of "Making a start," which also appeared in our April number, as "a specially fine article, and but for lack of space, we would have reproduced it in this issue, as it offers good pointers to those who are studying to become teachers. The musical supplement, 'Dinky's' Patrol is quaint."

* * *

Mr. W. E. Temlett has handed us a letter he received from Mr. Arthur Sullivan which we publish in another column. We saw the list of autographs in the dressing-room at Mr. Will C. Pepper's concert, and we should say that in a few years to come Mr. Sullivan will be very proud of these signatures, as it is only on occasions such as an important concert, that such a "strong" list of autographs could be obtained. We prophecy Mr. Sullivan has it framed for his studio!

* * *

Mr. Will C. Pepper has been inundated with songs for him to arrange the banjo accompaniments. For Messrs. Francis and Day he is arranging "My Georgia Lady Love," "Molly," "Love Me," and "Baby," that pretty Edna May is making such a hit with in the "American Beauty." For B. Feldham and Co. he is arranging "Sweeter dan de sugar from de Cane" and "Away in Ohio"—this first named song is written by Mrs. Watson, who invariably played Pat Shortis's accompaniment, when that celebrated banjoist was in this country—and for Mr. Harry Dacre, Mr. Pepper has written another accompaniment for "I can't think ob nuthin' else but you" in F. This song has sold in enormous quantities, and we believe it is the first instance of a banjo accompaniment being written in two keys. "De fellow wid a Big Black Bag," "Lay yer head upon ma heart," "Julie Jewel," and "Let me take yer home again," that Miss Julie Mackay is at present singing at all engagements, are a few of the other songs Mr. Pepper is arranging.

* * *

We should say Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer would lose on their last concert, for the Hall was very "thin." We are sorry Mr. Vess Ossman will not take back the remembrance of as full a house as *we* have seen. Anyway we are certain Mr. Ossman will remember his reception.

* * *

Mr. D. Milner, Junr., of Hull, paid us a visit when in London the other day. He considers the "Mozart" the finest tone instrument that he has ever heard.

* * *

Mr. R. J. Jefferies, the well-known teacher of Cape Town, writes:—"Things are looking up in the banjo line. The Albert Edward

Banjo Team are having a successful season, a team of Pierrots are having a good run and the Crescent Banjo Band are having their annual festival early next month."

* * *

Mr. Vess Ossman plays on a Stewart banjo with nineteen frets, and it is marvellous how he gets his top C *on the vellum!* Mr. Ossman likes London, and says he never wants a more attentive and enthusiastic audience than that which he played to at St. James's Hall.

* * *

Mr. W. E. Temlett was once an enthusiastic volunteer, and by a curious coincidence, at Mr. Will C. Pepper's last concert, he discovered that his old corps were holding a dinner and smoking concert in the same building. So, as the people were filing out, he dragged three members of the "Mozart Banjo Club" into the smoker, Messrs. Bertolle, Tait, and Rogers. The trio played "Zig-zag" galop to Mr. Temlett's accompaniment, and it is not often that one hears such a burst of applause as they got. They had to hurry away though, and with difficulty caught their train.

* * *

We had a visit from Miss Dora and Miss Ida Halfpenny the other day. We are glad to hear they are still busy and glad to notice that they can keep cheerful, outwardly, at any rate, in spite of their sad bereavement. S. A. Halfpenny was a great player, and being young, must in time have become greater still, so his loss affects the whole banjo fraternity no less than his family circle. Our conversation was not in the least mournful, but there was an under current of deep pathos in the allusions to the days "When Sep was alive!"

* * *

It is with great regret we hear just as we are going to press that Mr. Will Pettitt, the well known banjoist, late of Bristol, has had his banjos and dressing bag stolen while on his journey from the Royal Aquarium, London, where he had just concluded a most successful engagement. One of the banjos was a zither by Windsor and Taylor, and hollowed out between the frets. Will our readers kindly note the above, and if the thief or thieves try to negotiate for a sale, information should at once be given to the police or the nearest police station.

* * *

We hear Mr. Essex has secured Miss Ethel Negretti for his Troupe for the summer. This lady has been touring with the "Prince of Borneo" Company for some time past, and we hear she is very clever.

MESSRS. ESSEX AND CAMMEYER'S FESTIVAL, ST. JAMES' HALL, May 10th.

On the occasion of Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer's last concert—I mean the one before this—it was announced on the programme as the "thirteenth" if I recollect rightly, and attention was drawn to the fact that there had been no "twelfth." I don't quite remember whether that was so or not, and Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer practically admit that they have lost count also, for this time the number is left out altogether. But the concert did not suffer much by the omission, and was in fact a very good one which I enjoyed mightily. I did not hear the first number by the orchestra, "To the Front," but I have heard it before, and have no doubt that long familiarity with the piece had culminated in a brilliant rendering. The second selection is what I enjoyed mostly "Danse de la Fée Dragée" and "Valse des Fleurs"—I have copied the names faithfully from the programme and made no effort to remember them, I only speak English and bad Spanish! In spite of the names, however, the selection was very pretty. The introduction of three "foreigners" the organ celeste, 'cello, and harp (although the latter instrument was not quite in tune), contributed a great deal to the effect. I hate to admit it, but I never heard of an organ celeste before, and have not seen it yet, but it reminded me of the sound of a "penny in the slot" machine, a polyphon. This sounds undignified, but the effect was charming, and the cadenzas allotted to Miss Purcell at the harp were also very pretty. Mr. Cammeyer as a leader is very thorough.

The Misses Skinner played their pieces splendidly. A vocal duet by Messrs. Frank Boor and Mervyn Dene was an acquisition and very pleasing. "Il Carnevale" mandolin solo by Miss Dinorben Griffiths, I have heard better played I think, but it would have been more effective unaccompanied by the excitable gestures which made the audience smile. Mr. D. Milner's zither-banjo solo, "Amaryllis Waltz" was very well and very evenly played, so evenly that one, or rather two might have waltzed to it; no attempt at striking effect, and he was recalled because he played well.

The Pierrots opened with banjo duet, "El Capitan," which does not seem to suit the banjo so well as some of Sousa's marches, but was encored. Miss Cooper sang "Love the Pedlar" very well and very energetically, also looked very charming, but—what a pity these "buts" have to go in!—I missed something.

I can't describe what it was I missed exactly! only it seemed to me that Miss Cooper was alone and did not belong to the Pierrots at all. Mr. Essex (by request) elected to sing "My Coal Black Lady," but after the first line, stopped suddenly, and I began to hope he had changed his mind, but he had only forgotten the words. Mr. Blakeley commenced to sing "The Story of a Ghost," but *he* stopped suddenly and I began to *fear* he had changed his mind, or was imitating his predecessor, but by the look on his face he would like to have kicked himself, which fortunately is a physical impossibility. The song was screamingly funny though, and the encore "Very well then," equally so. Mr. Cammeyer gave us a MS. solo, which was more musical than catchy, beautifully played as all his solos are, but left us nothing to remember.

Mr. Vess Ossman, another importation from America, was looked forward to as the star turn of the evening. He was recalled and encored again and again. Mr. Frank Lawton has a wonderful whistle. In an appropriate spirit he accompanied his selection of "Negro Melodies" on the banjo, to show us that we were not the only people in the world who could do that sort of thing. Master Charlie Rogers, who was dressed in a ridiculously youthful style, played "Jolly Chinee" very well indeed, but his encore, "King Cotton" was "faked" a good deal. Mr. J. Messias' 'cello solo was lovely to listen to, and Mr. James Dunn cleverly funny, but he gave us nothing new.

"Bonnie Scotland" by the orchestra completed the programme and acted the part of an organ voluntary, playing the congregation out. Altogether the concert was a very good one, but unfortunately the hall was emptier than I have ever seen it, which is a complaint common to all concert givers in these troublous times. Perhaps when the next Banjo Concert takes place the war will be over and we shall have simmered down to our normal condition. Let us hope so anyhow.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

J. A. H. (*Swansea*): 1. Generally a circular frame or rim of German silver or brass, inside of which is another rim of wood. 2. Maple is preferable to any other kind of wood for bridges.

C. E. (*Fulham*): He was born November 5th, 1865. No, he does *not* profess to *play* the banjo.

Bartlett (*Sydenham*): Merely a *nom de plume*.

Gordon Brown (*Glasgow*): We should say Mr. Will C. Pepper is the finest *English* performer on the *ordinary* banjo. Your second question we cannot answer until we hear from our American agents.

Inquisitive: St. Martin's Town Hall *seats* 720.

Murphy (*Sandycove*): Yes, the "White Coons" open their season at Bray on the first Monday in July. Royal Marine Gardens, Kingstown every Wednesday, St. Lawrence Hotel, Howth, every Friday.

J. L. Smithson (*Bootle*): Mr. Harry Collins, of 331, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool. We can also recommend Mr. Chris Bern, 43, Tunnell Road, Liverpool. No trouble we can assure you. Only too pleased.

C. S. X. (*Fulham Road*): Yes: the lease *was* short, but we know of leases that are a great deal too long!

CORRESPONDENCE.

This column is open to all and letters are invited on any subject likely to interest readers of THE BANJO. *The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed and neither does the insertion of anything signify that he agrees with it. The name and address of the writer must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Communications must be written on one side of the paper only. Otherwise they will be disregarded.*

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

MY DEAR TEMLETT,—Please accept my very best thanks and convey the same to all the signatories, for the very kind address of congratulation which I duly received. I deeply appreciate the good wishes, and shall always treasure the address of congratulation with pride and pleasure. I trust ere very long to have an early opportunity of personally thanking some, if not all, of those kind friends among the banjo fraternity who found time, even on the night of a big concert, to send good wishes to an absent fellow. I need hardly say that my best wishes were with you all for the success of the show, and I await the report with interest.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Myrtle Lodge, Bournemouth. May 1st, 1900.

To the Editor of THE BANJO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I suppose by this time we may say the concert season is nearly over, and from the numerous reports that have appeared in the *Banjo News* it must have been a busy one all over the country; banjoists getting a big share in it, and no doubt the Reserve Fund concerts have made a lot of extra work. My Banjo Team have had a very busy time of it, and considering how late we started, a most successful one all through.

With best wishes, sincerely yours,

J. FELCE.

33, Connaught Street, Northampton.

P.S.—I invariably use the W. E. Temlett's special ball end strings on my solo banjo, and unfortunately broke one in my second item, but on examination I found it was one of another make. Serves me right, did you say? Well, perhaps it does, but mistakes will occur, and in my opinion one of the greatest is to use bad strings, which in the end are the most expensive.

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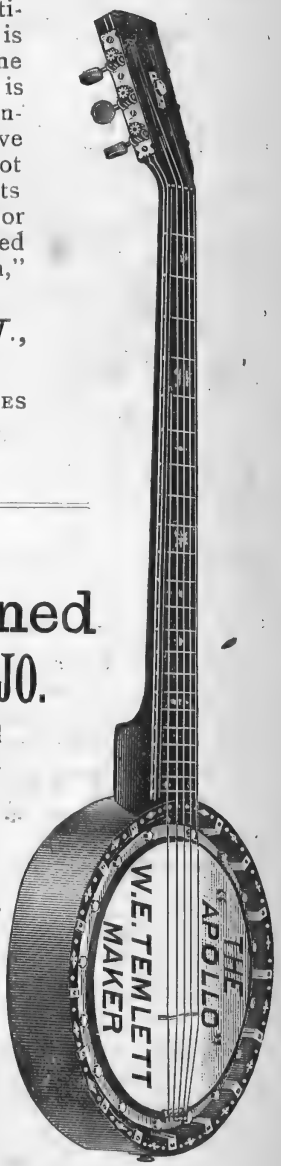

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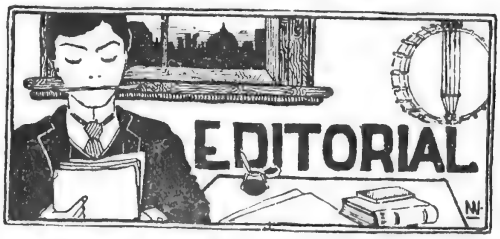
ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

NOTICE.

During the Summer Months this Journal will be published Bi-Monthly. The next number will be issued on Sep. 1st.



THE advent of Summer is apparent, if in nothing else, in a slight falling off in our "London and Provincial" column. Spring concert work is coming to an end and Summer reports scarcely begun. With the prospect of a speedy termination to South African troubles, professional interests are "looking up," as the phrase runs, and there is no reason to predict that the present season will be other than prosperous. The amount of advance booking which our best troupes already have to show may be regarded as a very good sign of the times. A general "unsettled" condition, the after-wave, as it were, of past disturbance, is likely to last for some time, and to be far-reaching in its effects. It takes longer to quiet the mind of a nation than to excite it, and, once diverted, it is many months in finding its way back to normal channels. From the point of view of the professional dependent upon his earnings, the last half-year has been in many senses a hollow one. How far this state of affairs may now be safely considered as past is a question to be answered by future developments only. It is a good principle to look at the best side of things. Like all good things, it can nevertheless be carried to excess, and those persons who go about smilingly assertive of their own immunity from the action of the times put up a very thin bluff indeed. It would make us very happy to believe that providence *had* really singled out some half-dozen or so for special exemption. One might even draw a certain reflected comfort from the idea; a confidence which, under

the present refusal of statements to "hang together" is unavoidably lacking.

* * *

In thanking our contemporaries for their kindly expressed appreciation of divers articles appearing from time to time in our columns may I mention that it is considered journalistic etiquette, in borrowing an editorial verbatim, to mention its origin? In a banjo, mandolin and guitar journal for June I was mildly astonished to come upon an article reprinted from August Gemunder's *Violin World* headed "Incompetent Teachers," in which is embodied word for word an editorial exclusive to the March issue of the BANJO NEWS, with none other introduction than the remark, "as a writer in a western exchange well says." Now, as I can personally lay no just claim to the title of "a writer in a western exchange," and the BANJO NEWS itself scarcely comes under that specification, there is evidently a misapprehension somewhere, and a little light on the subject would not come amiss. I believe it was Edgar Allen Poe who once observed that he had no objection to people stealing his compositions provided they stole them in correct English. But not everyone can rise to such heights of tolerance, and I feel justified in repeating that all leading articles appearing in the BANJO NEWS are special to the paper, and that while we take it as a sincere compliment if contemporary journals consider them worthy of wider circulation, the usual acknowledgment is in all cases expected. I hate as a rule making grumbles, and as this is the first in some many months, I hope it may also be the last.

* * *

While we are on the subject of contemporary journals, how clearly the big strides made of late in this field argue corresponding strides in the instrumental world. Events are coming on apace, progress is in the very air, and our journals one and all have taken a firm and established grip upon the public. Is it nothing that a movement which, less than a score of years ago, boasted one solitary pioneer in journalism, boasts now a round dozen, each intelligently conducted, solidly supported, and of circulation extending to all corners of the globe? One is not far wrong, also, in hazarding that it is the newest comers who have made the most notable advance. If the banjo journal was at first regarded by the profession in general as somewhat of a luxury, then it has admittedly proved the truth of the assertion that we can do without necessities, but not without luxuries. The journals of to-day are both.

* * *

The proposed American Guild is rapidly taking form. It is a large undertaking, the more so as, to quote Mr. Charles Morris, "we have absolutely no precedent to guide us and work upon." The movement is in the control of able hands, and one can have nothing but admiration for those who will have originated and founded it.

ABOUT TWO.

By MARGERY WILLIAMS.

I.

SID CARSON hitched his chair a little nearer to the piano. "We'll just run through that again, please," he said. "And you might ease up on that accompaniment, Carroll. You can't hear the banjo one bit in the trio, and I'm nearly breaking my neck to keep up with you, too. I want you just to slow up a bit this trip and go easy."

Carroll turned back the sheets of music with a resigned sigh. A lengthy course in the playing of Sid's accompaniments had rendered him hardened to reproach. At first, the discovery that his best efforts were to be met with contumely, had occasioned resentment and a desire to hit back. His attitude was now that of the veteran who has learned to duck his head and let the missiles of wrath fly past unheeded.

"You just go ahead and don't talk so much," he said. "I'll follow you all right."

Carson started once more, keeping time noiselessly with one foot, and Carroll joined in with caution. For the space of nine bars success seemed within the pale of speculation. Then Sid brought his hand down flat across the strings, and his accompanist turned mildly. "What's got you *now?*"

"Maybe you think this is a blessed piano solo?" inquired Carson. "What do you suppose I come in on it at all for? I'm not going to sit here playin' one, two, three, while you put in your fancy touches. If you can't do it decent, I'll get someone else to have a shot."

"I'm playing exactly what's written."

"*Lord!* Isn't that just what I don't want you to do? The banjo takes all that upper part there, and you only have to chip in on the lower chords. Elliott was trying it the other day, and it went proper. It's a ripping little thing if you only get it straight."

"Well, it's a pity you don't say what you mean, then," Carroll growled. His stock of forbearance was running short.

"Here, let me have a try," said Beatrice. "I think I know what Sid wants."

Carroll said, "Well, it's more than he does, Miss Carson." He yielded the music stool with alacrity, and she sat down and pulled off her gloves. The breeze, which came in pleasantly at the open window, lifted the little fluff of yellow hair on her forehead, and the unconscious gesture to shake it back from her eyes was oddly characteristic. Carroll took the chair she had left. Her face was between him and the light.

"Now," Beatrice said, "Where does it begin? Oh, I see, I play this part first."

"No, no, you don't. Here, hold on, that isn't right," Sid expostulated.

"Isn't it. I beg your pardon. I see now. I was thinking you took all that first part."

"No, I skipped that, it sounded so tinny. Just start half-way down the second page. Isn't it marked?"

"I've got the place now," Beatrice said. "Please understand that I intend to do this very nicely, and don't dare to criticise. Are you ready?"

"Don't try to do it too nicely, that's all, or you'll make a mess of it," suggested her brother affectionately. "Let her go."

"Did that suit you?" Beatrice presently demanded.

"Great. See what comes of having a genius for your brother. You take it out of the trio a bit, though, still. Can't you make it a shade simpler, there? You see what I mean now, don't you, Carroll? The piano gets ahead of me somehow."

Beatrice leaned forward and made sundry lead pencil marks on the sheet of music.

"I didn't know you were such a musician, Miss Carson." Carroll ventured to say.

"No?" said Beatrice, coolly. "And you've known me such an awfully long time, too."

Carroll became instantly abashed. Beatrice added a final hieroglyphic to the paper and turned to her brother.

"There. I think anyone could make that out all right. Oh, and there's something else here—that C sharp. Just where the key changes. If I may make a suggestion, suppose you try holding that note while the piano takes the run. See where I mean? Yes, that's it. The banjo sounds weak there somehow. Shall we try it over once?"

"Yes, that does go better." Sid assented. He went through the passage again slowly, suppressing a tendency towards facial contortion as his fingers reached a certain chord on the twelfth position. Carson had not yet acquired that blank abstraction of countenance which stamps alike the Egyptian Sphinx and the thoroughbred banjoist. There were moments when his face showed anxious sympathy with the gymnastics of his left hand.

"Yes. Of course, you can tell how it all sounds a lot better than I can." He rose to his feet and hung the banjo upon the wall. "As for the accompaniment," he added, with a backward glance at Carroll, "It's perfectly simple if you only get hold of someone who knows what they're about."

The reproach was wasted. It was evident that Carroll was struggling with a weighty compliment. Presently he managed to say: "It must be first-rate, Miss Carson, to be able to play straight off like that without having to stop every minute to think where you're at. I mean music's so—what-you-may-call-it—quite different to anything else, you know, and you must have it in you to start with, or it's no good at all. And it gives you such an interest, I always think. Sort of takes you out of yourself."

Beatrice regarded him gravely, her hands still on the keys.

"Do you think so?" she said. "I never noticed it. You make me think of that story about the man who was lifted out of himself, but that was hypnotism, though, not music. But anyway, he got back into somebody else by mistake. It was very funny. But I do know what you mean. It helps to take one's mind off things, sometimes."

Carroll declared—"It would be a rocky world if it wasn't for music." He spoke with the air of a man who delivers an original moral truth.

"And singing's different again," Beatrice went on. "You sing, I know, Mr. Knight? Sid told me you did."

"I?" said Carroll, unblushingly. "Oh, I can't sing. I only wish I could. Pretty decent piano, isn't it?"

"It is a nice one. I don't remember it's being here the last time I came."

"I don't think it was. Hold on, though—Sid, how long have you had this?"

"Two weeks. No, three weeks yesterday. Elliott used to dust it off with his pocket-handkerchief every morning when we first got it. Do you remember?"

"Then it couldn't have been here." Carroll was saying. "And I'm afraid it won't be here much longer, either. Elliott says he can't pay up on the second instalment yet, so it's place may probably know it no more."

Carson, ransacking Elliott's writing-table for a postage stamp, looked up at this.

"That piano's all right," he announced. "I'm footing half the bill anyhow."

"Then I know it won't get paid," Carroll said.

Beatrice laughed. "You mustn't think I run away with all Sid's money now-a-days. I know I do owe him something—"

"You owe me seven and fourpence half-penny exactly. Early settlement will oblige yours truly.

"And there was too much harmony for Bill."

"When they"——"Say, Carroll, come over here and tell me what to write to this chap."

Carroll betrayed an unwillingness to quit his present position. He was leaning comfortably back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, mentally rehearsing a new departure in the conversation in which his wit would shine with an unparalleled brilliancy. Sid's interruption was in the nature of a brick thrown against an elaborately planned glass house.

"My dear boy, don't come to me for inspiration. Who are you writing to, anyway?"

"Saunders. I had a letter from him a month ago asking for an address, and I havn't answered it yet. Suppose I can say I was out of town?"

"Say you're dead if you like," suggested Carroll, with nonchalance. Carson waved his pen impatiently.

"Oh, don't be an idiot. I—dash this stuff, all over my cuff; just look at it! Why, I can't say I never got the letter, you know. To tell the truth, I just shoved the thing into my pocket and never gave it a thought till this morning. He must think me a rude beast!"

"Let him," Carroll said. "He can't be unmannerly enough to tell you so, and it isn't opinion one minds, only the expression of it."

"Then," said Beatrice, "it doesn't matter, for instance, what I think of you, so long as I don't tell you?"

"Certainly not," returned Carroll, promptly. "It might be such as would render me unhappy for years, but as long as you keep it to yourself it won't make any difference. Not one particle, I assure you."

Sid's pen scratched on valiantly for some seconds. His attitude in writing was suggestive of physical exertion combined with much force of will. He held his head sideways, and his left foot was twined rigidly about the leg of the chair. To watch this display of strength, and afterwards to view the result created a sense of disappointment, as of an end scarcely justifying it's cause. Eventually he disentangled himself with a sigh of relief, and gazed on his achievement proudly. He held the pen between his teeth and read aloud :—

"Dear Saunders,—Having received your letter of Feb. 10th, I hasten to inform you—"

"Sid!" exclaimed Beatrice, reproachfully.

"That's proper."

"You told us you had the letter a month ago!" she objected.

"I did," said her brother, calmly. "I've been hastening ever since. If I *hadn't* hastened it wouldn't have got written at all. Besides, the phrase conveys good intentions, —'to inform you that Johnson's present address is 23, Southdown Parade, Lynmouth,' "Isn't that it, Carroll?"

"I believe so."

—"am very busy at present, but will run down and see you when I get a chance.' 'Alf a chance. 'Yours in haste, Sid. T. Carson.' Amen. Where the deuce does Elliot keep his envelopes?"

"Does Sid always favour you with his private correspondence?" Beatrice asked.

"Get's taken that way occasionally. Nothing serious. So you have a piano at home, I suppose, Miss Carson?"

"No such luck," she laughed. "I havn't touched one for weeks till this morning."

Carroll considered a moment in silence. He appeared to be making conjectures with regard to the instrument beside him. Presently, he said, "I s'pose—that is to say, I should think you'd be coming up here sometimes to practise, maybe?"

"I don't know," said Beatrice. "It would be very nice. Do you think Mr. Elliott would let me, some day?"

"He'd be only too pleased," he assured her, earnestly.

"Well perhaps I might, then," she said. "I'll ask Sid. Some day when there isn't anyone here, you know."

Carroll's face fell. "Oh, of course, I mean when there isn't anyone here," he said, with suspicious promptitude. "It's no good practising when there's anyone around, is it? I've tried it myself. You want to go at it quite alone."

"*Quite* alone," she agreed. They both stared solemnly at the keyboard.

"It would be nice," Beatrice said, meditatively. She glanced round at Carroll and found him suddenly lacking in enthusiasm. He caught her eye and wriggled awkwardly in his chair.

"I know what it is not to have a piano to go at myself," he began, with the brilliancy common to the male sex. "You feel all twisted when you start to play, and your fingers seem to get all over the keyboard, and you can't——"

He paused unhappily, conscious of his words producing an opposite effect to what he had intended. "At least, I mean I get that way myself," he amended hastily. "Of course, a really first rate player's different."

"Yes?" said Beatrice. She quitted the music-stool listlessly, and walked over to where Sid was sitting. Carroll watched her departure with misery and self-accusation written large upon his countenance. He had discovered that he was a hopeless idiot.

When Carson had scrawled the final W. on the face of the envelope, a sudden recollection caused him to make a dive at his watch. He viewed it with some dismay.

"Great Cæsar! It's half-past two. I say, I *am* hungry. Let's come on out and get some lunch. You'll have time, Carroll?"

Carroll hesitated He glanced furtively at Beatrice as she stood buttoning her gloves.

"Oh, I don't know—"

"You haven't had your lunch already?" Sid asked.

"No, I haven't, but——"

"Well, then," he said, conclusively.

He stayed behind to attach to the door a scrap of paper upon which was written in leadpencil, "Return at three." Being in a hurry it was inevitable that he should drop the pin and have to return to the table drawer for another. In the interval Carroll and the girl found themselves alone on the landing. There was an impressive silence, during which Carroll thought of a number of things to say, and couldn't say them. He finally grew desperate.

"Miss Carson, you arn't offended with me about—about anything, are you?"

Beatrice looked surprised. "Why, of course not. What should I be offended about?"

Carroll was manifestly relieved. "Oh, there isn't anything, of course. Only I didn't know. I thought, maybe——"

Sid joined them in time to rescue him from an uncomfortable entanglement. He was struggling hastily into his overcoat as he came along, goaded by the pangs of starvation. "It *is* beastly late," he said, "Really, I believe I was getting quite faint, do you know."

He plunged down the staircase and headed for Slater's, maintaining *en route* a one sided conversation which bore impartial reference to the muddiness of the streets and the distressing consequences of going without one's lunch too long. It transpired that upon several occasions something to eat had alone saved him from a painful and lingering death. Carroll preserved a mournful silence.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "WHITE COON" BANJO TEAM.

I HAVE often had to complain of the autocratic methods of my editor, and have several times been on the point of striking—I don't mean striking tbe editor, I wouldn't do that, of course, because he is bigger than I am,—but striking for less hurry, and more time for preparation. It is bad enough to interview one at a time, but when it comes to *five*, and among them one lady and two comic men, and all to be interviewed on a railway platform, it is too much! much too much!

The order was sent me by telegram to hurry to Waterloo Station and catch the "White Coon" Banjo Team on their way to Ilfracombe, and I had to hurry! in fact it was all hurry! I was in such a hurry that I forgot to pay the cabman, and I don't suppose I should have paid him at all if he hadn't remembered it.

When I got on the platform, the first person I saw was Mr. Wilson James rushing about with a portmanteau in each hand and a lady's mackintosh over his arm and shouting "Portah! Portah!" Then he saw me and asked me where his train was, and I asked him if the train of the lady's mackintosh which was dragging on the platform had anything to do with it, but he made an unkind remark and disappeared. Then Mr. Charles Conyers bumped against me, and hurried away as if trying to avoid me, and I noticed that he was carrying a bag also, and shuddered as I saw a small foot with a boot on it sticking out at one end. Upon my word, it gave me quite a turn for the moment! I thought it was a dead baby, but it was only his ventriloquial dummy. Mr. Bert Meredith was looking after the banjos, and Mr. Pepper was looking after the lady, and bossing operations generally.

The lady, Miss Kate Temple, seemed to be the only cool member of the party, so I approached her, but just as I had got within speaking distance Mr. Pepper shouted "Look up!" and like an idiot I did so, and a porter ran into me with a barrow full of luggage, and I sat down suddenly on someone's hat box. It was Miss Temple I wanted to make

an impression on, not the hat box, and now all hopes of doing so are vanished.

However, she was good enough not to laugh, at least not out loud, and kindly supplied me with what details she could in the limited time at her disposal.

Miss Kate Temple is a contralto, I mean to say she is the happy possessor of a fine contralto voice, and what is perhaps of more importance still, she knows how to use it to the best advantage. Her voice is full, round, and sympathetic, and a real pleasure to listen to, as many admirers of the "White Coons" have testified. She is also a brilliant pianist and reliable accompanist, and consequently an indispensable member of the team. One of her earliest impressions is of an impromptu concert given at a Convent School in Westphalia (the school, by-the-way, at which Miss Marie Tempest was educated). She was supposed to be practising, but the nun in charge on her return was much surprised to find her conducting a juvenile concert for the benefit of the elder girls. She was reprimanded for that one, but since then has appeared at some hundreds of concerts of all descriptions, where her merits have been properly recognised, and is in great demand at City company and masonic banquets. Miss Temple has been associated with Mr. Will C. Pepper's "White Coons" for upwards of three years, and was just telling me that she was studying the organ and making great progress, when both the "comic men" rushed up and announced that they had secured her a nice comfortable window seat, and I had to let her go, and looking round for another victim espied Mr. Meredith edging away from me, and of course made a grab for him, and elicited the following iuformation :—

Mr. Bert Meredith was born in Ealing, and lives there now when he is at home. He made his first public appearance either nine years ago, or when he was nine years old (which I should imagine amounts to about the same thing), as a sort of infant prodigy, and appeared at several local concerts. Then Mr. Pepper took him in hand and turned him into quite a brilliant performer, and he was then billed as the "Marvellous Boy Banjoist." But all that is changed, and he looks in the glass every morning now to ascertain whether his moustache is sprouting and considers himself a full blown man. He went away with Mr. Pepper to Ireland last year, and enjoyed the trip thoroughly, and he and Mr. Pepper play banjo duets about as well as it is possible to play them.

It seemed to me that the two comic men were a long time administering to the comforts of the lady, so I went in search of them.

Mr. Chas. Conyers is not what you would call a funny man off the stage, and he turned out to be a nice, modest and unassuming young man and I took quite a fancy to him. He told me that he was born somewhere about 1868, though no one makes much fuss when his birthday comes round; that his first impressions were that he was wearing more clothes than he thought necessary; and that his musical career commenced in the cradle, when he amused the family with original compositions, chiefly songs without words. A little later he gave drawing-room entertainments in conjunction with a few juvenile friends, but they failed to draw, although they tried everything from a gallanty show to grand opera.

On leaving school he entered a commission agent's office, whose business was as varied as the aforesaid entertainments, but his disposition to amuse soon asserted itself, and engagements poured in, so that he had to throw up his berth, a step which he has never regretted. There is always plenty of variety about Mr. Conyer's comic songs, recitations, imitations, sketches, ventriloquism, and other things, and he and Mr. Wilson James work wonderfully well together as comic duettists.

Mr. Wilson James told me that he commenced public singing at fourteen years of age, and took principal soprano in most of the great oratorios and works of the great masters, and had every promise of becoming a second Sims Reeves, but a natural disposition for the lighter side of nature led him to adopt the humorous vein in the art of entertaining. In the few years he has been before the public as a humorist he has advanced very rapidly to the front rank in his own particular line of business, and has on more than one occasion appeared before Royalty. Mr. Wilson James is a great lover of sport, and has gained distinction in many of its branches, and on two occasions has been instrumental in saving life from drowning. He is wedded to his profession and its interests, and has been one of the chief promoters of a Benevolent Association for Concert Artists. So far his career has been one continual run of successes and pleasant experiences, and among the latter his first visit to Ireland with the "White Coons" he considers one of the pleasantest. The appreciation he received from the Irish people in his efforts to amuse will always endear them to him.

Mr. Will C. Pepper was too wily for me,

and I found it impossible to get much out of him. He hates anything like personal advertisement, apropos of which peculiar trait in his character a good story is told at his expense, which he repeats gleefully.

He was to appear as banjo soloist at several concerts at Paignton in Devon, and when he got there he found to his surprise that he was billed all over the town as the "Prince of Banjoists." So he went in a towering rage to the agent who was responsible.

"What the —— what on earth do you mean by posting me all over the place as the Prince of Banjoists?"

"Very sorry I'm sure," was the reply, "but it was the best I could do, I couldn't bill you as the *king*, because we had him down last week!"

Mr. Pepper was once, as is well known, a member of the Pierrot Banjo Team, but a subordinate position was not likely to suit him for long, so he organised a team of his own, which has been so successful that now he controls the fortunes of two or three other teams nearly as good as his own. All work well together, and when not together all work well separately, and may they long continue to brighten the existence of the busy workers in this busy Britain, for they are a merry crew and imbue others with their merriment. In Ireland, where most of their summer months are spent, they are looked forward to and welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, and if they were not compelled to return to England for the winter season, might book engagements for all the year round.

The interview ended, the train bore them away, all looking perfectly happy, and leaving me perfectly miserable!

HORACE WESTON.

STAGE PLAYING.

IN no instance is the need of a first class banjo more apparent than when it comes to "stage playing." It is not every so-called high-grade banjo that produces a really good effect when played behind the foot-lights of a large theatre. In some cases where I have heard banjos "fall flat," the stage acoustics were not of the best, yet I was convinced that the failure was in part due to either the instrument or the player. I will try to explain why. Acoustics have nothing to do with an instrument's tonal quality—or, in other words, with an instrument's musical quality. Acoustics relate to sound, or to the hearing of sound; therefore, although the acoustic properties of a stage, or hall, be poor, by no argument can this be made to excuse a lack of pure, musical quality, and the presence of a disagreeable slapping sound, in a banjo. True, the weather may be the real cause of it all, for there is no denying that a humid atmosphere is the banjo's worst enemy, if not its *only* enemy.

Damp weather or dry, the banjoist should never play on an open stage, such as we get in a street scene, or a garden scene. He should always have a drop-scene behind him, for then the sound cannot get lost at rear or in the flies above; the only open direction for the sound-waves is forward, to the audience, and I have a sort of idea that such is the direction a soloist desires his music to travel, although, of course, I may be wrong, for I have seen several stage players who played a little private solo all to themselves, and then got up and nodded thanks to the audience for allowing him the use of the stage for a few minutes.

Owing to the glare of the footlights, one's desire to get as much to the front as possible must be held within reason. Said Billy A. Griffin to me during a recent chat together: "Many an inexperienced banjoist has sat right up to the footlights, and found, too late, that owing to the great glare of the lights, he was unable to distinguish the position marks on the fingerboard, and consequently made some distracting blunders."

All banjoists depend largely on the marking of the high positions, so that it is better to sit back from the footlights just far enough to miss the full fierceness of their glare, but not so far back as to be from under the proscenium.

For general theatre work a ten-and-a-half inch rim is not the best of equipments, although in some instances it has answered very well. It is possible to go to extremes either way, but a stage player should not use a banjo of less than an eleven inch rim. I have heard the leading players in such hall as we get in our Masonic Buildings, etc., and the banjo therein sounded like a small harp; I have also heard good players on large theatre stages, but the effect thereon has been mediocre, and the reasons were these: They played on a wide open stage, their banjos were too small, and, feeling that matters were not what they might be, the players 'forced' their banjos until there was no trace of actual music left in the sound produced. "Forcing" may be all very well under the best of circumstances—dry weather, true musical touch, and a good instrument—but we don't always get the "best of circumstances," it's the circumstances get the best

of us, and then it is that "forcing" becomes simply suicidal. Even if the acoustics are *not* all one might desire, "forcing" will not remedy the fault. Be satisfied, rather, with a clean, musical vibration, such as one can *always* get by judicious handling, and if perchance the volume of sound is not "crashy" enough to please the roof-barnacles in the ten-cent gallery, you will at least be giving the pit and balcony more pleasure than pain (and that's important).

Some players cross their knees—or, rather, they lay the right ankle across the knee of the left leg. By this means, the right knee is somewhat elevated, and the banjo rests in a valley, ten per cent of the sound being thereby dulled.

F. L. KEATES, *The Major*.

NEWPORT, MON.

At a very successful Smoking Concert held at the League Hall, on May 31st, Mr. Gus Finn contributed a couple of humorous songs and also gave two banjo solos, receiving encores for both lots.

On June 5th, at a concert at Michaelstone, Mr. F. Moreton Carpenter gave as banjo solos, "To the Front" and "Andante and Waltz" (Cammeyer), and had a splendid reception, responding with encores. On June 8th, at St. Stephen's schoolrooms he played "To the Front," and for an encore "Bonnie Scotland."

At Price's Street schoolroom's concert on June 18th, Messrs. T. W. Vittle, Freddie Vittle, and J. H. Hanks gave as a banjo trio a new piece by R. Allen, "Danse a la Darkie," and were warmly applauded, playing "Danse Bon-Bon" for an encore.

On June 7th, Pretoria Day, at Chesham, a procession paraded the streets in the afternoon numbering several hundreds, also a lantern parade at night; and "Norman's" Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band played selections in the Broadway and the Market Square from 6 o'clock to 8 p.m., which greatly helped the collections, and were greatly appreciated by several hundreds standing round.

NEWPORT, MON.

On June 13th, at Watford, Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band and the Chesham Temperance Silver Medallist Quartet gave a concert at Caller Land Wesleyan chapel, consisting of banjo solos by F. Norman, "Apollo March" and "White Coons," violin solo by Miss B. M. Wallington, mandolin duet by Miss Child and F. Norman, songs by Miss Webb, Miss Wallington, Mr. F. Howard, and Mr. G. Hollis. There was a very appreciative audience.

NORTHAMPTON.

At a smoking concert in the Town Hall on May 21st, organised by the Mafeking Relief Committee in aid of Lady Curzon's Fund, at which His Worship the Mayor, Councillor J. Jefferey, Esq., presided, selections were given by the Connaught Banjo Team as follows:—"Bonnie Scotland" (Kennedy), and later giving "On the Mill Dam" (Babb). The latter is always an especial favourite, and was vociferously encored.

A concert arranged for the benefit of the General Infirmary was given at the Friendly Society's Institute on Saturday, May 26th, at which the Hester Banjo Club, conducted by Mr. H. Lovett, played the "Cromartie Polka March," and in response to a well merited encore gave an excellent rendering of "Edina Schottische" (Ellis).

WALTHAMSTOW.

A very successful concert was given at the Conway Memorial Hall on May 14th, but as is often the case the programme was too crowded, and at the outset, an announcement was made to the effect that no encores could be allowed. We always think this is a mistake; it disheartens the audience. As a consequence the "St. James's Mandolin and Guitar Band," which by the way also contains a few banjos, and numbers thirty performers, were restricted to two items only, "Our Navy," a medley of patriotic airs, and "Marche des Petits Pierrots." Both were capitally played, and the second should undoubtedly have been encored, and Mr. C. J. Smith is to be congratulated on his able conductorship and the efficiency of his little band, more especially as several of the members are very youthful. (Crowded out last issue.)

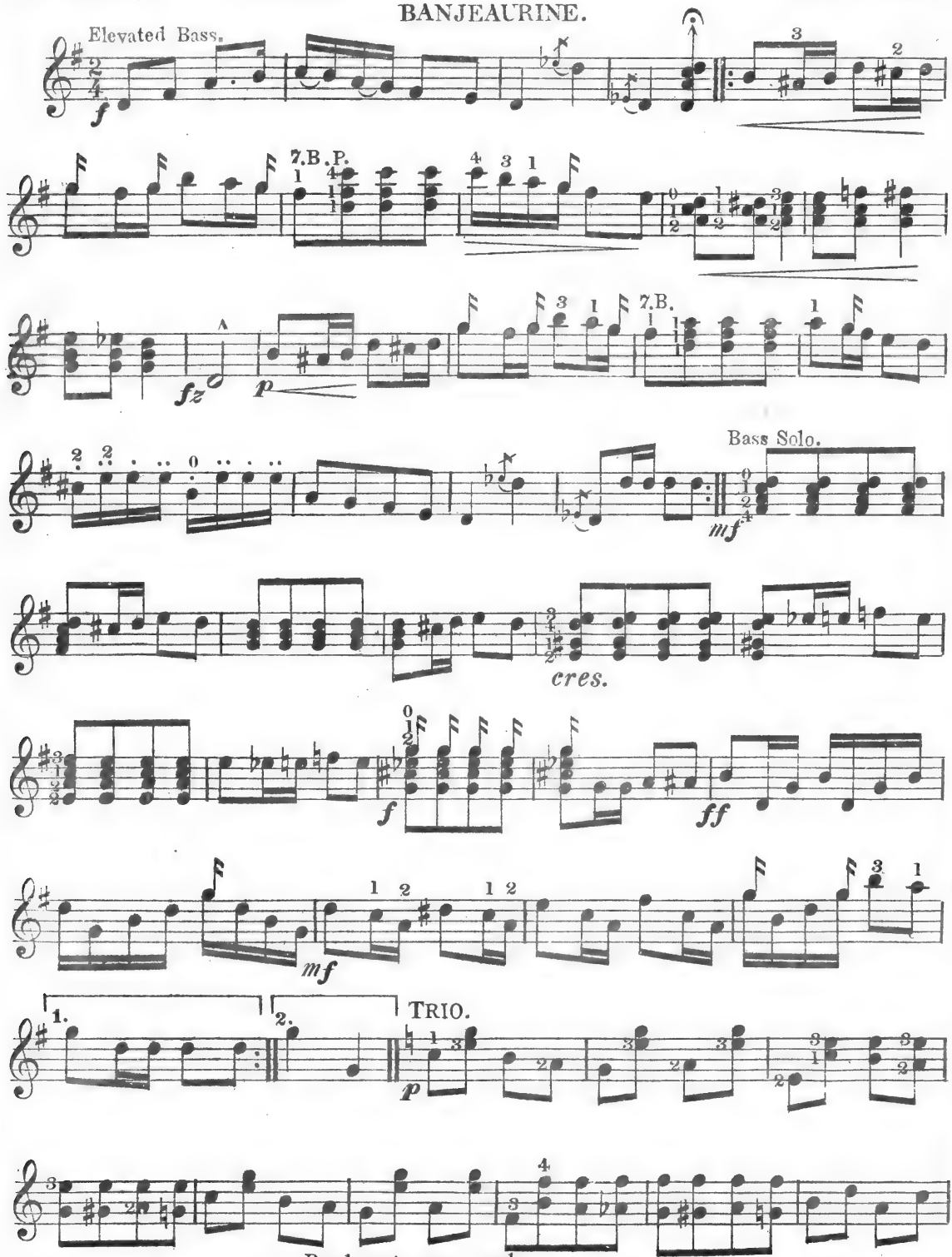
A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

THE
Columbian March.

Arranged by Will C. PEPPER.

PAUL ENO.

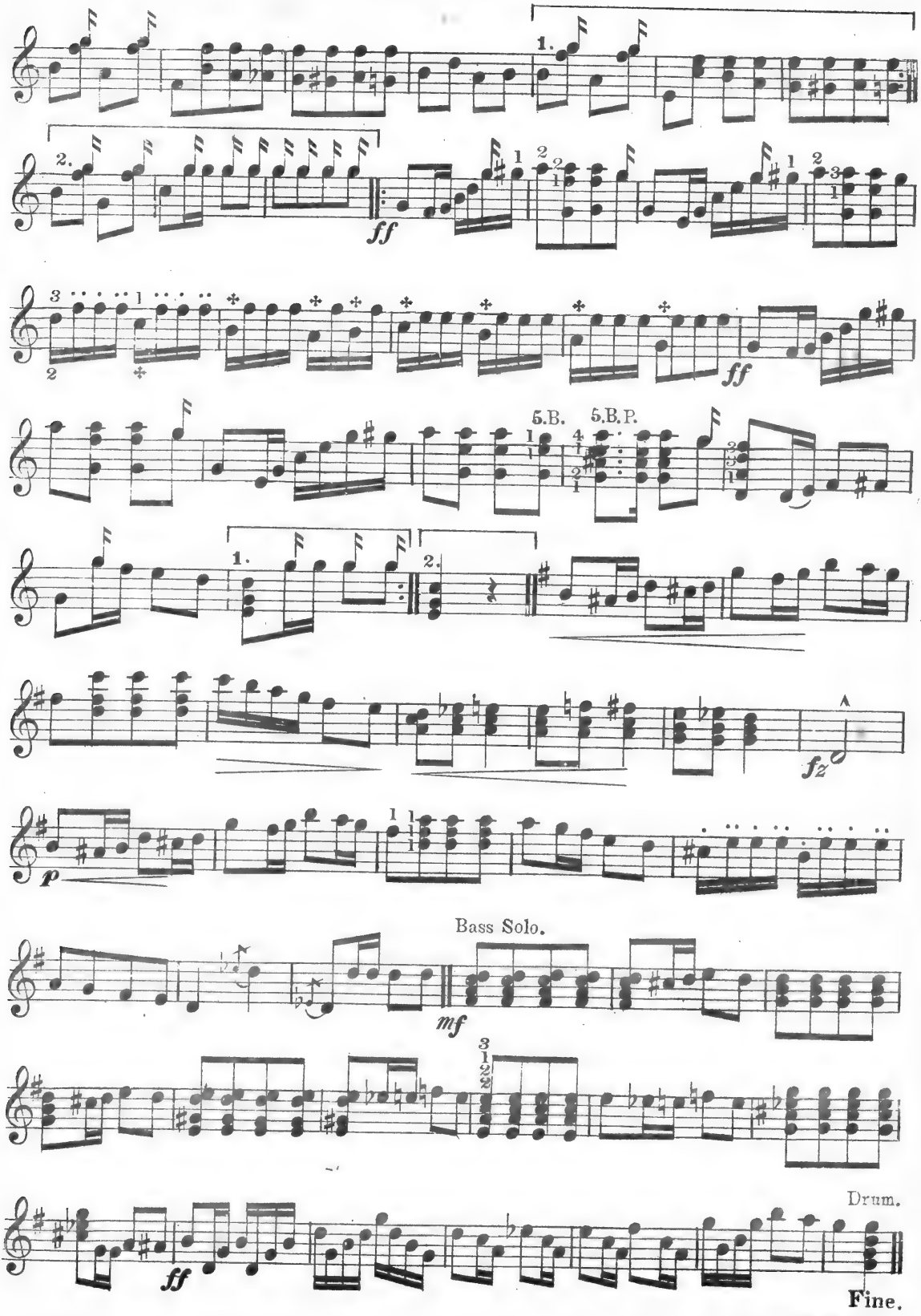
BANJEAURINE.



"Dreams of Darkie Land," "Bohemian Galop" & "Yellow Kids Patrol."

Band parts now ready.

(W. E. T.)



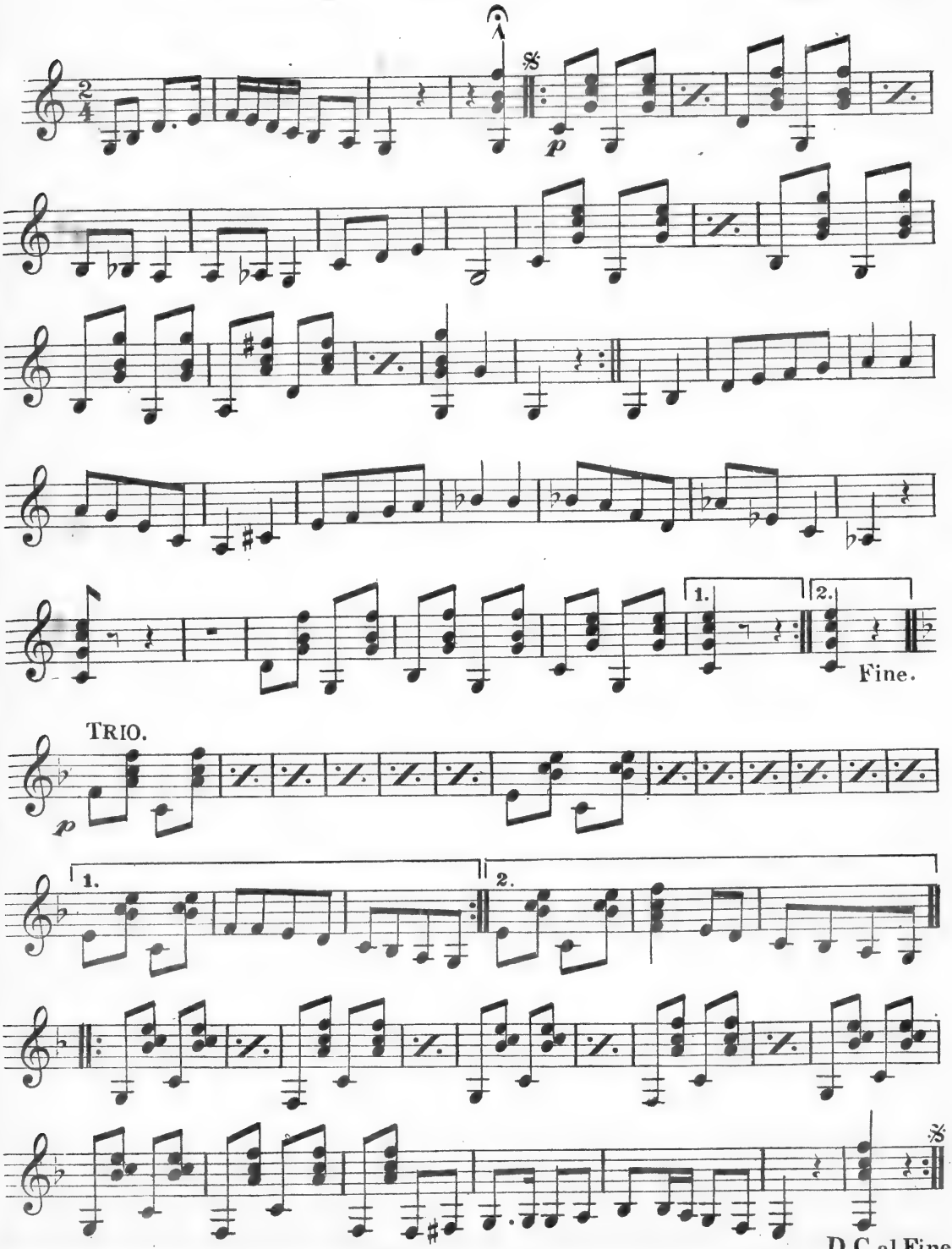
(W. E. T.)

THE

Columbian March.

GUITAR.

PAUL ENO.



(W.E.T.)

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

MAKING A START.

IV.

A GOOD many persons—and the remark is not confined exclusively to beginners—are rather apt to under-rate the importance of being business-like in small things. It is exactly the small details, however, which go to make the whole. Unbusiness-like methods may seem labour-saving at the time, but they are infinitely more trouble in the end. Aim from the first to be thoroughly systematic in everything.

Have your account and engagement books in good order, so that any required reference can be simply and easily made. They should be kept well up to present date; five minutes every morning, before settling to the day's work, will ensure this, and save you unnecessary trouble at the end of the week. Have a book in which you can keep a separate account under the name of each pupil, for music and sundries, and it is as well to enter dates in this. Keep the engagement book as far as possible in advance, at the conclusion of each lesson entering the date of the next, so that you can tell pretty well at the beginning of each week how your time will be taken up. Have properly headed memorandum blanks, and don't get into the habit of making out your receipts on any half sheet of paper that may come handy. In receipting money for lessons, and also in the entry of it in your account book, it is as well to give the date of commencing the term, that is, of the first lesson given. It will be very often useful in case of reference.

Punctuality is a very important factor in any branch of business, and perhaps more markedly so in teaching. Many teachers who complain of the unpunctuality of their pupils have in reality only themselves to thank for it. In general, if you adhere strictly to punctuality, you will find your pupils willing to do the same. If you engage to give a lesson at a certain hour, keep to it, and let your pupil understand that you expect him to keep to it too. Never postpone or alter the date of a lesson unless absolutely unavoidable. There is one sort of pupil of whom most teachers have had experience, and whom, if it came to defining types, might be classed as the aggressively unpunctual. Their idea seems to be that, having paid or agreed to pay for a certain number of lessons, they can have them whenever and at whatever time they choose. They will walk into the studio blandly, fifteen or twenty minutes late, with the confidence of having their full time, or miss a lesson altogether and expect you to make it up on another day, without any thought of the fact that they may upset your entire week's arrangements by so doing. A picnic befalls, or a river excursion, and the lesson is pushed to one side. This is all very well—for the pupil. But how about the teacher's wasted time? Such persons need to be impressed, at a very early stage, with the fact that their teacher's time is money, to use an old axiom, and that if they choose to miss a lesson without previous arrangement, or at least notification, they must do so entirely at their own loss. This is a point that should be made clear. There are many teachers who, knowing the value of their own time, refuse to "make it up" in this way, and institute the rule that a lesson missed is a lesson lost. Some definite self-protection is necessary, and this seems about the only principle likely to secure it, though the idea may suggest itself to beginners as rather high-handed. Understood from the first, however, it is nothing more than fair upon both sides. With regard to the pupil who will go off on a holiday, returning at the end of two or three months and demanding the completion of their term of lessons, I once saw what struck me as a rather clever arrangement. This was nothing more nor less than a little series of twelve or six coupons, given at the commencement of the term. One of these was to be given up at each lesson, and were good only up to a certain date, at the expiration of which time they became void, much on the system of a railway ticket. While hardly recommending itself generally as a protective measure this scheme was calculated to work very well.

To make exhaustive mention of the different kinds of worries a teacher has to put up with, from the pupil who expects to become an expert in six lessons to the one who doesn't intend to play more than "a little," and whose desultory efforts only succeed in wasting his time and your own too, would take a long while. You are likely to come in contact with every variety and degree of them. But on the other hand, these will be more than out-balanced by the pupils who *are* in earnest, who have a genuine desire to get on and are willing to take pains to accomplish it. In their case teaching becomes a pleasure rather than a drudgery, and they make up for those

other hours which you may be inclined to look upon as wasted. An interest in one's task is half the battle. This applies to your pupil no less than yourself.

In conclusion, I can only repeat an earlier remark. Don't start out with the idea in your head that you have chosen the easiest profession in the world, or one in which absolute competence, hard work and business management are not as indispensable as in any other profession. Above all, if you are not prepared to start in thorough earnest, don't start at all. If you are merely desirous of a means of "supplementing your income in spare time," as the agency advertisements have it, there are other ways in which you can do so with greater immediate success and more fairness to others.

Advice is always superfluous, and I have no wish to offer anything save encouragement to the earnest beginner. But I maintain the right to lay a particular stress upon the adjective. Dilettantism is carried nowadays to an art of itself. It is carried, occasionally, to a point where it becomes synonymous with another and less attractive word—a word which, according to Mr. Carlyle Ellis, "to a lamentably large extent sums up the fundamental working principle of the times" —the word "Fake." To merely think you would like to adopt a profession temporarily is not enough. Fortunately for the workers, neither will it carry you any appreciable distance towards success. The road is an uphill road for all of us, and those who attempt to "take it easy" will inevitably lag behind. Only hard work and earnest purpose can carry you to the top of the slope, or even to that pleasant "half way" which is the more likely prospect. So, remembering this, to those who set out, *Bon voyage.*

MERTON H. GRANT.

LITTLE EDITH had just been to church for the first time—

"And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

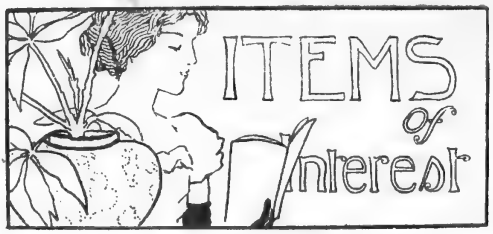
"I did not like the organ very well," she replied.

"Why not?"

"'Tause there wasn't any monkey with it." *Harvard Lampoon.*

If you'd be up to date
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.
For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—ADVT.



THE Polytechnic and People's Palace Mandolin Bands, 180 performers, conductor, Mr. B. M. Jenkins, gave a concert at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, June 27th. We hear it was a great success, and hope to give full details in our next issue.

* * *

Messrs. C. L. Partee and Co., publishers of our popular American contemporary, *The Cadenza*, have removed their offices from Journal Buildings, Kansas, to a more convenient and central position, No. 5, East Fourteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Beginning with Sept. this magazine will be published monthly.

* * *

Mr. W. E. Temlett wishes us to announce that he has just entered into arrangement with the C. L. Partee Co., of New York City, to publish six classics for the banjo and piano arranged by the eminent American virtuoso, Edward Pritchard. These selections are all fully protected in England and America. Full particulars will be published in our next issue.

* * *

Miss Fay Graham (one of the three ladies who assisted at Mr. Pepper's last concert) is giving banjo lessons at her residence at 69, Upper Richmond Road, Putney. We can recommend Miss Graham as a thoroughly competent teacher and wish her every success.

* * *

Mr. Walter Scott, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, gave us a call recently and informs us that the banjo is "going very strong" in his city, and he has several very promising pupils. Mr. Scott's pet solos are "Parke Hunter's" Waltz, "Valse de Concert" (Eno), and the famous "West Lawn" Polka.

* * *

In 1898 a rich young man of leisure, whom we will call Smith, fell in love with the daughter of a Lancashire merchant. The latter, however, objected on principle to bestowing his daughter on one who could not, so far as he could judge, gain his own

livelihood. On Smith, however, pressing his suit he relented so far as to accept him as his son-in-law conditionally on his supporting himself, independently of his fortune, for a year. The lover was at first taken somewhat aback, but remembering that he had a banjo, a good voice, and plenty of confidence, he hied himself to the seaside, where he "busked" with such success during the summer months as to make sufficient to keep the wolf from the door until the year of his probation was ended.

* * *

Our representative visited the Canterbury Palace, Westminister Bridge Road, a few nights ago, and thoroughly enjoyed the various turns arranged by the genial manager, Mr. Fred Holden. The Gotham Quartet's imitation of a banjo accompaniment is little short of marvellous.

SOME BANJO COMBINATIONS.

I BELIEVE I have said before that I have a great fondness for the banjo solo, pure and simple; but, coming down to a fine point, I think I would rather hear a banjo accompanied by a piano, just as most people prefer to hear the violin similarly accompanied. However, for keen, exhilarating enthusiasm-kindling music, with a strange æsthetic element, give me the combination of the solo banjeaurine, first banjo and guitar, or solo banjeaurine, and large-headed second banjo having an additional bass string. Those who have heard either, or both, of these combinations, worked with the refined yet dashing skill of our best artists, can testify to the stimulating effect, approached only by the nerve-tingling, muscle-moving syncopation of so-called "rag-time," which is, by the way, a modern use of the peculiar rhythmic chanting of barbarous races who, despite their ignorance, were seemingly not lacking natural intuition as regards some strange effects. In mentioning "rag time" here, let it be observed that I refer to its æsthetic character—its influence on the feelings, for no one can deny its strange power to exhilarate. This is where comparison with banjo music comes in.

The banjeaurine and banjo duet vibrates with life, brilliancy and sweetness. Such music, as it beats across the air, will captivate the most serious musician; he forgets his oratorios, his nocturnes, his symphonies, and his Chopin poems, and he listens with puzzled pleasure to that which charms almost against his will, for as we all know, the musician who lives, breathes, and has his being in the upper stratum of the musical atmosphere, is a conservative animal, and will blink his eyes dubiously at anything outside of a full orchestra, or a grand piano.

The addition of a guitar to banjeaurine and banjo, brings about a change. The banjo now alters its tactics somewhat. Instead of encroaching on the full chord accompaniment duties of the guitar, it plays a counter melody, or what is commonly known as "seconds." The combined effect of the three instruments is heavier and richer than in the banjeaurine aud banjo duet, but at the same time is, perhaps, scarcely as brilliant, as the introduction of the guitar, whilst increasing the tone-body of the ensemble, pours oil, so to speak, on the sound-waves of the banjeaurine and banjo.

Let it be borne in mind that, in the duet combination, the banjo should measure not less than nineteen inches in the arm, and not less than eleven inches across the rim; a twelve-inch rim is preferable. Above all, it should have an extra bass string. The accompaniment obtainable on a banjo of this description is surprising in its effect. The five-string banjo is not to be compared with it in accompaniments.

As regards a duet between two large banjos, the parts have to be written with judgment, or a flatness of effect is the result, due to the pitch of the banjos being alike. A very fair combination is that of banjo and guitar, but banjeaurine and guitar produce far superior effects, and is, in fact, a most fascinating duo. However, for real sweetness and beauty, banjo and harp is hard to beat. This is a rare combination, and I have heard it but twice in my life. Another combination I would like to hear is the banjeaurine, banjo and harp, and I am led to think it would be unsurpassable. The piano, being an instrument of percussion is not so satisfactory an accompaniment to the banjo as the harp; the latter, though somewhat different in tone character to the banjo, is nevertheless an instrument similarly vibrated by means of the finger tips. Of course, if plenty of noise is required, choose the piano. The harp can oust the guitar in volume, but it cannot equal the piano. Seeing, however, that we desire nice music, let us crown the banjo and harp with laurels.—*The Major.*

MR. W. E. TEMLETT begs to inform the readers of this journal that in response to numerous enquiries he has added a studio to his offices, No. 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., where the best known teachers of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar will attend daily. Terms from £1 1s. to £3 3s. per term.

THE "WHITE COON" BANJO TEAM.

(No. I. Company).

The above well known team have just finished a most successful three weeks' engagement at the Victoria Pavilion, Ilfracombe. At their farewell concert on Saturday, June 23rd, they had a full house, indeed this was the case nearly every evening. This company open at Bray, Ireland, on July 2nd, and they will give their entertainment in Dublin and the vicinity until October 6th. They are already booked for several garden parties.

* * *

We hear Mr. Will C. Pepper is sending a No. 2 Company of "White Coons" to Tenby for the town council of that beautiful place. This Company will be under the direction of Mr. Alban Booth, and will commence at Tenby on July 9th for ten or eleven weeks.

INTERPRETATION AND STYLE.

By Paul Cessna Gerhart, A.M.

After a pupil has mastered the rudiments of music, learned something of the positions, accents, phrasing, modulation, crescendo, diminuendo, and other features of mandolin or guitar playing, there then often comes a period of apparent stagnation, a non-development in his musical career. This point may really be regarded as a most vital one to the student, and if he understands how to take advantage of the situation, rapid advancement towards really artistic interpretation may be made. It is just at this point, however, that many teachers either lose their pupils entirely or the pupils themselves lose all interest and ambition in their work, which amounts to practically the same thing.

In the first place were the student to analyse himself fully and carefully, he would find that his real condition is not coincident with appearances. He is on the contrary digesting and storing away in his brain granary all the various practical and helpful ideas and suggestions which he has received from time to time from his teacher, and making this matter *his*—his to bring forth possibly in new form on sundry future occasions. It has been said that a man is not master of any new idea or thought until he has explained it to *another*. This the pupil will find to be but too true as soon as he attempts to set forth his views in logical order verbally to some one who may in turn be seeking elementary instructions from him. Knowledge first gained is really more or less superficial; it is only after weighing new ideas in our minds carefully, contemplating on them, discussing them with others, and, as is often the case, discovering new sides to a firm question from intercourse with others more intellectual and musical than ourselves, that we really are thoroughly master of the new thought. It will take some time for the student to thoroughly master all the information and matter received in his course of lessons on the mandolin or guitar, which tell that he imagined he understood. By this process of digestion the student becomes thoroughly grounded in the work, and after a stout foundation is laid, then the upper portions of his musical structure will go up considerably higher and at a more rapid rate of speed; but the *foundations* must first *settle!*

In rendering selections of real musical value, the pupil should work into the given piece his own individuality, to a certain extent. Yet musical forms and features may be regarded as but the tools with which the artisan works. His own imagination and powers of perception must be utilised by the student in order to obtain an original and praiseworthy interpretation. In this connection the most important point to remember is that the pupil should endeavour to imagine the feelings and intent of the composer; place himself *within* and *work out*. Do not try to begin *without* and *work in*. That cannot be done. *Evolution* is what is needed, not *involution*.

In making selections of teachers for the advanced pupil, two different characters are before one; he who has given all his time and attention to teaching and has neglected his own repertory, and he who is engaged for the most part in keeping up a heavy list of difficult selections which keeps his mind and best energies away from his pupils. In the former case the pupil has the advantage of more modern methods and profits by individual interest, but loses heavily by absence of opportunity of advancement by revelation. In the latter case the pupil profits unquestionably by the high ideal of interpretation before him, but is liable to imitate instead of using his own creational genius, and the best practical helps, and the method being wanting, the pupil fails to profit and advance as he should. My idea is to *avoid extremes* in this, as in all other things, and select a teacher who is a performer, an artistic player, but not a technical wonder. Fireworks should be always associated with celebrations, not music.

This "brilliant" style is the one extreme

as opposed to the *sentimental* on the other hand.

It is a mistake, therefore, for the pupil to work so unceasingly at technic. It is true technic is the basis or foundation of musical interpretation, but for a student to work so untiringly at *gymnastic feats* is really almost absurd. Endeavour to secure a good technic, but then finish your musical framework by some covering of artistic results. Light and shade, tone colourings, and the great modern idea of *climax* are all accomplished by the *right* hand, which makes fewer gyrations but accomplishes much more attractive results. Hence, it has most rightly been said that "it is the right hand that denotes the artist" in stringed instruments.

The power of climaxing cannot be too highly esteemed. Beginning with the pianissimo effect and gradually advancing more and more rapidly to the full fortissimo, from the lower register to the higher, fairly carries one "off his feet" when properly executed by a full orchestra. It is, too, the real life of solo playing, but must of course be accompanied by the proper phrasing. Every piece has its grand climax, the point at which the greatest effect is produced, while every phrase has also its centre or climax which should also be carefully *worked up* and accomplished.

The "duo" method or style of mandolin playing is unquestionably the most characteristic and unique. In analysing this method we find that the basis is chord work, while the basis of chords are found in the various intervals, thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, sevenths and octaves. There are few tetra chords used in mandolin playing, nearly all are triads or triads with the root, third or fifth doubled in the bass, so that it is not specially difficult to learn those most in use. But to be able to play these same chords in all positions is more difficult. In playing the tone on any key in the positions I use the barre with the first finger on the mandolin, just as on the guitar, which gives a firmer grip and produces better general effects. For individual bass tones use the *up* stroke of the plectrum on a wide slope.

It will always be found advisable to attend all the really good concerts and musical events, study musical works of various kinds, converse with musicians, and practice *patience* in order to obtain a permanent advancement in musical art. The pupil should by these means obtain a high ideal. The *conception* must be *first*, then the interpretation will come in a more or less artistic degree according to ability and in the style of one's own individuality.—*Stewart's Journal.*

HIAWATHA'S BANJO.

By Tobias Gunerson.

In the woods sat Hiawatha,
On a pine log in the forest;
In his hands he held a banjo,
And a grin o'erspread his features.
At his feet there flowed a streamlet,
O'er a dam made by the beavers;
At his side stood Chibiabus,
He the sweetest of musicians,
And he begged of Hiawatha
That he play some rag-time ditties.
Hiawatha seized his banjo,
Up to G he tuned the thumb string;
Then to C he turned the bass string,
While in thirds he tuned the others.
To G, B and D he tuned them,
Then he played the "Slippery Quaker,"
Till the prancing Paupuk Keewis,
In his lodge beside the river,
Heard the music of the banjo
As it echoed through the forest.
To his feet leaped Paupuk Keewis,
Who could do the dance du ventre
With a lot of variations
Not set down in any programme.
And he did some rattling rag steps,
In a style so blooming thermal,
That he sat fire to the bear skins
Which were spread within his wigwam.
The squirrel, the adjudoma,
Laughed and chattered in the branches,
While the skunk—the whew good-lordy,
As he sniffed the burning leather,
Pressed one claw upon his nostrils,
As he sprinted through the timber.
And the wild goose, wa be wa wa,
As it smelled the burning bear skin,
Screamed out "Chicago River,"
Then lit out for Manitoba
With a whir and beat of pinions.
Near the dam sat Hiawatha,
Playing still upon his banjo;
While his friend Ah Meek, the beaver,
With two great eyes stared at him—
Eyes that seemed to ask a question.
And Hiawatha knew then
That the beaver longed to ask him
The infernal, worn-out question:
"Do your fingers ever get sore
When you play upon the banjo?"
That is why poor Hiawatha,
While the beavers dammed the streamlet,
Sat and doubly dammed the beavers.

Stewart's Journal.

SIGNED Cabinet Photos of Mr. Will C. Pepper, and Mr. W. E. Temlett will be sent, post free, for 1s. each.—[Advt].

MR. ALBAN BOOTH,
The English Banjo Virtuoso.

MR. ALBAN BOOTH

THE

English Banjo Virtuoso,

Whose repertoire embraces such fine classical works as

Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3,
Chopin—Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2,
Handel—Largo,
Scharwenka—Polish Danse,
Wagnér—Evening Star,
Haydn—Serenade,
Rubinstein—Melody in F,

AND POPULAR BANJO SOLOS

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Mandolin and Guitar News.

VOL. III.—No. 35. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1900. PRICE THREEPENCE.
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THE BANJO

Mandolin and Guitar News.

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MUSIC.—"Rastus Honeymoon," Banjeaurine, Mandolin and Guitar.

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NEXT month will celebrate the third birthday of the BANJO NEWS. It is our aim to make the paper better and of greater interest to our readers from month to month, and with this end in view we have planned one or two alterations to commence with the new volume. We have arranged with Mr. Merton H. Grant, who is a well known member of the ranks of journalism, to assume the editorship for a term of months beginning with the October issue. Mr. Grant's articles, many of which appeared originally in our pages, have won him considerable fame on both sides of the Atlantic, and we have confidence that the new arrangement will prove a welcome one to all readers of the BANJO NEWS. Other features of interest are at present in contemplation, and we hear from Mr. Grant that he is already deep in plans which have for the object the increased value and interest of our little journal, alike to professional and amateur. What these plans are, as also the measure of their success, future issues will disclose.

* * *

We once again must thank our friends, both at home and abroad, for the good wishes and kindly opinions which reach us from time to time; the latter, we trust the BANJO will continue to deserve, even more under the new management than under the old.

* * *

It is with regret that we learn of the definite dissolution of the partnership between Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer, which has existed, we believe, for a term of some eight years. The dissolution was brought about by mutual consent, and our readers will join with us in wishing the partners in the late firm greater success in their new and separate ventures.

We hear that for the present Mr. A. D. Cammeyer will continue at the address with which for so many years his name has been associated.

* * *

The slack season is drawing rapidly to a close, and in a short time winter business will be once more, if not in full swing, at least in the preparatory movement. The increasing popularity and success of banjo, mandolin, and guitar in all circles is amply proved alone by the yearly increasing teaching and professional ranks. Not only do the new-comers appear, but what is more to the point, they succeed, establishing beyond a doubt the fact that the field is not as yet overcrowded, despite what pessimists may say to the contrary, and that it only needs ability and the necessary perseverance to arrive at the front.

* * *

All the summer troupes seem to be doing well. Busking is nowadays assuming truly stupendous proportions. Here, as in all else, the successful are those who strike out a new line for themselves instead of following imitatively upon an already beaten track. From all the prominent watering places come accounts of triumph. The "White Coons" are booked at every turn, and wailing that they can get no moment to themselves, though, knowing what such popularity means, one may be inclined to doubt the sincerity of the wail. We who work through the dog-days in hot offices, where the thermometer hangs with its face to the wall, are inclined by the perusal of innumeral seaside letters to a sense of envy bordering upon the pathetic. The *Bray Recorder*, by the way, reprints a very eulogistic poem by a "White Coon" admirer, which appeared some time back in one of the Ilfracombe papers, shortly after the visit of the team to that favourite summer resort. The poet sings their praises, both individually and collectively, in glowing verse of which lack of space prevents reproduction, the epic in question comprising, as we remember it, some twenty stanzas—surely sufficient to meet the lofty ideals of even a White Coon!

* * *

News reaches us of the approaching marriage of Mr. A. H. Nassau-Kennedy, of Brondesbury, N.W., to Mrs. Dunbar, widow of the late Captain Dunbar, of the 42nd Highlanders. Mr. Nassau-Kennedy may rest assured of the hearty congratulations of all his friends in the banjo fraternity. The honeymoon will be spent in Paris and Switzerland, and we wish the happy couple *bon voyage*.

* * *

As mentioned before, the October issue commences our third year of publication, and we mean to make the number a record one, in every sense of the word. So, banjoists, watch for developments. If you are not already a subscriber, now is a very good time to begin. Remember that the BANJO NEWS is published with a special view to your own individual interests.

ABOUT TWO.

By MARGERY WILLIAMS.

II.

ONCE seated at the little marble-topped table Carroll's spirits in a measure re-asserted themselves. This particular Slater's, situated in one of the busiest of city streets, presented always at mid-day the appearance of being full to overflowing. When they entered Sid cast a comprehensive gaze over this small sea of humanity, singling out one unoccupied corner at the farther end, and they steered their way thither with a sense of gratitude towards fortune.

To Beatrice, after two months of London life, a restaurant was still a source of unalloyed delight. She sat down on the slippery leather-covered divan which was against the wall, and stole surreptious glances at the glass opposite to see if her hat was straight, with the instinct which is a woman's secret confession of enjoyment. The place, with its profusion of mirrors and grandeur of gilt-and-cream stucco, represented a large portion of the world's pleasure. She thought that a number of the people about, all engaged steadfastly in a common occupation, appeared singularly inappreciative of these things.

Sid captured a card from a neighbouring table, and Beatrice exercised a special prerogative of choosing what she was going to have three times over and changing her mind each time with unfailing certitude. The process was a part of the hour's fascination. It finally ended in Carson's deciding for her, aided by Carroll's suggestions, and then the three sat and smiled at each other across the sugar-bowl.

"Well, I hope she'll hurry up," Sid said. He pursued the waitress's movements with an anxious eye. "Really, you have no idea how hungry I am."

"It isn't your fault if we havn't." Beatrice

told him. "Mr. Knight, has Sid talked of anything else since we left the studio?" Carroll looked gravely from one to the other.

"To be truthful," he said, "I don't think he has. He never does, you know."

"Carroll," Sid began. "If you want to make me cry——"

"Don't cry here," said Beatrice. "Oh, Sid, don't these seats remind you of the time when we were small and used to go to stay at Aunt Lucy's? You remember the big chairs in the library there? Our feet didn't touch the floor when we sat in them, and we used to climb up and slide off again. They were just this kind of leather."

"And Aunt Lucy used to come in——" Carson said. "*Don't* I remember! And that day——ah! at last. No, I swear, she's taking it to some other table. This is too much!——and that day you climbed to the top of the bookshelves and I took the ladder away!"

"We did have fun." Beatrice sighed. "You used to be so nice in those days, Sid. He was perfectly lovely, Mr. Knight, once upon a time, though you mightn't believe—"

"Don't be nasty, now," said Carson.

Carroll stared reflectively into the sugar-bowl. "If anyone told *me* I used to be nice, two or three hundred years ago, I shouldn't quarrel with them. Everyone knows you are not nice now, Sid, and you probably never will be again, so why——Hold on. If you throw that at me you'll only get bounced, you know. By the way, did you hear about Blake the other night?"

"I heard something. Elliott started to tell me, and then someone came to the door, and I never heard the end of it. What was the joke?"

"Why, it was after the smoker, you weren't there, I don't think. Elliot and I were just leaving when we ran across Blake outside. About half-past three it was. We didn't want to go home right away, and it was a beastly cold night, so we turned into one of these little French cafés, some place Elliot knew of, or he said he did. Anyway we went in there. We sat down and he called for some coffee. I wasn't particularly struck on coffee myself, at that time of night, but Elliott said, oh, it was such a pick-me-up, and we'd have cognac in it, so we did. Very well, then. There were some fellows sitting at a table 'bout as far off from us as those people there, regular Frenchmen they looked. Two of them were playing dominoes, and the other two were just talking. After a while, they'd each take a lump of sugar and soak it in their coffee, and set it in the saucer so—and then they poured some cognac on it and set fire to the whole business. You've seen it done, Sid, lots of times, havn't you?"

Carson nodded appreciatively.

"Well, Blake, he seemed to take a big lot of interest in it. He kept on nudging Elliot with his elbow. "By Jove!" he'd say—"By Jove! I wonder how they do that!" And so he kept on, and after a bit Elliot got mad, "Oh, go and find out, blame you!" he says. Just like that. You know you can pitch a half-brick at Blake's head and he'd never know it. If I was to say half as much to you as I've said to Blake sometimes—Great Scott! you'd have chucked me out of the window. But he don't mind anything. I rather think he'd been going the whole show at this smoker, and he wasn't much inclined to talk, except about the sugar business, so Elliot and I just let him be. Elliot was telling me some long story about the day he was down at Ramsgate, and for quite a while we didn't pay any attention to Blake. Then presently I felt him kick me under the table, and I looked round, and there was Blake sitting. He'd put a lump of sugar in his saucer, and poured coffee on it with a teaspoon, but it seems he'd forgotten all about the cognac, and there he'd been trying for the longest while to set fire to the thing, and of course it would never catch. But there he sat staring at it in a puzzled, reproachful kind of way. You never saw anything so funny in your life. After a bit, he looked up and caught us watching him. "Well, cussit," he says, "*I* dunno how'sh do it!" and there was a little circle of burnt matches all around him on the floor, where he'd dropped them. I thought Elliot would have had a fit. I never laughed so much for years; and poor Blake didn't see the joke one bit, you know. 'Well, *I* dunno how it's done,' he says."

Carson bent his head over the table and laughed. The mention of Blake always conjured up the vision of a being contrived solely for the amusement of his fellow-creatures. Blake was never intentionally funny, but his actions had long since ceased to be regarded in any light save that of an unfailing joke. To be a humourist against one's will is not the happiest of situations.

"And so—," Sid began, and choked abruptly.

"Exactly!" said Carroll. "I did wish you could have seen him, though." The recollection appeared to make fresh appeals to his sense of amusement. It occurred to Beatrice to wonder whether all Americans talked so much.

Between his sentences Carroll cast sundry

glances towards the mirror which reflected the plain black hat and twist of gold-coloured hair. An observer might have seen something deprecatory in the action. When he found occasion to address Beatrice directly, it was with a certain air of conciliation.

"Have you been to the theatre much lately, Miss Carson?" he asked, when the lunch finally made its appearance.

"Well, no, I havn't," Beatrice said. "You see, Sid so seldom has a spare evening."

"I never have time for anything nowadays," Sid complained. He was attacking roll and butter viciously.

Carroll launched promptly into an eulogy of the "Circus Girl." He described everything about the piece minutely and in order, with the vividness which frequently characterised his conversation. Occasionally he interspersed the narrative with stories told him by someone who happened to know one of the actors, and where these anecdotes appeared to be lacking in point he drew freely upon his imagination. It was seldom that a story, passing through Carroll's hands, lost by the transition. Later, he dropped the attitude of mere looker-on, and was led by a stray remark of Carson's into reminiscences of nine months spent by himself with a small provincial company. There was something of humour in his tale and something of pathos, and a great deal of interest. Beatrice, forgetting to eat while she listened, felt herself looking for the first time upon a new and unknown side of life. It was as though someone who has watched a play night by night across the footlights should be brought unexpectedly behind the scenes, and the newness and the realness of it all held her spellbound. She conceived herself as become suddenly very small and useless. To Carson these things only represented a world he had always known. It was dear to him as being the life he lived and loved and worked in, but the glamour of strangeness was no longer over it.

"And so you never got your money from the old man?" he asked, when Carroll presently paused.

"Never," said Carroll. "He payed up some of us, I believe, but I only got three pound ten out of the whole show. Expenses, of course. Poor old Brown! He used to call me "me son," and prophesied all sorts of brilliant futures for me. None of his schemes would ever wash, though. I taught him poker, and used to clean him out regularly at it every Sunday night. The last I heard of him he'd started some new company up in Yorkshire. That kind of man never dies."

"The only manager I ever had anything to do with," said Sid, "used to die periodically every ten months or so and then turn up in some new part of the country."

"Was that Jones?" Carroll asked.

"He was Jones once," Carson replied. "He was Wilkins when I knew him. They do give you potatoes at this place."

Beatrice laughed. She had grown past the stage where she believed Sid's statements implicitly. "It would be fatal to any manager," she said mischievously, "to have *you* in his company. Do you know, Mr. Knight, that you are responsible for my coffee getting cold?"

"No!" Carroll said. "Say, I'm most awfully sorry. Look here, let me send—"

"Not on any account," interrupted Carson with earnestness. "Beatrice is simply gone on cold coffee. I have noticed it on several occasions. Before depriving her—"

The business man lunching at the next table detected himself in the act of smiling sympathetically over his steak pie. He had been watching three faces without being aware of it, and a sudden consciousness of the action caused him to pull himself up with a jerk. He rivetted his attention sternly upon his plate. It was somewhat of a shock to discover that he had been even speculating upon the reason of their merriment. He felt that he had in some measure transgressed the regulations of his character.

When they presently stood and waited for their change at the cashier's desk, Carroll was saying—"so I rode around the bend, slowly, and there was Sid sitting with the wheel on top of him. So I says—"Why, hello, Sid, what did you get off for?" and then he—"

(*To be continued.*)

934 MILES OF COPPERS.

THEY REPRESENT THE PROFITS OF "MR. BONES" DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

IN the course of a county court case heard at Scarborough last year, a teacher of music gave evidence to the effect that she supplemented her income by singing in the streets, and that in the course of two weeks in July she made over £8, a statement that let a considerable amount of light on the vexed question regarding the profits of Mr. Bones and Monsieur and Madame Pierrot.

If one performer can make £4 a week at the beginning of the season, it is obvious that the takings, when the season is at its height,

are very considerably greater, as indeed they must be in some cases where the town authorities lease out the various sites on the sands, in order to show a decent profit. For instance, at Rhyl, the popular seaside resort in North Wales, the leader of the band of minstrels has to pay a rent of £120 for a site, while the band of twenty minstrels, who frequently delighted huge audiences in the Happy Valley at Llandudno, in which at times from three to four thousand people foregather at once, had the privilege of paying £150 rent to the council last year.

A very interesting sidelight was recently thrown on the question of the generosity of the public when holidaying, when the statement was made that during the off-season the unemployed residents at seaside resorts find it a source of considerable profit to diligently search the sands and dig up the shingle in the hope of finding coins that were overlooked and lost when thrown to Mr. Bones and other entertainers. At first sight such a search would seem perfectly hopeless, that it is a source of profit proves how freely money circulates in the holiday season.

According to a very useful little publication entitled, "The Coast Trips of Great Britain," which also includes Ireland and the Channel Isles, it appears that there are about one hundred and fifty principal seaside resorts, and about seventy-five holiday places of lesser importance in the United Kingdom. At the lowest computation, at these two hundred and twenty-five towns an army of open-air entertainers of the "Bones" and "Pierrot" character numbering at least 2,700, must be employed throughout the season, amusing the holiday-folk at a cost to them of practically £200,000.

Places such as Blackpool and Scarborough, where the visitors throughout the season are counted by the million, and are of a class who delight to spend their money as long as they have any, must be veritable Tom Tiddler's grounds to the peregrinating entertainer, but for the purpose of this article we are only assessing each visitor to the sea, so far as Mr. Bones is concerned, to the extent of a threepenny bit. In the aggregate even this small amount bulks largely.

If the above sum, which is sufficient to provide every inhabitant of Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough, and Blackpool with a nickel plated banjo and a set of bones, were to be taken in sovereigns there would be sufficient to lay a belt of the same sixteen deep that would extend up the cliff railway from Lynmouth to Lynton, nine hundred feet above that most lovely village, and leave £2,512 over, or, if the gold were hammered out to the thickness of a sheet of this paper, a track three-and-a-half feet wide and as long as Ramsgate Pier (3,000 feet) could be carpeted with it.

Mr. Bones, however, receives his reward in gold at somewhat infrequent intervals, but he has perhaps a knowledge of the copper coin of this country that is only rivalled by a penny-in-the-slot gas meter. If the answer of the public to his reiterated request of "Pay—pay—pay" were taken in coppers they would, if placed side by side, cover a square piece of ground 237 yards by 237 yards, or about 11 3-5 acres in extent, an area that is just about one quarter of that of Southport's famous marine lakes, whose forty-five acres of shallow water provide endless and safe amusement to hundreds of thousands of visitors.

Placed end to end Mr. Bones's takings in copper would extend through nine hundred and thirty-four miles, or they would make a column, if piled up one on top of another, fifty and a half miles high. As we have nothing on this earth's surface tall enough to make a fair comparison with such a column, it is interesting to note that if it were bent over in the form of a half-circle sixteen miles 220 yards high in the centre and one end rested on Margate Jetty the other end of the copper arc would be found in the vicinity of Walton-on-Naze.

If this Eiffel column of pennies were broken up into forty-four and a half thousand separate lengths each six feet high, a copper wall could be built of them extending from the centre of the Sussex County Cricket Ground at Brighton to half-way down the West Pier, or from the Spa Pavilion at Scarborough to that town's famous castle.

Finally, were these six-foot columns of copper to be placed one yard apart along the North Welsh coast and column No. 1 was erected at Rhyl, No. 7,040 would be found in the vicinity of Abergele, No. 17,600 at Colwyn Bay, the 24,640th at Llandudno, the 33,440th at Penmaenmawr, and the last at Aber, a distance of over twenty-five miles from the starting point.

These figures will perhaps be more than sufficient to encourage impecunious persons to start "busking" on the sands. The number of seaside entertainers, indeed, increases almost every year, and yet the venture remains profitable.—*Daily Mail.*

SIGNED Cabinet Photos of Mr. Will C. Pepper, and Mr. W. E. Temlett will be sent, post free, for 1s. each.—[ADVT].

CHESHAM.

At the Annual Children's Treat which took place in Gospel Hall on the August Bank Holiday, Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band were in attendance, assisted by harp, violin, piccolo and double bass. Amongst selections given were "Sleeping Beauty March," Overture, "Enchanted," "Ruby Gertrude," "Keystone March," "Brazilian," etc. Games and races were indulged in, and a miscellaneous concert was given in the evening by the children and their friends, concluding a most enjoyable day.

ILFRACOMBE.

Miss Beatrice Mathilde has been meeting with great success daily for her clever banjo solos. Among the most popular are "White Coons," "Fascination," and "Yellow Kids' Patrol."

ILKLEY.

The Ilkley Pierrots gave a most successful concert in the Hall Gardens on July 18th, in aid of the sufferers from the recent disastrous flood. The stars of the occasion were Messrs. Edgar and Eugene, whose banjo duets met with universal enthusiasm. The vocal part of the programme was ably carried out by Messrs. Bob Lord, Arthur Court, Fred Oakland, H. Eugene and C. Howarth, and Mr. V. Blanchard gave a pianoforte selection from the popular "Gaiety Girl."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Mr. Walter Scott, the well-known banjoist of this city, writes us that the banjo is going very strong in Blackpool just now.

STEINWAY HALL.

On July 10th Steinway Hall was the scene of a very enjoyable concert given by Mrs. Freeth. The programme was opened by a banjo duet by Mrs. Freeth and Miss Ethel Heisch, "Columbian March." Later in the evening the latter played as a solo "Narcissus," showing both execution and taste. Among other items were songs by Miss May Williams, Mr. Reginald Brooke, and Mr. Reginald White. Mr. Charles Capper contributed whistling songs which were universally appreciated, his second selection, "Ou voulez-vous aller?" receiving an encore. Mr. Arthur Playfair very kindly assisted with his well known and clever imitations, he met with tremendous applause, but refused to respond to the encore received. In the second part of the programme Miss Freeth and Miss Heisch again appeared in duet, giving "Belle of Columbia," which also was encored, as was Mrs. Freeth's solo, "Patrol" (A. D. Cammeyer). Miss Susie Raphael gave two recitations, "The Singing of the Magnificat" and "Oh, Monsieur," and the Misses Squire contributed two effective dances.

WEST KIRBY.

Mr. M. Brooke writes:—"The banjo has been very prominent here this last week among the Pierrots (under the able management of Messrs. Adler, Marsden and Crome, of Southport fame).

"Mr. Allandale, who is well known in the banjo world, has been displaying his talents amongst us. His coon songs with banjo accompaniment have earned for him here a well-deserved reputation as a first-class banjoist and a singer of exceptional ability."

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

A NEWLY introduced mode of entertaining guests is to set a certain date for an evening party and invite your friends to come representing some advertisement of what is known as a "proprietary" article. Each guest is to religiously preserve the secret of his or her costume until the eventful evening arrives. The costumes worn at a party recently given here were very clever and gave rise to much merriment, as the first pastime of the company was guessing the names of the advertisements suggested by arriving guests.

The costumes were not necessarily expensive, but they could not be hired from a costumier except in one or two isolated instances, because such garments have hitherto not been in demand at such shops. Fancy dress indeed ran wild in some of the dresses worn. It was indeed surprising that there was only one advertisement duplicated, and that was one simple and becoming to the young girls who adopted it, unknown to each other.—*Talent.*

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

CLUB COACHING.

By Roy B. Simpson.

An experience of more than twelve years in teaching and directing mandolin and guitar clubs has enabled me to solve many of the difficulties met by the embryo director.

Club coaching is an art in itself and requires a great amount of careful study; style, phrasing and interpretation may be embraced in this subject. Many descriptive pieces require little mannerisms to give them the individuality of style intended by the author. When I say "mannerisms," I mean certain little liberties which the author himself would take with his composition.

The author rarely ever gives the rendition of his piece exactly as the printed copy. The chances are that his distinct individuality would be impossible to reproduce in type, therefore the director must acquire an artistic judgment and a keen sense of interpretation in order to render his selections in an acceptable manner.

The director is the whole club so far as individuality is concerned; his men naturally follow him—in tempo, accelerando, diminuendo, forte or piano. He must be the possessor of a clear head and an inexhaustible stock of patience and be able at all times to hold his men in check with the proper discipline.

In quartet or trio arrangements, it matters not whether there is a single instrument or several for each part, the director should rehearse the first mandolins twice before the second mandolins, mandolas and guitars, etc., are allowed to join. He should require the leading instruments to observe closely the correct tempo and marks of expression and promptly correct any tendency to overlook them. Rehearse each remaining part in a similar manner and then drill the ensemble work. I find that the majority of clubs, especially beginners, are inclined to give more attention to the general effect of the composition than to his own part—in this way the habit of carelessness is formed by degrees, though it may not be intentional. This habit once formed is a difficult one to overcome.

The above suggestion applies more particularly to the better class of music—the popular "trash" is not worthy such an amount of painstaking care and the average audience does not expect it. There are many clubs which are competent to read and execute at sight any published club arrangement. Such clubs will not need my suggestions unless as a gentle hint regarding phrasing and individuality.

The time is coming when the large number of excellent clubs will demand full arrangements of high class music. High class music is not necessarily the difficult compositions of the old masters. Schubert's Serenade, Rubinstein's Melodie in F, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, etc., etc., are high class compositions which are not difficult of execution—the most difficult part is a correct interpretation. My advice to clubs is to choose a repertory which will live. The popular "rag-time" music is a diversion and will "take" for a short time but is rarely ever long lived. I would not for a moment have my readers think I would condemn that class of music *in toto*. It is well in the present era of music to have in your repertory a few well-chosen popular selections, that your programme may be diversified as much as its length will permit.

I am something of a "crank" on the high class music question. The Arion Club, of which I am director, is now in its twelfth year and its present repertoire consists of ten overtures, two Haydn symphonies, six sets of waltzes, one mazurka, twelve characteristic pieces, five marches, and four "rag-time" selections.

The instrumentation of the Arions is first and second mandolins, mandola, first guitar, and harp guitar—flute and mandocello to be added at an early date. This I believe to be the correct instrumentation for a club of this size. To give the reader an idea of the amount of work expended on a single number, I will say that we gave more than two hundred hours all told, to Rossini's "Semiramis" overture, before we dared give it to the public. I rehearsed each member separately and they practiced their parts at home—the ensemble work amounted to two hundred hours.

Club coaching, to sum up all I have said, requires patience, an artistic temperament, energy and a correct knowledge of the piece to be performed. The average club rushes through a really fine composition in a slipshod manner thoroughly lacking in style. I have heard some of our greatest clubs and know whereof I speak. Study your men, your tone-colour and your piece and closely follow the suggestions given above, and you will soon become a successful "club coacher."

The Concerto.

MR. W. E. TEMLETT begs to inform the readers of this journal that in response to numerous enquiries he has added a studio to his offices, No. 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., where the best known teachers of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar will attend daily. Terms from £1 1s. to £3 3s. per term.

THE ILL-MANNERED MUSIC-TEACHER.

It is said that Leschetizky, the great Vienna piano teacher, sometimes indulges in bad-tempered moods, during which he storms and talks angrily to his pupils. No doubt these ill-mannered spasms are intensified in cases where the pupils are Americans, for Germans will not put up with it to anything like the extent which seems even to please the aspiring youth of our own country. But Leschetizky is now a crabbed old man. The worst of it is, this dramatic exhibition on small provocation is not peculiar to Leschetizky or other of the really famous old-country teachers. It is also imitated with more or less foolish effect by a lot of the lesser piano teachers in the Fatherland. But there is not so much of it now as a few years back. Common sense and that order of self-respect which comes with experience, is doing away with many of the idiosyncrasies of the modern music masters.

As the personal peculiarities of Liszt, Rubinstein and Von Bulow, and other of the truly great, but irascible teachers of pianism, grow less real and there gather around them the softening influences of time and distance, the hypnotic influences loosen and followers of those towering teachers must assume a more respectful attitude. It is no longer enough that a German musician has won a name in order to make him secure in indulging in any ill-bred antics or bursts of passion in the presence of pupils. Much less is it any part of the attainment of fame to do those things which, while pardonable in the old masters, leave a blot upon the pages of their history.

It is unfortunately true that in music, and especially in music teaching, the habits of the master are followed by the pupils. This applies not only to the manner of playing, the rules of position, touch and taste, but often to the personal idiosyncrasies. It is a common thing, and a pitiable thing, to see a young teacher aping the manner—even the words and personal habits of dress, style of wearing the hair, and other petty customs, of some foreign teacher. We all know that when Liszt lived his pupils came out with flowing hair and affecting the famous "far-away look," than which nothing could be sillier when unnatural. And so it is with ill-tempered teachers. Many of them have led themselves to believe that it is impressive to keep the nerves tightly strung and to permit every discord to jar upon the organs of sensation so acutely as to force speech and unseemly utterance. It is not to be denied that many musicians are thus sensitive in reality. But if so, all the more reason for control. No teacher, however well fitted by education or natural skill to teach, is worthy of his calling if he cannot so far control his temper and nerves as to appear outwardly serene.

The music teacher must above all, be a gentleman. Can he be a gentleman and break into storms of anger at the sound of a discord or because the pupil fails in the effort to reproduce the composer's thought? Can the irascible music teacher, no matter what his nationality, be fit to take under his care a delicate girl, or the sensitive boy? Is it any excuse that the ill-mannered musician has won fame as a composer, or a pianist, or teacher—the latter in the days of his reason, before success had muddled his head out of a proper sense of his duty and obligation to art?

In America we have very few of the ill-mannered music-teachers. Here the teachers are gentlemen always, and the thought of flying into a rage or otherwise offering insult to his pupils would be impossible. Such things occur only "abroad," and the sooner our American parents with talented sons and daughters have more faith in home teaching, in American schools, the sooner the world will be rid of the evil example of the ill-mannered music teacher.—*The Presto.*

One day a young composer brought a score to Rossini and asked him to look it over, and to make a cross at every error. After a few days he again called upon Rossini, who returned the score without any marks upon it. The composer said:

"Ah, you found no faults?"

"If I had put a cross at every error," said Rossini, "it would not be an opera, it would be a cemetery."

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better-half the other morning, "do you know you have one of the best voices in the world?"

"Indeed!" replied the delighted Mrs. H., with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago."—*Chicago News.*

Landlady: Beg pardon, sir. Did I understand you were a doctor of music?—Lodger: Yes, ma'am. Why?—Landlady: Well, sir, my Billy 'as just been an' broke 'is concertina, and I thought as how I should be glad to put a hod job in yer way.—*Halfpenny Comic.*

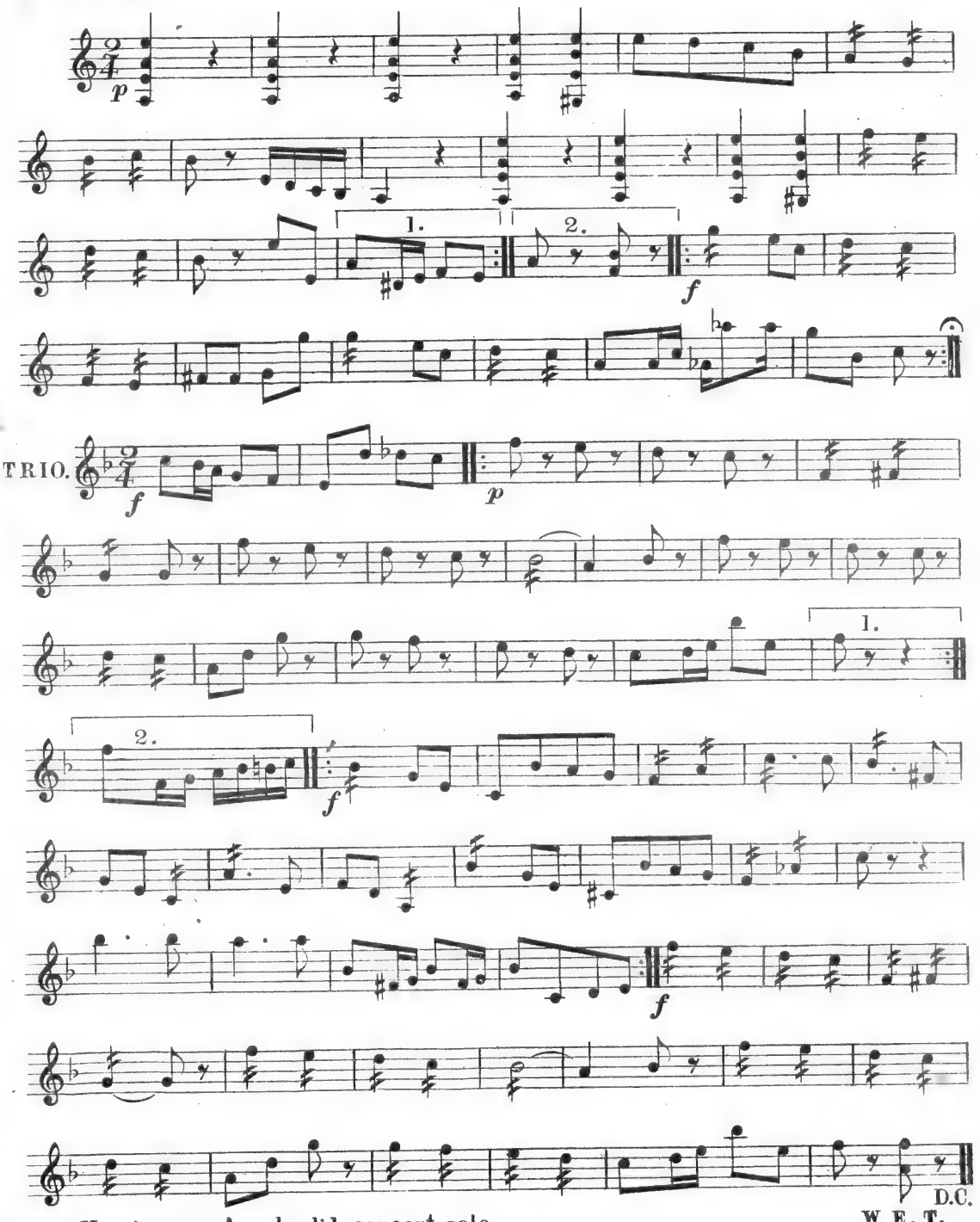
RASTUS' HONEYMOON.

HOE DOWN MARCH.

J. Lloyd Meacham.

PAUL ENO.

MANDOLIN.



Narcissus. A splendid concert solo.

W. E. T.

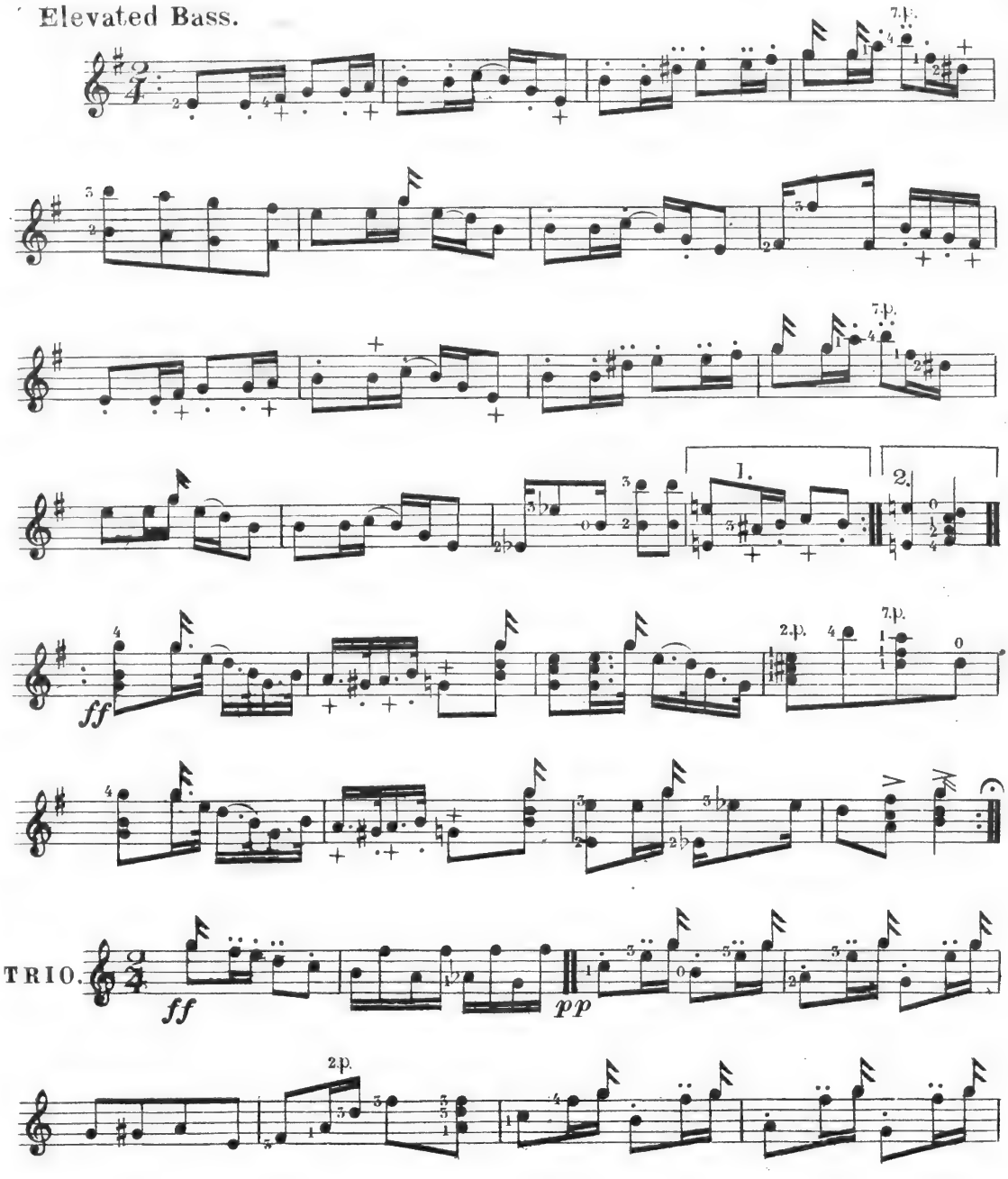
RASTUS' HONEYMOON.

HOE DOWN MARCH.

Arranged by
WILL C. PEPPER.

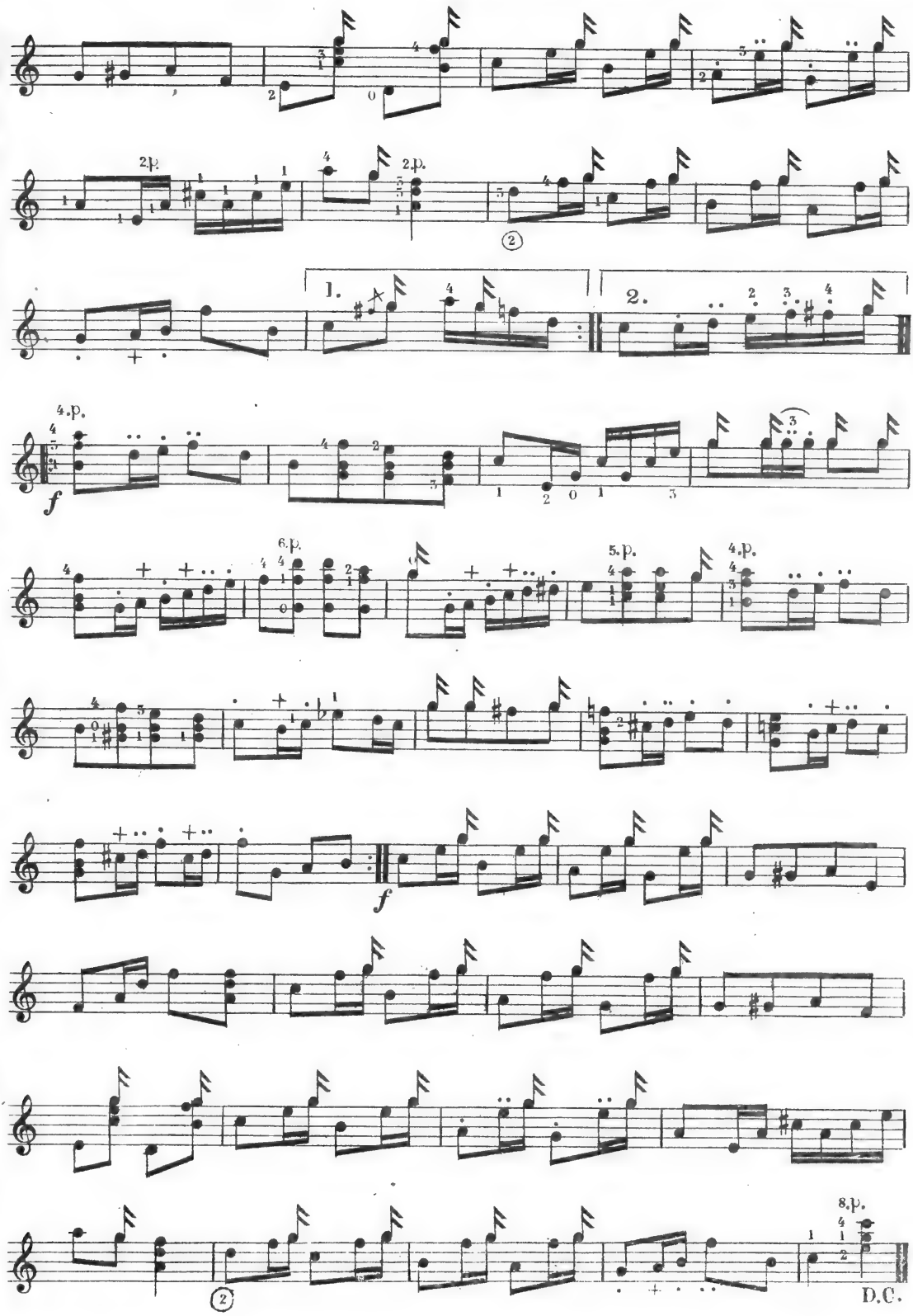
J. Lloyd Meacham
PAUL ENO.

BANJEAURINE.
Elevated Bass.



Yellow Kids Patrol. Best patrol for band ever published. W. E. T.

BANJEAURINE.



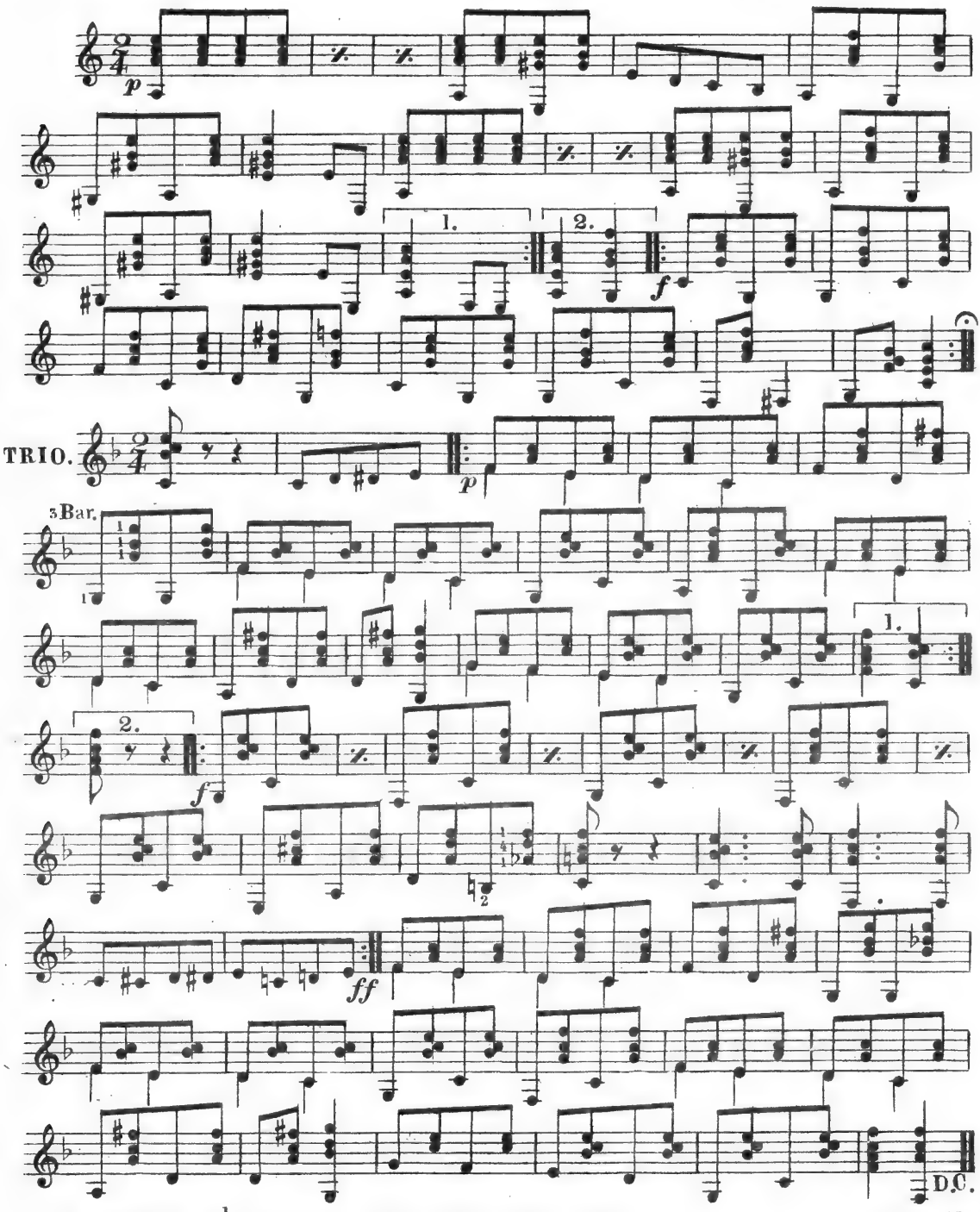
The Enfiel March. Brilliant. W. E. T.

RASTUS' HONEYMOON.

HOE DOWN MARCH.

J. Lloyd Meacham.

GUITAR. PAUL ENO.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING.

THE "leisure-time" of the musical year has come, and I trust that every girl is using it as a well-earned resting-time should be used, in merry-making and in healthful recreation. There is always, however, an hour or two in the middle of the long, hot summer day, when it is quite too warm for active exercise, when the cool, close-shuttered parlour is a welcome retreat, and *these* are the hours in which a girl may develop all by herself, without teacher or text-book, a knowledge of a branch of her musical culture, which is becoming quite a distinct occupation in itself, and which is both an interesting and a useful study—the art of accompanying.

And why should it be necessary to give particular attention to this branch of music? I know that the general opinion is that anyone who plays at all can play well enough to be an accompanist. Many girls, when beginning to study music, confide to their teachers that they "just wish to learn to play well enough to be able to play accompaniments." The truth is, that one who learns that much learns a great deal; learns to phrase, learns the value of rhythm, acquires a certain discipline, and an effacing of herself uncalled for in solo work: all this, too, in the music which accompanies even an ordinary melody.

An accompaniment is defined as "something subordinate, added to give completeness to that which occupies the principal place." First of all, then, it must be *subordinate*; that does not mean inferior as regards musical merit by any means, but rather that you should allow the soloist to appear to be giving out *all* the music, the harmony as well as the melody. To use an architectural similitude, your accompaniment must be as a firm foundation upon which the song rises fair and secure. Never let it obtrude itself, never let it take the form of verandas, flying buttresses, or ornamental stucco-work; this makes the accompaniment ridiculous, and obscures the melody, which should be supported and sustained, never covered up.

Again, "it is added to give completeness to that which occupies the principal place." You know that a melody cannot be said to be, in itself, a *complete* thing. Every note sung is a part of some chord, and is not quite complete until the other members are added to it. But let the note sung be the *important* one, the honoured one, to whom the others come merely as willing servitors to emphasise and complete its beauty.

This, then, is where the discipline comes in. Sometimes in making your work subordinate to that of the soloist you will feel that you are subordinating yourself to a talent really subordinate to your own, for it is quite true that successful singers are often very remiss as regards phrasing, and take strange liberties with the tempo. Someone has said that it is easier for the camel to perform his famous trick of passing through the needle's eye, than for a singer to relinquish a high note, and while he is revelling in the upper register, forgetful of everything but his own high pitched ecstasy, what about the little pianist? So you see the necessity for being practised in accompanying.

You are sure to have more or less of it to do through your life; some girls are making a very good business of it. Many a girl who, through nervousness, or for some other reason, fails to become a successful concert pianist, has work enough to keep her very busy, accompanying for clubs, private musicals, concert companies, and so forth. It is interesting work; there is, indeed, a certain fascination about it; but it has nevertheless its irritating phases, as has all work. Therefore it is necessary to become *facile*, to learn to extend more than a modicum of attention to the soloist, to be quick to supplement or to leave out, as may be necessary by the inspiration of the moment; in a word, to learn to be to the soloist "as unto the bow the cord is."

One cannot do all this without becoming familiar with melody, as both the simplest and the greatest have known it. Supply yourself with at least some of the greatest songs: Schubert's, Schumann's, Grieg's, and through the lazy hours learn them; make them your own. Sing them yourself, if you know no one who can practice them with you (although, for that matter, almost every girl knows *some* one who would be glad to practice with her). And do not be content with "just trying them over." Study them, and if you never have occasion to play them you will be a better pianist for having given so much time to melody and its accompanying harmony.

In giving a little of your time to this study you will be but following in the footsteps of the best musicians of all time.

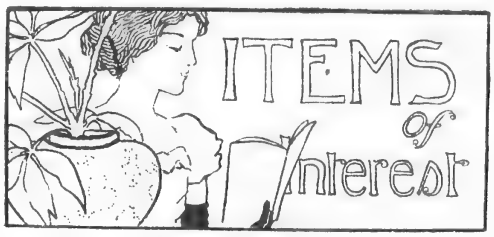
A friend who belonged to the Händel and Haydn Society of Boston, twenty-five years ago, used to tell of Professor Lang (who then accompanied the society at the piano during rehearsals) that he knew the oratorios so well as to be able to read a book all the while he accompanied. He placed his book of biography, or essays, or whatever he happened to be interested in, on the music-rack before him and read all the evening through. If Zerrahn, the conductor, had occasion to stop the chorus for correction, Lang simply lifted his fingers from the keys without removing his eyes from his book, and when work was resumed took up the accompaniment at the point at which it had been interrupted. Think how he, an instrumentalist himself, must have studied these oratorios, and how many hours he must have spent over these accompaniments!

Quite the first accompanist I ever remember to have heard was Max Zach, who is at present conducting the Popular Concerts in Boston. He is a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and viola of the famous Adamowski Quartet. Yet with all this he has taken the time to make accompanying a fine art. When I attended the Adamowski concerts, Zach always accompanied Mr. Timothy Adamowski's violin solos on the piano, and with such exquisite sympathy with the soloist, with such a firm restraining of the great piano, always so subdued, so subtlely, yet, withal, so strongly reposeful. It was a very large factor in the general impression of beauty received, and made me dream of what the accompaniments might have been which the minstrels played on their old-time instruments as they stood erect in the courts of kings and sang, when the accompaniment followed the impulse of the song, and neither was complete without the other.

Proficiency in this art any girl may accomplish if only she enters upon the study of it with a right good will and with true sympathy, and if, during the summer, she advances in the understanding and knowledge necessary to a good accompanist, then she may truly say when autumn comes that, having had leisure, she has used it.—HELENA M. MAGUIRE *in the Etude.*

If you'd be up to date
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.
For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

—ADVT.



Mr. JOHN PIDOUX' Amateur Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Orchestra will resume rehearsal for the Autumn session on Wednesday, September 5th, at 7 p.m. Intending members are kindly requested to communicate at once. This well-known and successful orchestra is composed of banjeaurines, banjo, piccolo, and bass banjos, mandolins, mandolas, guitars, harp and kindred instruments, and the music is specially selected with a view to developing the highest degree of proficiency. A grand festival is held periodically at one of the large halls in Birmingham. Membership fee, 10s. 6d. per session, including music.

* * *

Mr. Frederick Pleon, of 66, Stoke Newington Road, N., writes that he is starting a Mandolin, Banjo, and Guitar Band at the above address on Wednesday, September 19th, when he will be pleased to see old members of his late band, and welcome new ones. His studio is situated opposite the "Alexandra Theatre."

* * *

The Misses Grace and May Gilbey, late of Dyson's Gipsy Choir, have opened studios at 20, Durham Road, Sparkhill, and Soho Hill, Birmingham. They give able tuition on banjo, mandolin, guitar, violin, piano, and other instruments, and are also open to receive engagements at concerts, bazaars, garden parties, etc., where they prove themselves clever and competent musical entertainers.

* * *

Mr. W. E. Homer wishes us to state that he has severed his "working" connection with Mr. Charles Thomas. Mr. Homer has just purchased a special "Mozart" (New Model) of which he speaks in very glowing terms.

* * *

Mr. Will Pettitt writes us that he is back at his studies, 7, Royal Promenade, Clifton, Bristol, where he will be glad to see old and new pupils and friends.

Mr. Harry Collins, of Liverpool, has been very busy lately with numerous engagements, including the New Brighton Tower, his solos embracing Eno's "Valse de Concert," "Apollo" march, and "Princess Waltz."

* * *

We have it on the authority of the "Man in the Moon" in *Stewart's Journal*, that American banjo music is going to be written in C at last.

* * *

Mr. Samuel Seigel, the well-known concert mandolinist and performer, now of New York City, has been kept quite busy filling engagements all summer. He recently played two concerts at Monmouth Beach, and has appeared at most of the principal theatres of New York and vicinity. Lately he has done a great deal of work for the phonograph companies, making records of his mandolin solos, and in this direction, also, he has been very successful indeed. His services for concert work and for phonograph playing are in constant demand. He is an earnest worker, as well as a phenomenal performer, and his success is well deserved. — *The Cadenza.*

* * *

F. L. Keates' "Banjeau Musings," appearing monthly in the *Major*, form one of its most interesting features. His talks are both practical and attractive—a combination of qualities not always achieved.

* * *

The Hospital Service Corps of Troubadours, otherwise known as the H.C.S.T., are doing good work, and deserve all the success with which their enterprise is meeting.

* * *

There is really no mystery at all about the mysterious musicians who call themselves by various titles and perform at the seaside places during the summer and early autumn. They are most of them ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession filling in time while the London theatres are closed and tours are "off."

* * *

They fill it in very well indeed. At a seaside town last year, I came upon a troupe of "mysterious musicians" supposed to be noblemen in disguise. I recognised most of them as members of Mr. George Edwardes's companies. They paralysed me when they told me the amount of money they had taken. So successful was their season that on the last night they invited a large number of their professional friends from London and gave them a champagne supper. There were six young fellows in the troupe, and at the end of the season, after paying all expenses, they divided over £250 among them.—"DAGONET" in *The Referee, August 26th.*

HIS OPINION OF WAGNER.

THE newspaper man had brought the salesman from the wholesale dry goods house up to the club. After he had been introduced to three or four of the members and they all had something to take off the chill, the salesman got kind of limbered up.

"It's customary among the wholesale merchants of Chicago," he began, "to treat the people who come in from the country to buy goods pretty nicely—kind of make them feel good, you know, when they are in the city—show them the sights—take them around a little. Of course, this is especially the case if they are generous buyers and good pay.

"Well, I had one of these 'good angels' come into the store one day and call for me. He was one of my old customers and he was going to buy a great big bill. You can imagine that I wanted to treat him all right.

"It happened at the time that the Thomas concerts were running at full blast on the lake front, and on this particular occasion a Wagner night was announced. This led me to believe that it would be an exceptional treat for my guest to listen to the masterpieces of the great composer. So down there we went, took seats at a convivial table, quietly sipped our glasses and watched the blue smoke gracefully curl above us while the orchestra poured forth the delightful strains of that classical, entrancing harmony. The concert ended. The music had steeped my very soul and I was full of enthusiasm.

"'And, now, Mr. Smith,' I asked, 'what do you think of Wagner?'

"'Well, I'll tell you what I think, if you want to know,' said Mr. Smith; 'I think Wagner was a gol-blasted fool that he didn't stick to the sleeping-car business.'"—*Inland Printer.*

MISS GADSBY: They tell me, Mr. Sinker, that your wife sings with great expression.—Sinker: Greatest expression I've ever seen. Can't even recognise her when she's singing. *World's Comic.*

A CHAT AT LESSON TIME.

You have been told that many of the great composers were earnest lovers and deep students of nature: that Beethoven is quoted as having said that his best lessons were learned in the fields and meadows, and that during his wanderings, alone and undisturbed, he sat beside the flowing stream and composed with the birds as they sang.

The composers were neither simply lolling away the hours in sentimental, love-sickly admiration for these beauties of Nature, nor awaiting the clear atmosphere, sunlight, and summer skies to act upon and mysteriously awaken within their human natures some wonderful power to bring into existence transcendant tone-poems.

Such a "lazy-go-lucky" method of Nature study might not have proved a potent factor in bringing their great genius to perfection, or given them any assistance in the creation of those magnificently great and cathedral-like tone-structures—among the greatest achievements of any age or any art.

If, when walking at early morn into the meadow, we pluck a daisy from among the dew-glinting grasses, you say, "How beautiful it is." What is beautiful about it? It is not strikingly unique in colour. The centre is yellow: Is that so beautiful? "No—" you slowly answer. I see that you are growing thoughtful (I notice that pupils practice slowly when they grow thoughtful over their music). I am sure that the composers were very thoughtful. Oh, those busy brains of theirs! To be sure, the petals of the daisy are not loud or flaunting in colour, but modest, rather; still, considered singly, there is nothing strikingly beautiful about them either, although the principle of modesty is the beginning of beauty and true loveliness. Well, we have at last found out what is the foundation of the daisy's beauty. But let us consider further. Hold the modest flower up before your eyes and try to discover another cause for admiration. Are there not a number of evenly-pure white petals each and all unmarred by soil? Are they of even, regular shape and size? Are they stuck about the central corolla at random and uneven distances or has Nature arranged them in a true, orderly, and even row about a perfect circle? Ah—how your countenance brightens with pleasure as you tell me that you have discovered that the crowning glory of the flower is in its perfection of *form*—the beautifully true, orderly, and systematic arrangement of its parts.

Away back in the golden age of art and beauty, the poets, architects, and sculptors of Greece discovered that the greatest beauty lies in systematic arrangement of materials; and they learned it of Nature, just as you and I have found out the secret of the glory of a flower to-day.

If you should chance to have a picture of St. Peter's Church at Rome, please get it and observe the wondrous structural order and system so apparent in all parts and to the minutest details of this greatest of all cathedrals.

Have you never viewed with admiration the lovely flowered Corinthian capitals surmounting the columns in the porticoes of various ornate residences and public buildings? These were first copied from Nature also, and represent a part of the most perfect and beautiful architecture the world has ever known. "What an art-teacher she is?" you exclaim. Yes, she has taught mankind all its useful lessons.

I trust that you now realise, to some extent, what hand Nature has had in teaching the children of this world not only the necessity of systematic order, but of its unspeakable loveliness as well. Broadly speaking, everything in Nature is orderly, for "Order is Heaven's first and highest law," you should know. If you fail to appreciate the necessity of being in conformity with this beautiful law, I fear your lot will be a very unhappy one indeed. The planets traverse their orbits in exact time. An erratic comet is in danger of destruction by collision with other planets until such a time that it will find an even and regular movement through the heavens.

Thus we are taught the need and satisfaction of regularity in time and rhythm as an essential element of all things—indispensable to music, poetical versification, etc., as to anything else. Do you think I am making an exaggerated application of these principles? You ask, "Do I not already know the necessity of good and orderly time-keeping?" Ah—the pity. Too many who have been told and told again that this thing and that thing is necessary have deep in their souls as yet no conscientious or spiritual appreciation of its necessity. Their emotional nature does not *feel* the necessity of order in life or its duties.

Relatively, at least, rhythmical order and system should be a part of your very soul-life—your ruling passion, as it were. Nature impressively teaches us by orderly and sensible means to understand truth as it really is, and better still, to feel it as truth in the heart. When we know or realise a thing in the emotions, we know it a thousand times better than if we merely have been told it. When you have been taught in a natural

way what is right in regard to a matter, the emotions become radically disposed to admiration of right, and wrong becomes to you clearly as uninteresting, ridiculous, or noisome, as the case may be.

Many a young life much told, but little taught, and moved by the curiosity of an undeveloped nature, has met ruin by experimenting for amusement's sake with that which proved to be but sorry amusement, indeed—for all they have been told better. Telling may form a part of sound teaching only when the facts told are sufficient, unisolated, and stand in an orderly and logical relationship to each other—forming a system.

So much in favour of natural development of the faculties.

Life is all too short for us to waste our own and the time of others in destroying happiness by careless, disorderly, or otherwise incorrect performance, whether of music or otherwise.

When the brain or reasoning faculties have been trained to think and reason orderly and with correctness, the person is said to have judgment. Judgment, when developed to a high state, and in relation to the arts, radically influences toward orderliness the inclinations and likes of the deeper soul-nature of the individual. This accomplished, he becomes a person of taste.

The person of fine taste is said to possess an artistic temperament—has talent. Some are born with the inherent characteristics of good taste as a part of the very soul and emotions: what the mind does not know, or has not learned from personal observation or experience, the soul knows by its innate, but true, feeling and emotional inclination. Such a one has natural talent.

Do not get the idea now that natural talent may succeed without reinforcement by a training of the brain faculties. Indeed, I sometimes think that talented persons need mental discipline even more than untalented ones; for, let them but do something cleverly just once, and then they get to hear so much about their fine talent that they "wax lazy" on such "sweet taffy." Did some one, perhaps Ruskin, say that to acquire taste was to form character? What do you think about it?

Things disorderly, be they what they may, —flower-petals, figures in the parlour carpet, bricks in the wall, tones and phrases in the sonata, lines in the versification of a poem, or the habits of a boy or girl,—will all prove more or less ridiculous, ugly, annoying, or painful to persons of refined taste. The disorderly person is more or less of a bad person. He has not reached a full or natural development,—is mentally deformed; and his character is not beautiful. How like a deformed flower!

Neither is a piece of music liable to be a thing of beauty if composed by a person of bad taste in regard to the arrangement of tones, phrases, etc. Studying music in an improper manner, following bad models (trashy pieces, admirable only to people of depraved or undeveloped judgment), will not help you to acquire that lovely thing, "taste," which is only another name for character or personal loveliness. Thus observe how Nature would teach you to be good.

So, as bad and flaunting music is ungraceful in movement, noisily loud to no purpose, and consists of tones, phrases, and "what not," badly ordered; it is therefore uncalled for, unnecessary, out of place, and neither modest nor pretty.

How I hope that you will speedily learn to abhor all such—and you surely will just as soon as you begin to realise how beautiful and lovely the good music is in comparison.

Disorderly habits, wrong or careless methods of study, dishonesty, and the like, all belong pretty much to the same category, and have their cause in ignorance or the lack of natural æsthetical taste,—taste—that thing which is the very foundation not only of all art, but ethical culture and morality as well. Does it not seem that one who would study Nature closely and learn how to obey her beautiful laws would become ever so much better acquainted with the plans and purposes of that great, omnipresent Spirit of Nature and Creator of all, than would be possible in any other way? No, I am not going to talk religion.

However, be thoughtful and systematic in your music study, and you will become not only a thorough musician, but something far better, a person of taste,—which were all the great ones of earth, differing from what you can be in this respect, perhaps, only in degree.

With a character, the foundation of which is laid in true soul-culture, unerringly taught and disciplined by the Spirit of Nature, your personality will be as lovely as the lily; and the sweet magnetic influence of your presence will be as the rare perfume of the jasmine flower.

You may take the "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn,—no, not very loudly, please; "The still small voice contains the message." If you play very loudly, I fear the audience will not hear the dove coo.—EDWARD FOSTER BEAL *in the Etude.*

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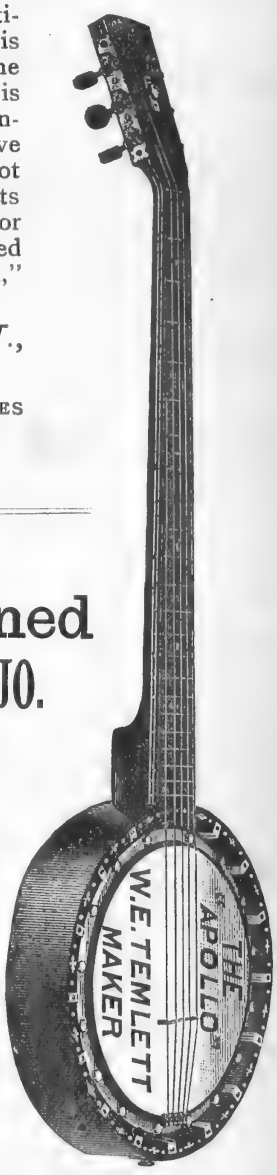

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VOL. IV.—No. 36. OCTOBER, 1900. PRICE THREEPENCE.
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MUSIC.—"Andante and Moderato," Banjo, and "Love Kiss" Waltz, Mandolin and Guitar

IN commencing its fourth year of publication the BANJO NEWS offers its most cheerful compliments to the select few who were kind enough to observe, three years ago, that it would not outlive the twelvemonth. Praise has its drawbacks, but a little discouragement is invariably useful. It was the idea of its founders that there is always room for something good and so far the idea has been amply justified. The BANJO is only one of many that have proved the value of the statement as a working principle in the realm of journalism, and more particularly technical journalism. The paper will remain as before stated, open to suggestion from any reader who has an idea for its improvement. So far no one has volunteered any hint in this line, but it is never too late for a beginning. Banjoists seem a bit inclined toward reticence, for no apparent reason whatever, and it is not the easiest task in the world to get at their likes and dislikes. As regards policy, the BANJO aims at being in the front in all matters connected with the interests and promotion of the instruments from which it takes its title. For the rest, its intention is to be useful generally, instructive in measure, and readable from cover to cover. The forthcoming volume will inaugurate one or two new features in the shape of regular columns, to be made permanent or not, according as they meet with approbation. One of these will be devoted more particularly to woman's interests in the banjo, mandolin, and guitar field. To transatlantic readers there is also a word to say. We want to make THE BANJO of value to professionals and amateurs abroad as well as in England, and to this end will keep a column open unreservedly for all news, items, general correspondence, etc., reaching us from the other side. The old

gulf formerly existing between English and American interests in this respect has all but disappeared. It is now merely a memory. We want to obliterate the memory also. As THE BANJO was among the first to institute the new order of friendship, so it hopes to be first in the task of making the interests of both countries identical.

* * *

This being a column where occasional official grumbles are permitted, I have a few remarks to make regarding an old offence. The editing and classification of news items each month is in itself no small task, but some correspondents show an astonishing ingenuity in doing their best to make it more difficult still. The complaint is the same in all cases. Last month, for example, a programme reached us accompanied by no note or comment whatever; further, it had neither date nor location, the only guide being the name and address of the printer on the inside edge. Possibly we were relied upon to supply both out of our imagination. This is merely one of a good many instances. There is only one way to deal with this kind of carelessness, and that is by putting into active practice a threat made on several former occasions. Henceforward, therefore, no notice whatever, will be taken of news items not complying with simple journalistic regulations. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and if a printed programme, accompanied by either press cutting or some written comment. Remember it is absolutely no use sending us an unattached programme, unless a letter or some sort of notice accompanies it, because in future all such will merely go into the waste-paper basket. In enforcing this, we trust the BANJO NEWS will be doing a good turn, not only to its own staff, who have always enough to do without any unnecessary additional trouble, but also to the staffs of other papers whose time is similarly occupied and who have the same complaint to make.

* * *

Particulars will be found on another page of an offer which it is worth every banjoist's while to try for. There is no question of competition, and until further notice the offer will remain open to any and every reader of the BANJO NEWS. It is not likely to remain open for ever, all the same, and you will be wise to avail yourself of it at once. Teachers especially should find no difficulty in meeting with the requirements. Subscriptions may be sent in singly if desired, but each one must be accompanied by a coupon from the current issue. When you have sent in twenty new subscriptions, the banjo will be forwarded to you, ordinary or zither as preferred. There are five hundred banjos to be distributed, and if you want to secure one of them send in your subscriptions without delay.

* * *

The American Guild is fast becoming an accomplished fact. Mr. Chas. Morris, in the August number of *Stewart's Journal*, says:—"Before the next *Journal* goes to press, the foundation committee will have held its first meeting, and a series of meetings, whereat it is fully expected that definite lines of action will be determined upon, real work begun, and then be carried on aggressively until the Guild becomes a fact and is a firmly established institution." I like that word "aggressively." Used in such a connection, it has a ring of energy which is of itself encouraging. It sounds like success, and success pre-determined is half the battle. Above all, the Guild has able and enthusiastic workers at its head, and we can count upon them to pull the thing through. I have every confidence in the *Journal's* scheme, and all admiration for its organizers.

* * *

Stewart's Journal, by-the-way, has also been the first to put on foot the scheme for the adoption of "Universal" notation in America. We are promised that the next issue of the paper will contain a musical supplement in the English notation. It may take some time before this notation becomes generally popular, but I have no hesitation in predicting that before many months all the leading teachers and players across the Atlantic will have recognised its practical value. Regard it how you will, it cannot but appear the only rational method. The difficulties with which banjoists have been confronted in arranging piano scores and accompaniments for their instrument hitherto have been absurd because absolutely unnecessary. There exists not the slightest reason for defence of the old A, E and D method. I remember once threshing this out with a well-known American teacher. His argument was that the natural key of the banjo was in three sharps, but he was entirely at a loss to explain why, the natural key being A major, the instrument was tuned in C. It is in fact nothing more nor less than an old-time tradition, handed down from days when the banjo was in its infancy. There is no reason why a thing should always exist merely because it always has existed, and apparently this is dawning upon the mind of the American banjoist in general. Just why Americans, so progressive

in most respects, should in this particular instance not have struck out for innovation sooner, has always been more or less of a mystery to me. Perhaps, as one of their journals suggested, they have been merely "waiting for some one to open up the line."

PROMINENT PLAYERS.

Ernest Walter Scott.

As every true patriot knows,—and those who are not true patriots can easily verify the assertion by referring to the map—this little country called England is three-cornered, like an inverted farthing kite, or a flat iron. And tucked away up somewhere in the top corner you will find, if you look carefully, a little village called Newcastle. At one time it was styled "Newcastle-on-Tyne" to enable those in search of it to more readily locate it, but now the "on-Tyne" is found to be unnecessary, as everybody—or every banjo player, which means practically the same thing—recognises Newcastle as the birth place of the gentleman whose counterfeit presentment we have, this month, the honour to present to our gentle readers.

You will hear Lord Roberts spoken of affectionately as "Bobs"; you will hear the ex-President of the Transvaal spoken of contemptuously as "Old Kruger"; but it is only in accents of astonishment, awe, and admiration that men ejaculate "Great Scott!" truly, what fame! And yet our hero is still comparatively young, being only twenty years of age, but in spite of this fact, he actually plays the banjo better than I do, who am nearly twice his age. This may seem astonishing, but I can assure my readers that I know a more extraordinary case still. I am personally acquainted with an old gentleman, who although more than double my age, cannot play the banjo so well as I can! In fact he can't play at all!

Mr. Scott has been seriously studying the banjo for about five years. The first use he made of it was in his negro comedian entertainment as a handy accompaniment to songs, but in course of time he came across Mr. Geo. Head, whom we have already introduced to our readers, and commenced a course of study with him in the more modern style of playing, which at that time was rare in Newcastle.

"What sort of banjo do you play?" I asked.

"The 'Mozart,' of course!"

"Of course!" I repeated, feeling that I had asked a silly question.

"And what style of music do you go in for?"

"I don't stick to one particular style, I am in favour of a mixed repertoire of classical and popular music, and play either according to the class of audience I have to deal with. I also play several of my own compositions. Of classical selections I think the Overture to 'William Tell' is the most popular, and regard Eno's 'Valse de Concert' as the best of characteristic solos, but of course there are several others almost equally good. I find the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar News not only an interesting and amusing periodical but highly instructive, and should be read by all banjoists."

When I had finished blushing, I resumed.

"Do you teach?"

"Yes, a good deal, and at the risk of appearing egotistical I believe I have been very successful with my pupils, several of whom are now quite expert performers. I endeavour to instil into them some ideas of the Rudimentary Theory of Music which I have studied carefully, and when once their ambition is excited they make rapid progress, for it stands to reason that one can never become a good player without ambition, and to be ambitious one must have a goal to aim at. As I am enthusiastic myself, I do not find it difficult to inspire enthusiasm in my pupils, and we get on capitally as a rule, and the more and the quicker they learn the better I like it, because therein lies the pleasure of teaching."

There is no doubt Mr. Scott is an efficient teacher, as the capabilities of his numerous pupils testify. His youth should be an advantage, for the pupil would argue to himself, "Here is a young man not old enough to be a grandfather, and he plays divinely, surely it can't take long to learn!" and he forges ahead in an honest endeavour to cut his teacher out; of course he never manages to, but that is no reason why he shouldn't try! and to aim to play better than Mr. Scott is a goal worthy of any ambition.

Mr. Scott does a lot of public entertaining and always works alone. In the course of his wanderings he has often met Parke Hunter, and considers him a marvellous exponent of modern banjo music, and assured me that he had learnt a lot and benefitted much since he first met him. I wondered if this was true or an excess of modesty, for it appeared to me that Mr. Scott had little or nothing left to learn.

No one would begrudge him the epithet "great," provided it is taken in a musical and not a physical sense, for if anything, I

think Mr. Scott is rather below than above the medium height. But that is as it should be, for are not all our great men small? or nearly all. Nelson, Wellington and Napoleon were all short men, and how about "Bobs!" There you are! That settles it! Great men are all more or less small! I may mention that I am not very big myself!

Mr. Scott will one of these days, and in the not very distant future, be one of our very tip-top banjoists, and when that time arrives and you are flocking to hear him in your hundreds, I hope you will forgive me if I so far forget myself as to murmur "I told you so!" HORACE WESTON.

CLONTARF, IRELAND.

The White Coons were engaged recently to give their entertainment in the grounds of the Clontarf Yacht and Boat Club, the entire programme being received with great enthusiasm. The Dublin *Saturday Herald*, which publishes a portrait of their leader, Mr. Will C. Pepper, says: "On a previous occasion visitors to Clontarf were delighted with the original humour of these clever entertainers."

RIPON.

On September 19th, 20th and 21st a grand scenic bazaar was held in the cause of the S.P.C.C. An attractive musical programme was given each evening by the Harrowgate Amateur Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band, under the capable direction of Mr. Gordon Williams. Banjo duets and trios were given by Messrs. Williams, Harper, Rudd and Clark. Miss Ethel Airton contributed vocal items, and appeared also in a guitar duet with Mr. G. Williams. Among the band selections were: Minuet (Cammeyer); "Darkie's Dream," "Darkie's Awakening," "Levanto," and "Bazaar March." The bazaar was held in the Victoria Hall.

NEWPORT, MON.

At an "At Home" on August 16th Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman rendered "To the Front" and "Andante and Waltz" and as encores "The Masqueraders" March and "Danse a la Darkie" (Allen). They were also very successful in their songs "Sweet Virginny Jones" (Finn), and "Napoleon's Farewell."

At the Trades Council Banquet held at the Town Hall Assembly Room, the mayor presiding, Messrs. F. M. Carpenter, Gus Finn and G. Redman played as banjo trios, "To the Front" and "Danse a la Darkie," and for encores "White Coons" and "Danse Bon Bon." Mr. Gus Finn was also encored for one of his humorous songs.

On Sept. 1st at the Temperance Hall a splendid programme was provided by Mr. F. Moreton Carpenter, assisted by members of the Newport Banjo Troupe, who appeared in Pierrot costume. There was a crowded audience. Programme. Part I. Organ solo, Mr. C. Miles; selection, "White Coons," (Payne), the Newport Banjo Troupe; song, "Dear Heart," Miss Hetty Parfitt; song, "The Toilers," Mr. E. Lewis; mandolin solo, "Advance Guard," Miss Dolly Gapper (N.B.T.); song, "Dear Old Wales," Mrs. G. Clemerson; song, "Thy Will be done," Mr. J. Morgan; Indian club solo, Mr. T. White (Newport A. Club). Part II. Selection, "The Village Blacksmith," the Newport Temperance Choir; banjo trio, "To the Front" (Cammeyer), Messrs. F. M. Carpenter, Gus Finn and G. Redman; song, "Ora Pro Nobis," Miss Hetty Parfitt; song, "Once again," Mr. E. Lewis; humorous song, Mr. Gus Finn; song, "Make new friends, but don't forget the old," Mrs. G. Clemerson; song, "Lead kindly light," Mr. J. Morgan; quintet, "Columbian March" (Paul Eno), banjeaurine, Mr. F. M. Carpenter, mandolins, Miss E. M. Williams and Miss Dolly Gapper, piccolo banjo, Master Richie Williams, and banjo, Mr. Gus Finn. Owing to the lengthy programme encores could not be given. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss E. M. Williams and Miss Cissie Harris (A.I.U.M.).

TREDEGAR.

At the Constitutional Club on September 13th, at a lecture by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman rendered several banjo duets and Mr. Gus Finn contributed several excellent songs.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

The Popular Banjo Album, No. 5, published by the Cammeyer Music Co. Full music size, 1s. 6d., containing twelve excellent banjo solos.

Czardas (Hungarian Revels), for mandolin, composed by Arthur Stanley, and published by Leonard and Co.

Romance and Rondo, for mandolin, by same composer and publisher.

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BANJOISTS.

By Merton H. Grant.

I.

It is quite likely that 1900 will mark a considerable epoch in the progressive history of banjo, mandolin, and guitar. A good bit has been done in this line already, and there is every evidence of more to follow in the intervening months between now and the New Year. The organisation of the American Guild forms of itself a step, the importance of which, in its present and future effects, it is impossible to overrate. Of this, however, there is more to be said elsewhere. It is a general rather than a particular view that I have at present in mind.

There is no easier, and few pleasanter, tasks than a review of the work which other people have been doing in any given field. There seems, to judge by numerous articles from time to time appearing in columns devoted to such interests, an inexhaustible source of inspiration for preachments on such texts as: "Our Present Position," "The Banjo Now and Fifty Years Ago," and others in like vein. The most that can be said for such is that they are in general effect encouraging, not to say self-satisfactory. The writer narrating from his armchair of big deeds gets in a subconscious sort of way to identify himself with the performers of them, and to feel that he also has helped to push the world along, and this feeling he communicates to the reader. They both bask in that pleasant self-constituted halo which arises from contemplation of past achievement, and so far no harm has been done. And no particular good either. The time it takes to stand still and measure how far one has already gone might be more profitably employed in progressing still further, to say nothing of the fact that to stand still, in these days, means to definitely retrogress. But these armchair prophets, however, have fortunately not much to do with the practical side of things. They can talk of what has been already done, and there their province ends. Meantime the work is being accomplished bit by bit without them, for the most part by those who don't talk at all.

In offering personal comment upon a subject in which I believe all banjoists to take some sort of an interest, it is as well to start by saying that I wish my remarks to be taken merely as suggestions, and not in any sense didactic. As a matter of fact all comment is necessarily personal, whether or no it is masked behind the "we" of editorial anonymity, a tradition rapidly losing ground. One man alone can only express one man's opinion, though it may in effect be identical with, and consequently expressive of, that of others.

A good many people have great faith in some future "golden day," a sort of millenium which is apparently to dawn ready-made without any exertion on their part toward helping it on. Anticipation of this sort is as useless in its way as mere retrospect. It is the present only which is of vital importance. We have to consider to-day's problem, not to-morrow's, nor yesterday's. And the truth has to be faced, that up to the present, nothing has been yet achieved of sufficient actual importance to justify banjoists in resting upon their laurels. What has been already accomplished is of value chiefly on the score of its significance, its preparation of other things to come. What we are engaged upon to-day is mainly foundation work; the superstructure will appear later. I think those who have worked hardest in the cause of certain new movements lately originated will be the first to corroborate this.

Acknowledged that popular prejudice is one of the chief factors we have had to take into account in first making a stand for public recognition, there has been rather too marked a tendency in some quarters to disregard it altogether. Now to determinedly shut one's eyes to an obstacle may be one way of overcoming it, but it is not notably the best way. In working against any old-established prejudice it is not always well to begin by underrating its power. We can treat a thing as if it did not exist, but it goes on existing nevertheless, and we are apt to rub against it at inopportune moments. All prejudice is a form of ignorance. Popular prejudice against the banjo is not so active now as formerly, but it is still in considerable evidence. The question is, are we continuing to meet this on lines best calculated to ensure its conquest? To a great extent the answer may be safely given in the affirmative. It is in individual cases, rather than in the general tendency, that the trouble lies.

From the time of its first introduction the public has associated the banjo chiefly with vocal accompaniment and the performance of cheaply effective melodies which it would be out of place to designate as music. They have managed in great part to preserve this association intact through a decade during which the instrument was chiefly heard of in connection with street musicians and music-hall minstrels of the "Sambo" type,—this being a day when the old-time strolling

musician reigned supreme, not as yet ousted by his successor of educated talent and conventional attire. Old traditions die hard. It takes some time to thoroughly disabuse the public mind of an accepted idea, and to many people the banjo is still the banjo of the past.

The performances of first-class players have perhaps done more to dispel this notion than anything else. It is an argument which is sure to convince. But at the same time, for one who has had this opportunity there are thirty who have not. It must be borne in mind that an instrument is judged invariably by those who represent it, whether in professional or amateur circles. The average person hears one, it may be three, performers, and forms his opinion of the capabilities of the instrument accordingly. It is the average person who goes to make up the crowd, or, in other words, who constitutes in the aggregate public opinion. All this may sound very cut and dried, and one has probably heard it a good many times before, in various connections. But it is a thing nevertheless which the middle-grade teacher and performer does not sufficiently recognize. They are apt to regard the status of the instrument as a matter concerning other people only, to be upheld by the prominent members of the banjo fraternity and not in any way devolving upon themselves. They take in fact a great interest in it—from a distance. The middle-grade professional out-numbers his more notably successful colleague in the proportion of fifteen to one. The banjo fraternity is large, and its ranks increase yearly, but it is not yet large enough to afford of even one-half its members being, comparatively speaking, lookers on in the game.

The banjo is an instrument which in its attraction runs to extremes. Broadly, you either like it very much or you don't like it at all. If you like it then you are admittedly interested in its advance. If you are a professional, then its advance is identical with your own. You can never injure yourself in helping to raise the instrument to a higher standard.

You may reply: "This is all very well, but I have my living to make. It is a question of more immediate importance to me than any other you can raise. As long as the banjo represents to me a definite yearly income, I don't ask anything else of it. The rest does not concern me in any degree."

This is in itself a most natural view. The professional may or may not be an artist, but he is in all cases necessarily a business man. To many the instrument is entirely and wholly a business concern. Looking at it even in this light, it must be admitted that what advances the instrument is bound in greater or less measure to be of advantage to yourself also. As the banjo gains ground in public respect and favour, so will you profit accordingly. There is no getting away from this. Art for Art's sake is a principle practicable only to two kinds of people: the man who has an unlimited income, otherwise the rich amateur, and the man who doesn't particularly care how he lives, or in fact whether he lives at all. To others it is a fine sounding platitude, but of no use as a working business principle. I would be the last to ignore the fact that the professional has his own interests to maintain, and that he is justified in placing them, if not in advance, at least parallel with, all others. But remember that if the banjo profession is to you a business only, you will be in no wise the loser by doing your best to make it a dignified business.

(To be continued).

IN THE STUDIO.

Left Hand Technique.—As pupils advance to the stage when they acquire a fair rapidity of execution, they are apt to lose some accuracy in left-hand fingering. This is a fault to be watched very closely, as upon the precision and firmness of the left hand depends in great degree, if not entirely, the quality of tone produced. The tendency to hurry produces a careless and slipshod way of fingering amounting often to absolute false notes. The only way to correct this is to insist upon slowness, afterward increasing the speed by degrees until they can play in moderately quick tempo and yet maintain accuracy. A useful exercise is to play slowly the chromatic scale in one octave on a single string; in ascending, keeping each finger down as the note is played, until all four fingers are on the finger-board together, in due sequence, and then lifted off to commence again. In descending, all four fingers should be put down together, and lifted one by one in forming the consecutive notes in the scale. This should be practised a good ten minutes every day, taking the scale on each string in turn, beginning with the first. Afterward play the same scales through, using hammered notes only, and resting the right hand altogether, and this should be done until each note can be sounded separately and quite distinctly without picking the string with the

right hand. A little persistency in this will strengthen the left hand wonderfully, and with strength comes also precision — two attributes which go to form an important foundation for good playing.

* * *

Teachers do well to impress upon their pupils the value of practice with piano accompaniment. But the accompanist must be competent, and above all a correct timist, otherwise such practice is worse than useless. The idea is to keep the pupil up to correct time in playing, and particularly level time; that is to say, not fast in one place and slow in another, according as the phrase is difficult or easy, but of the same time from start to finish. It does not so particularly matter playing a piece in slightly slower time than it is written, but the time must be consistent throughout. The solid background, as it were, provided by the piano accompaniment is of great use in this matter of keeping the soloist to a steady and measured performance. Accompanied practice, however, may be readily overdone, and should never be made to take the place of the regular practice hour. It must be remembered that as far as technical study of the instrument is concerned it is no use whatever, the tendency being rather to encourage the pupil to slur over details in a desire to achieve a general effect, to "rush" difficult passages and trust to the piano to fill in all gaps. An hour three times a week for a good "run through" of pieces previously mastered is sufficient, in addition to the regular practice, used and not abused, to be of very considerable benefit.

ABOUT TWO.

By Margery Williams.

III.

The sunshine coming in at the open window made a straight beam in which dust-motes danced flickeringly. It caused the small objects scattered about the writing-table to appear unwontedly dingy, and threw into prominence a thin film of gray which was across the top of the piano. By reason of the brightness it was apparent that the window-panes had not been cleaned for many weeks.

Carroll sat at the table with his hands deep in his trousers pockets and a crumpled newspaper spread out before him. He had read down three columns and a half, but it is doubtful whether the words conveyed any definite impression to his mind. His thoughts wandered by paths which had no practical connection with the condition of the Stock Exchange or the new East End murder. He prided himself upon a perfect immobility of expression, but there was that published upon his face which had caused Elliot to smile expansively when they met on the stairs.

When after some minutes the electric bell rang, Carroll obeyed its summons with celerity. Halfway across the room he pulled himself up, and opened the door with a carefully elaborated indifference. And after all it was merely a girl, rigidly tailor-made, who enquired for Mr. Elliot.

"He's—he's not here," Carroll said.

There was a dialogue. Eventually the girl decided to wait. She sat down on a chair, holding her umbrella gripped like some weapon of defence.

Carroll fidgetted aimlessly with the collection of papers on the writing-table. His eyes sought the clock continually, as though he expected to detect it in the performance of some act of jugglery. Presently, he said, "Mr. Elliott didn't *say* what time he'd be back, you know."

"I'm not in any hurry," said the girl.

There was a ten minutes' interval. Carroll took out his penknife, and proceeded to sharpen a pencil. As he gathered the shavings carefully on a bit of card and tilted them into the waste-paper basket, he consulted the clock-face again, and saw that it denoted twenty minutes past eleven. He made an effort, and approached the subject cautiously from a new angle.

"He doesn't seem to be coming, does he?" he suggested pleasantly.

"N—no," the girl admitted.

"Do you think it's worth while your waiting any longer?" Carroll said.

"Don't you think he'll be here soon, now?"

Carroll was not sanguine. The girl gripped her umbrella with renewed fervour, and attacked him sternly.

"Didn't he *tell* you what time he was coming?"

'He, er—no, he forgot, I guess. I have no idea at all. He might be half-an-hour, or he might be——ever so much longer." A brillliant inspiration came to his rescue, and he added hopefully: "Or he mightn't be back at all, you know."

He spoke in guarded tones in which one mentions travellers who have departed for the unknown North. "You see," he pursued fictitiously, "Some days——"

The girl rose hesitatingly. "Well, perhaps I'd better not wait——" she said.

"Oh, just as you think, of course," he assured her.

When the door closed upon her retreating footsteps, it appeared that the clock must have stopped. Carroll thumped it violently upon the back, and it began ticking again hurriedly. He returned to his newspaper, smiling.

There was presently a light step on the landing, and someone knocked. This time Carroll kept from turning round by a supreme effort. "Come in," he said. Then as the door opened he glanced casually over one shoulder and said, "Oh, so it's you, is it?"

Beatrice advanced to the middle of the room and looked about her. "Why, Sid isn't here!" she exclaimed with disappointment.

As Carroll came towards her he was suddenly conscious that his cuffs were frayed at the edges, and that there was much cigar ash sprinkled about the writing-table.

"No, Sid isn't here," he said, "I don't expect him much before lunch-time, either. You can wait, can't you? How are you? very well?"

"I musn't stay a minute," Beatrice announced. By way of lending force to the statement she sat down promptly upon the chair he pulled forward for her, and unfastened the top button of her jacket.

"I'm sorry Sid's out."

"I'm not sorry," Carroll told her, boldly. "You don't want him, anyhow. What do you want to see him about?"

"That's my affair," Beatrice said. "What do you suppose I should come here for if I didn't want to see him?"

Carroll considered. "There's me," he suggested. They both laughed. The little terrier that had been asleep under the sofa came over and pushed a cold nose into her hand.

"I had a letter this morning from my brother in New York," Carroll said. "He talks of going out to Chicago, and he's awfully set on my joining him there. He's a nice chap—pretty clever, too. When he goes in for anything it's with both eyes open."

"Do you think you'll go?" Beatrice asked, stroking Patsy's head.

"Well——I don't think!" said Carroll, reproachfully. "Say, what do you take me for, now?"

"Oh, I didn't know."

"Think I'm capable of anything, I suppose?"

"We-ll, yes. Some things."

"Thanks. Do you know I'm building up an entirely new character for myself, based upon your opinions. It's fascination, at present, lies in its ugliness."

"Like yonrself?"

He declared with reckless bravery, "I'm not afraid of you any more."

"What were you reading when I came in?" she asked.

"*Daily Mail.*"

"How funny, Sid always gets the *Daily Mail.* What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing." Carroll had extracted the paper in question from Carson's overcoat pocket that morning. "Isn't it beastly cold out? I—don't move. I'm just going to shut that window up. I don't believe I've felt really warm once since I set foot in England. That's a fact."

"I know it. The night we went to Terry's you sat and shivered all through the first act. I was on the verge of offering you my cape."

"You're very unkind."

"Am I?" Beatrice bent over the readjustment of Patsy's collar strap.

It appeared to require much attention. Presently she said, "By the way, that reminds me. You haven't said anything to Sid about—anything, yet, have you?"

"No fear, I left that to you."

"Well, then, I don't want you to, either. Not just yet, anyway."

Carroll looked puzzled. "But why not?"

"Oh, because, because I don't," she returned, explicitly.

"But you might's well tell me why?" Carroll persisted. Patsy wriggled himself out of her grasp and ran off.

"There isn't any reason. Only he'll think me such a——fool."

"Oh," said Carroll. His tone expressed much. He stared gloomily at his boots for some seconds. "Do *you* think you're a fool?"

"Of course *I* don't," she said, hastily. "But that's different. If I was anyone else I probably would think so. Or—"

"Or——?" he asked, hopefully.

"If you were anyone else. Patsy, come here. Then you won't say anything just yet?"

"Of course not. Not if you don't want me to."

"Well, I don't." Beatrice finished, decidedly.

(*To be continued*).

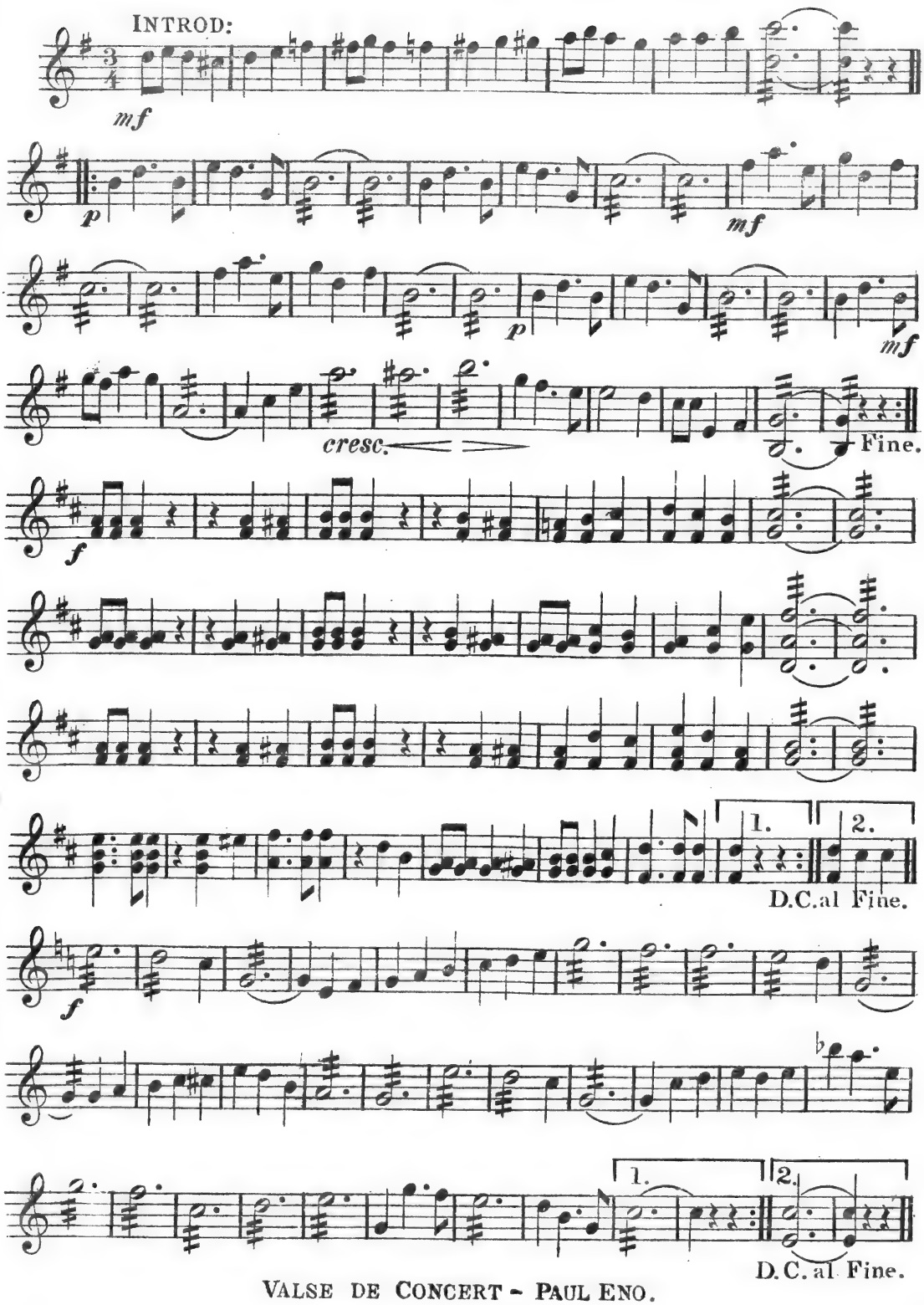
If you'd be up to date
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

--ADVT.

A Love Kiss Waltz.

MANDOLIN. RICHARD L. WEAVER.



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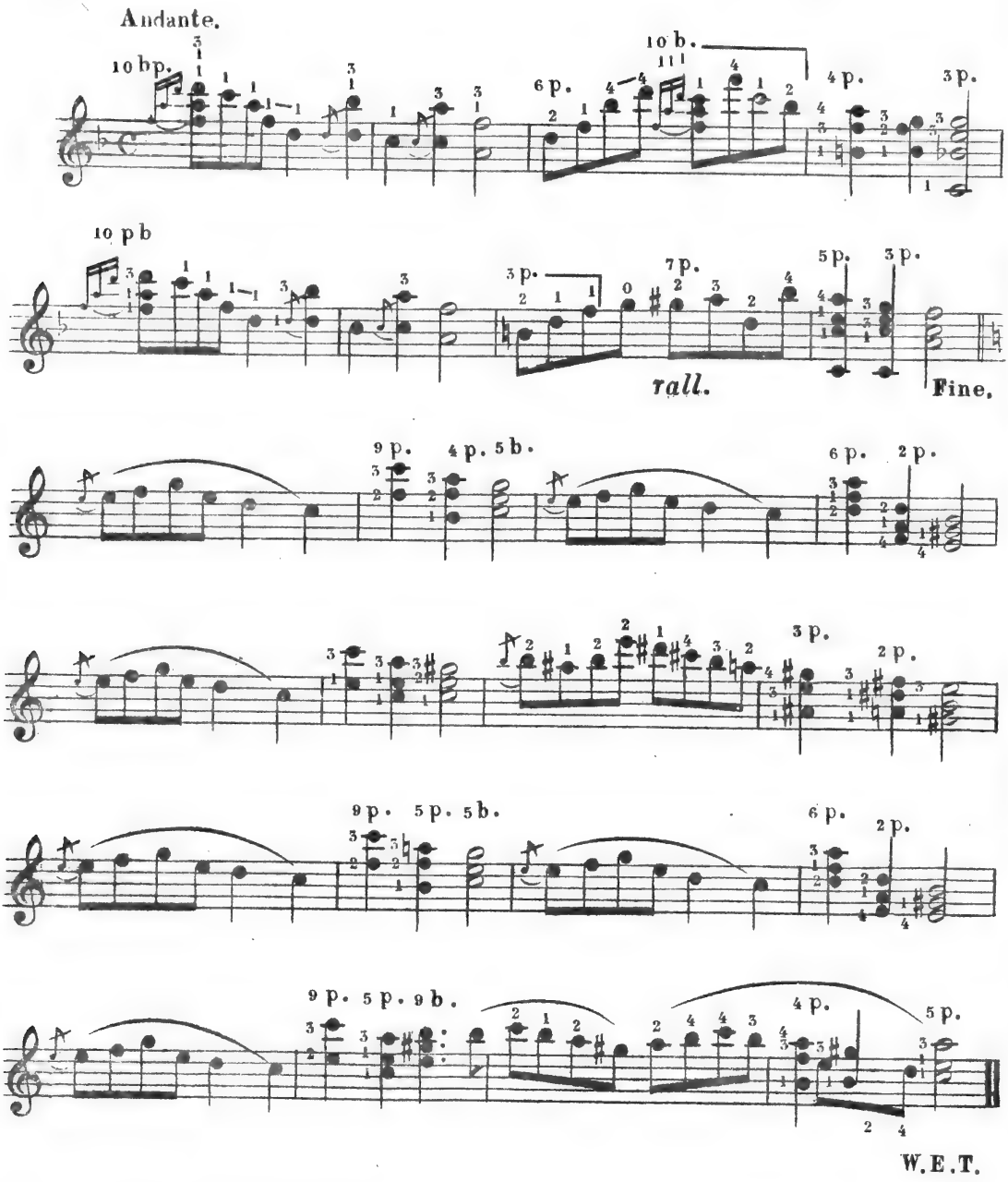
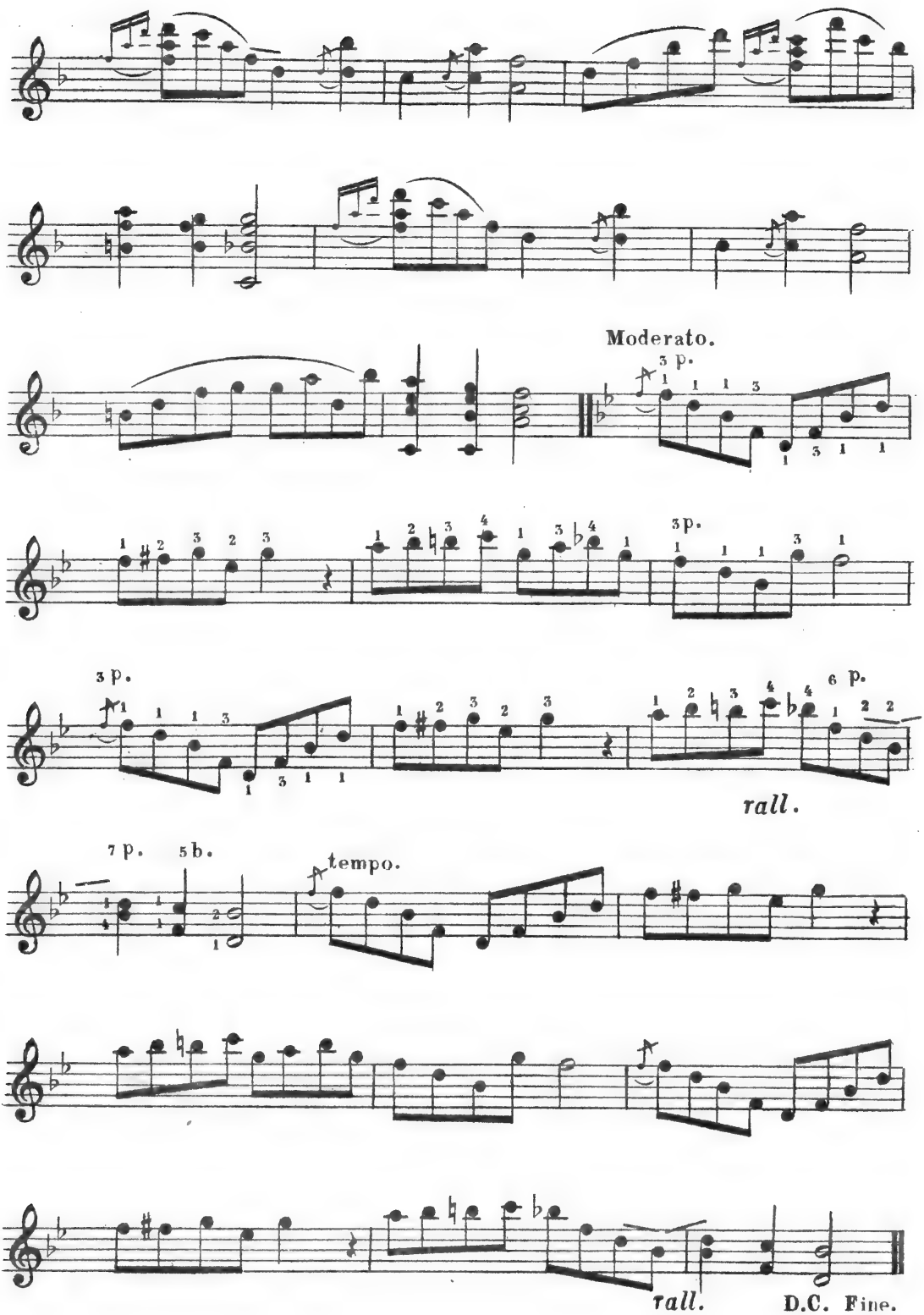
ANDANTE AND MODERATO.

BANJO. ALBAN BOOTH.

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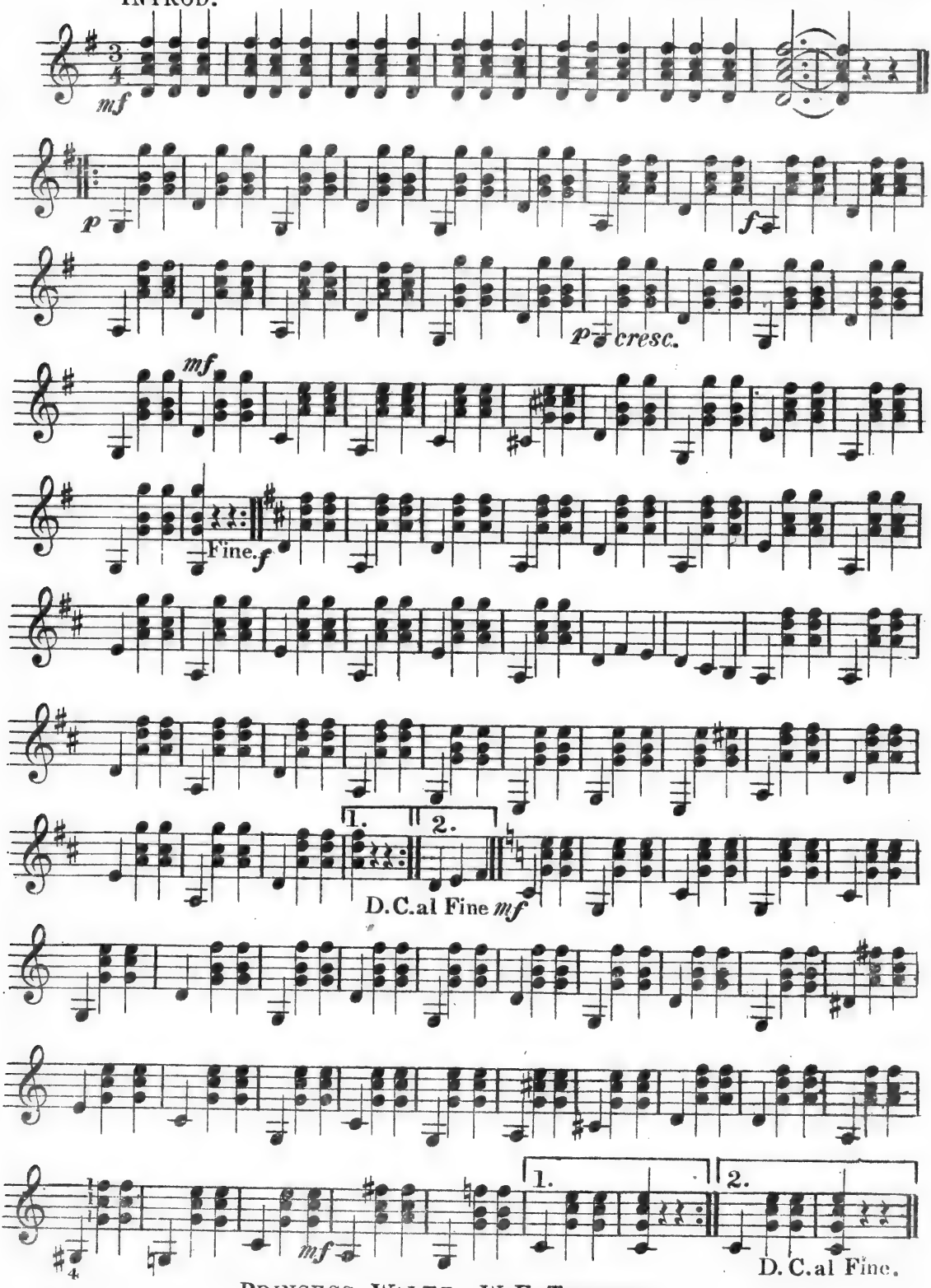
A Love Kiss Waltz.

GUITAR ACCOMP: RICHARD L. WEAVER.



PRINCESS WALTZ. W. E. TEMLETT.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

A POINT OF DISTINCTION.

Written for THE BANJO.

THERE are few more abused words in the English language than the term genius. It has become so cheapened now-a-days by constant mis-application as to have lost half its significance. A favourite catch-word of the phrase-monger, it too often stands for a mere tribute to accidental superiority. It is always a pity—and here ill-judged journalistic praise is much to blame—to use up one's store of English upon the first occasion. Another object comes to hand, and what have you left to fall back upon? The most has been already exhausted, and there remains nothing more to be said. A moderately clever artist of mediocre attainments manages by a freak of popularity to bring himself prominently before the public, and the press—or some representative of it—refers to him in glowing terms as a genius. By-and-bye another man comes forward, great of mind and strong of achievement. The press calls him a genius likewise. Linked in this way, what does the word convey? Literally nothing.

It would take some time to enumerate a list of all those who within latter years have had bestowed upon them this title of "genius" in music, literature and science. Of these hundred or more there stand out perhaps a dozen to whom the word in any way applies. The remainder are clever, talented, above all hard-working—but there the claim ends. When we speak of a genius we mean someone whose work may be said to be in a certain sense inspired. Of how many is this strictly true? Usually one of two ends forms their aim; either success or money. This is in itself right enough. Everyone has their living to maintain, and the former aim is at least a sufficiently good and solid one for everyday folk. But the true genius has no heed to either. He works for sheer joy of the work itself. Frequently he is poor. Sometimes recognition meets him late in life; oftener only when his name is become a memory. He sows for another to reap. There are exceptions to every rule, but generally speaking the genius is not invariably successful, nor—to push it farther—is the successful man, except in rare cases, a genius.

Genius is a difficult thing to define. Perhaps the nearest definition we can arrive at is that it is native artistic power in a high degree as opposed to the developed. Yet this falls very short. It is something above and beyond this, a quality we can hardly label and are not always even quick to recognise. Genius possesses the perfect instinctive knowledge which is above and independent of learning; the experience of all ages lent, as it were, to the making of one man,—the highest type of the true artist.

Max Nordau's assertion that genius is insanity reminds one of an attempt to remove an obstacle by picking it up and setting it down in the same place. "Either the British public is mad," says a certain modern writer, "or else I am." It all comes to the same in the end, and you are no further off than when you started. The fact remains that in every century men have arisen, often from the humbler walks of life, whose mental powers have set them apart from their fellow men as by an impassable gulf. They have lived, but they have never died. Their personality is as real and living an influence in the world to-day as it was in their life-time.

Very often one hears of a so-called genius, musical or otherwise, who has been unearthed, notably in some obscure country district. These resemble the kind of swan that comes out of a goose's egg. For a time public interest is focussed upon them, then they disappear, and the public hears no more of them. They have shrunk back into their native soil, like the mushrooms.

Leave the definition to be quarrelled about if you will, but we can at least draw a line, however hazy, between true genius and mere developed and fostered talent, or worse yet, that form of cheap acquired brilliancy which has for its sole object self-magnification in the public gaze. Genius never catered yet to public taste. Discrimination is a great want now-a-days; the press flies instinctively to superlatives for the production of effect. If you call a candle a star, what will you call the star itself? It is only a star, when all is said and done, and beyond that you cannot go.

H. A. H.

ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage), W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

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A three-guinea banjo, zither or ordinary, will be given to any reader sending us

20 New Subscriptions, or

10 New Subscriptions and £1 10s. cash.

Subscriptions may be sent in one or more at a time. Cut out this coupon and forward it with each subscription form.

COUPON.

THE BANJO.

OCTOBER, 1900.

Subscription Banjo Distribution.

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29, Charlotte Street,
Blackfriars, London, S.E.

I MET the editor the other day on the street. He said to me, "Do you ever reflect seriously on anything?" "Not enough to hurt me," I guardedly replied. "Good," said he, "You are the man I have been looking for." He explained then why he wanted me. It was his idea to make me responsible for a monthly column in THE BANJO. I argued that I had never tried journalism before, but this carried no weight.

"Then now's a very good time to begin," he retorted. "Very well," I said, "Must I write what I think, or what I want the people to think I think?" "They both come to the same thing," said the editor, and I began to perceive that I disliked him.

He was just turning away when I recollected something. "Stop!" I cried, "You haven't told me what to talk about yet?" "Oh, any old thing," he said, "Just whatever comes into your mind!"

* * * * *

Well, what comes into my mind first is the general cussedness of human nature. I have wanted to draw attention to this for a long time, but I haven't had a chance before. Can you tell me why it is, for instance, that we always take such a keen delight in doing the things that we can't do well in preference to other things which we can do? When I say "we" I mean, of course, the people one meets. Take banjoists, as an example. I know a good many banjoists, and I don't think I could mention three whose secret pride and ambition is not to be considered an adept in some other line entirely different. It may be cricket or singing or athletics, or perhaps the piano, but whatever it is, it is usually the accomplishment in which they least excel, and yet they pride themselves upon it the most. The number of banjoists who strum upon the mandolin is only equalled by the number of mandolinists who strum upon the banjo, and I don't know which is worst. What one objects to is that they so frequently persist in doing it in public. I number among my acquaintances one of those rare beings, an amateur violinist really worth listening to. For some time past he has developed a passion for the guitar. He can't play upon it, and he probably never will, judging from present achievements, but he will, unless forcibly restrained, sit down and pick tunes out upon that guitar for an entire evening at a stretch, and this, moreover, when you ask him for a little music. I suppose it all arises out of the human yearning to possess something possessed by somebody else. We can most of us do one thing well, but we would always rather do something else that another man does better.

* * *

Hobbies are a different matter altogether. I uphold hobbies, provided they are not inflicted upon one's friends. Some folk have a way of riding their hobbies to the point of exhaustion, and then leaving the bits around for other people to clear away, this being especially true of gardening and stamp-collecting. A hobby will very often, by giving a man something to do to occupy his leisure moments, prevent him from being a bore to those around him. There is no more irritating person in the world than the man who takes no particular interest in anything outside his profession. A frequent cry is that musicians live too much in one groove. Musicians themselves don't think this, but

outsiders do, and they are quite apt to be right. It is some pleasure to reflect that the traditional unkempt "artiste" is now a thing of the past. It is not now-a-days necessary, as someone recently pointed out, to wear one's hair *à la* Colonel Cody, in order to be considered musical. It is quite practicable, as the greater number of our leading concert performers prove, to be devoted heart and soul to one's art and yet preserve some regard to external appearances. The long-hair craze has in fact had its day, and is now confined almost entirely to orchestral players of German extraction and the species of amateur that frequents the stalls at suburban philharmonic concerts.

* * *

Another thing I want to know is, what has now-a-days become of the people who used to write about the banjo for the comic papers? We don't hear so much from them, somehow. Possibly they have taken to the instrument themselves and found it too serious for jest, like the man who ceased writing mother-in-law jokes after he got married. Certainly the banjo is losing popularity in that respect. This is from the humorist's point of view tragic. I know myself how difficult it is to find anything new in the comic line, because I had a friend who once undertook to do half a column daily for one of the evening papers. He was by nature cheerful enough, but by the end of the week you could not have met a more gloomy, morose and saddened man in a day's march. He was entirely changed. I know of no form of literature so essentially undermining to the constitution. There is after all a deep and significant pathos in the words of the little girl who discovered her younger brother playing trains in the hall. "Tommy, Ma says you mustn't make a noise and disturb father, else he'll come right out and spank you, 'cos he's trying to think of something funny to send to the papers!" In the case of my friend, however, he was saved from utter mental collapse by a timely change of occupation. The editor told him off to write up the obituary notices, and when last I saw him he was recovering rapidly his normal spirits.

* * *

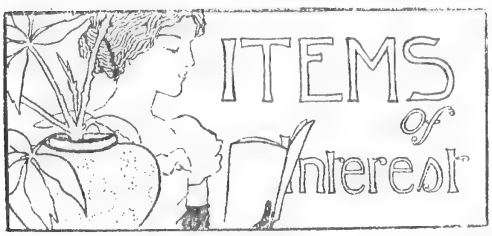
There is a laurel wreath, I am told, awaiting the one who shall be first to evolve a new name for the coon song heroine. Really the unvarying sound of Lous and Susies and Dinahs is getting a bit monotonous, and even creates occasional confusion, as in the case of the young lady who went into a music shop and asked for a coon song. She said she didn't know the name of the song, but there was something in it about "Lou." Some writers, in their avoidance of the difficulty, even go so far as to eschew names altogether, and merely allude to the maid of their adoration as "Honey." This is distinctly cheap. One can have no respect for anyone who slopes out of tight places in this way. There are however some names which lend themselves especially to poesy, if one may call coon songs poesy. Others again no sensible person would ever dream of associating thus. It is unfair, but it's so. Why, for instance, should Eliza be made the subject of impassioned verse, and not Maria; Alice, and not Agnes? I cannot recollect ever hearing a song the heroine of which was named Agnes. And why, since we are on the subject, should not Emma have an occasional turn? This may be largely owing to the dictates of convenience, since Sue and Lou both rhyme with "you," and Emma doesn't. Yet it seems hard that Emma should suffer in consequence. I was thinking this out the other day, and it ended by my compiling a short list of names which I am willing to offer cheap, by way of a suggestion for intending composers of our popular ballads: to wit, Amanda, Martha, Rebecca, Belinda, Lydia and Sarah Jane. With the exception of the last, these all end in A. The coincidence, however, being unintentional, no extra charge will be made.

* * *

Masculine names, again, show a striking lack of variety. Pete and Sambo enjoy equal favour. But a little reflection points out that the hero in the comic and serio line is most commonly named Willie. Frequently "Little Willie," with a touch of pathos conveyed by the "little"—tremolo obligato. The chief characteristic of Little Willie is that he has a predilection for dying young. I know this for a fact, not merely poetic license, having once taken the trouble to examine the tomb-stones in a popular cemetery. There is no disputing the veracity of tomb-stones, and a simple exercise in statistics goes to prove that quite nine-tenths of the youthful deceased were christened William. Without suggesting any unkind inference, I may add that the greater number of these deaths were due to accident. To return to our subject, that third verse in the song where little Willie expires always touches me profoundly. Such tragedy is generally foreshadowed by a peculiar and significant rumble in the bass, and a change into a slow and plaintive melody which endures during the time—usually prolonged by harrowing detail—which it takes little Willie to die.

Many banjoists, by the way, are also named William, but these frequently live to grow up. This should prove to the public the good influence of the instrument from a hygienic point of view, since association with it saves them from an otherwise inevitable doom. Is this a score for the banjo, or not ?

THE CORNER MAN.



The Showman says:—"While staying at a seaside place, we recently saw a novel entertainment carried on by some of the boatmen on behalf of the family of one of their number who had been drowned through the upsetting of a fishing-boat.

The play consisted of acrobatic performances in the water with tubs, and also a kind of football in the water.

The entertainment was extremely amusing, and produced much laughter. Judging from the crowds that stopped to watch it, the performance is considered an attractive one. We think that now and then it would prove an agreeable variation on the performance of the ordinary beach nigger. Any party trying it should, however, not forget to go without their colouring for the day, or the effect would be too ludicrous."

* * *

The exact practicability of this scheme is rather doubtful. It might, however, suggest itself to summer troupes in search of novelty —"perhaps—perhaps not!" Buskers, however, not necessarily laying claim to the title of the "ordinary beach nigger," may be reminded of the old hunting-grounds of Henley, when, giving their entertainment five in a boat, the performance was likely at any moment to become amphibious, and this without previous rehearsal. We advise intending venturers to leave this item for the last on the programme, since the effect of the artist resuming his role as singer or soloist on dry ground, immediately upon emerging from "an acrobatic performance in the water with tubs," would be, to say the least of it, depressing. And how about the starch in those white duck suits ?

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Nassau Kennedy intends to retire from the banjo profession as teacher and soloist, and will in future confine his energies to journalism, composing, orchestration, etc. The fraternity, as well as his pupils, will count his secession as a great loss.

* * *

Miss Franziska Müller, by the way, who has studied under Mr. Nassau-Kennedy since 1895, is now opening a studio for banjo, zither-banjo and mandolin at Herne Hill. This lady is thoroughly qualified to teach, being well grounded in Mr. Kennedy's own methods, and we have no hesitation in recommending her to all residents in that vicinity who may be desirous of instruction in either banjo or mandolin.

* * *

We hear again of our old "pal," the automatic banjo. The latest is that authorities have acted upon the suggestion in *To-day*. At a public garden and place of entertainment somewhere in Germany is an electric banjo which plays persistently out of tune, until someone drops a penny in the slot. It is then silent for a space of five minutes, after which it starts off again. We have this on the authority of a daily newspaper. The idea suggests that visitors frequent the garden until their fund of pennies are exhausted, and then flee despairingly, their hands over their ears. There should be a way of evading the nuisance, but presumably the garden is small and the banjo—in carrying power at least—colossal, or else they set one at each turning to lie in wait for the unfortunate patron. We can imagine a notice posted outside the gate: "All cotton-wool to be delivered up to the attendant before entering."

* * *

The *Cadenza* began its monthly publication with September, a change welcomed by all readers. This first issue of the new volume contains much interesting matter, including serial articles by Paul C. Gerhart and R. M. Tyrrell, of special value to mandolinists. In compliance with long request, the *Cadenza* adds now a zither department to its regular features, under the supervision of Mr. Maurice Jacobi, of Philadelphia.

* * *

Stewart's Journal does us the compliment to reprint an editorial appearing in our July issue on the American Guild. The new idea of clubbing subscription rates for the *Journal*, *Cadenza* and *Major*, viz:—two dollars for the three for one year, is an up-to-date one, which none should be slow to take advatage of.

Sir Isaac Newton, in the true spirit of humility, spoke of himself at the close of his life, as a "child who had spent time in gathering pebbles on the shore while the great ocean lay untraversed." It is said that Mozart, greatest of musicians, just before he died, exclaimed, "Now I *begin to see* what might be done in music!"

* * *

We have received the first number of the bright little journal, *Records*. Its object is "to establish and maintain a constant medium of inter-communication between all those interested in the phonograph, whether as vendors or as users of the machine and its records." The journal is published monthly at 8, Bear Court, Charing Cross Road, and the price is one penny.

* * *

Our Bristol readers will please note that Mr. Albert Monk has removed to a new studio at 24, Queen's Road, and Mr. Will Pettitt has resumed business at 7, Royal Promenade.

* * *

The ranks of strolling musicians, ventriloquists, and other rogues and vagabonds who busk it at Brighton has recently received an addition of an uncommon kind. A respectably dressed man, who discourses glibly on scientific subjects, is becoming quite a feature of the Front. One of his subjects is Evolution, on which he lectures with fluency for nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour. His remarks on neolithic and paleolithic skulls, missing links, and the squaring of orthodox religious views with Darwin's theories, illustrated by quotations from all sorts of scientific authorities, are listened to with the deepest interest by quite large audiences, who are perhaps tired of the niggers' problem of why the men followed Mary the housemaid wherever she went.

* * *

The Woes of Folkestone.

Everyone in Folkestone is debating the question whether the street-singers and musicians, such as make life interesting at other seaside places, should be permitted in Folkestone.

Only on Saturday last the magistrates denounced the wandering minstrel, and were instrumental in getting an order issued for the police to "move on" all singers, musicians, etc., in the fashionable parts of the town.

The population is now divided into a street-amusement and an anti-street-amusement party, and when yesterday a deputation of aggrieved singers and musicians waited upon the Watch Committee of the corporation and told the committee that the magistrates' order meant starvation for them and their families, the members of the committee evinced sympathy with the victims, but pointed out that the magistrates' order overruled the action of the corporation.

This announcement has given fresh impetus to the agitation against the local bench, which, it is argued, does not represent up-to-date public opinion, even in Folkestone. One magistrate, for instance, is a wine merchant in the aristocratic part of the town. Another is a retired merchant, a third a half-pay officer, and the fourth a venerable alderman. The democratic voice of Folkestone demands that the edict of this said-to-be-unrepresentative bench shall be annulled, and that the sweet voice of the street singer, the enchanting twang of the itinerant banjo, shall be again permitted as of yore.

Visitors, as well as residents, are discussing the great music-in-the-streets question, and little boys and girls are told of the good old days when a troupe of niggers was allowed to perform on the lovely Leas.

The chief constable is credited with the charitable declaration that, although it will be his stern duty to move them on in future in the prohibited region, he has never yet been troubled by the street-singers and musicians. Many of these are ratepayers of the town. But for all that they will have to "move on."

—*Daily Mail.*

* * *

We had a call recently from Mr. Chas. E. Brown, of Leeds, who was passing through London on his way from Sidmouth. Mr. Brown has been fulfilling a thirteen week touring engagement at Sidmouth, Chard, Budleigh, Salterton, Seaton, etc.; where he had a most successful time, and met with invariable encores for his humorous songs and sketches and instrumental solos. The banjo solos finding most favour were "Reign of Love," "Rose Tree," "White Coons," and "Valse de Concert," and mandolin solos "Tannhauser," "Home Sweet Home" (variations) "Mona," Scotch Airs (all of Mr. Brown's own arrangements) were also very popular, and one of the best proofs of success lies in the manager's proposal for a return trip next season. Mr. Brown says that his "Mozart" has met with great admiration throughout, many persons having spoken to him about its sweetness of tone and carrying power.

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THE BANJO

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Edited by MERTON H. GRANT.

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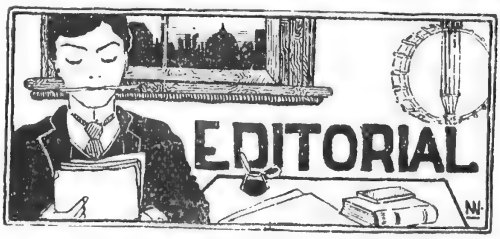
MUSIC.—"The White Coon's" Polka-March (Banjo), and "Veriscope Gavotte" (Mandolin & Guitar).



How far criticism is justifiable is an old problem which will probably be quarrelled over as long as critics and criticized exist. It is apparently too much to expect that criticism at the present day—notably dramatic and literary—should confine to what the public hopefully terms "proper limits" (which limits, by the way, no one has yet defined!) but it might at least be bounded by usefulness. Criticism is always swayed more or less by personal prejudice, and always will be, unless someone devises a machine on the "automatic" principle; but we must at least for our own safety of mind assume that the critics know what they are talking about. So considered, it is distinctly of use. No one was ever seriously the worse for having their faults brought home to them, and many a rising man in art, music or literature owes more to timely criticism than he would be at pains to admit. Any beginner with merely the ordinary allowance of conceit is surely glad to know how he or she stand in the public estimate. Herein press criticism is justified by its value. It may be said that while a man has friends he stands in no need of critics, but this is like most things, partially true. Incompetent criticism there is no occasion to regard, and anyway we can always fall back for consolation upon the remark which R. W. Chambers puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Remember that if the critics could write books they wouldn't be writing criticisms!"

* * *

A contemporary not long since raised the question as to the advantage of the musical supplement, now almost universal among our journals. He was in favour of its abolition, and his argument has been brought to mind

recently by letters which have from time to time reached this office. The musical supplement was originally started as an extra attraction to subscribers. So far it served its purpose. It is not intended, and never was, as a channel for disposing of the newest solos at about half the cost of publication; but herein seems to arise some misunderstanding. The idea is to give away a piece of music with each number of the paper; not to give away so many pages of reading matter with a threepenny piece of music, which is the way some correspondents construe it. Were that the object—and setting aside the fact that Broome enjoys monopoly in that line—it would pay the publishers infinitely better to issue an original edition of the music at three pence a copy. The musical supplement is not a profitable institution; that it even interferes seriously with the sale of sheet-music I think all publishers will testify. How many new solos get returned across the counter with the remark: "Oh, I've got that! It came out in the so-and-so last month."

* * *

Complaints have come to hand lately owing to our re-printing from time to time in THE BANJO music which appeared perhaps eighteen months or two years previously. We are by no means alone in this course, and correspondents should recollect that where the music may be old to one subscriber, it is new to forty, and we have to consider the new subscribers equally with the old. Practically, the trouble originates among persons who have no interest whatever in the banjo above and beyond their own strumming upon it, have no desire therefore to read any news or information relating to it, and are only intent upon getting something for nothing—in this case music—and regard it moreover as a personal insult if their tastes are not exactly catered to. They are in fact too mean to afford to pay for their own music, and would undoubtedly take it as quite their right if we added to the usual monthly supplement a complete set of strings upon which to play it. Such subscribers do a journal no good whatever, and to the cause of the instrument even less. They are simply in the way, and I can only repeat here what I should say personally to any of them whom I had the bad luck to encounter: "If you are not sufficiently interested to read THE BANJO NEWS, for heaven's sake don't subscribe to it. Save your pennies for the automatic banjo, and learn your tunes off that."

* * *

I have reason to believe these "kickers" do not confine their complaints to THE BANJO alone. Every journal has had experience of them, and it would seem the only way to remove the discontent would be to remove the cause of it, a step one, however, hesitates in taking. Publishers are a long-suffering race, but they have their limits, and it is quite possible that a little more of this sort of complaint will result, in many quarters, in the abolition of the musical supplement altogether.

* * *

Changes once more! Mr. F. L. Keates writes me, what will be perhaps old news to some readers, that he has left the *Major* and is now identified editorially with *Stewart's Journal*, whereby *Stewart's* scores again. *Major* readers will miss "Capriccio's" breezy chats, no less than the more serious and valuable work which Mr. Keates has hitherto contributed to its pages. The new editor of the *Major* is Mr. Chelsea Curtis Fraser, and we wish him all success. He is lucky in taking hold of a journal which has been already "made," in the best sense of the term, by his predecessors' whole-hearted and untiring labours.

* * *

Read Maurice Jacobi's article in this issue, reprinted with due acknowledgment to the *Cadenza*. It contains some sound ideas.

* * *

Mr. Home Gordon asks us to state that he has no longer any connection with *The Banjo World*, of which he was the editor, with one short interval, from the very first number until that of July in this year, having had practically the responsibility and entire charge of it.

TEACHERS—THEIR CAPABILITIES.

BY MAURICE JACOBI, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHEN the Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Zither Teachers' League, of Philadelphia, was organised, the founders of the League had a silent object in view, and the intention to apply it when necessary, and that was and is to continue to improve the standard and qualifications of its active members, to induce and compel them to work up to a higher degree of accomplishment both in mechanical and intellectual respects, to endeavour to improve their knowledge and thereby increase their social standing and prominence in the profession.

We need bright and intelligent teachers, men and women with an instinct for human nature and an abundance of culture. Intel-

lectual ability is a conditional requirement, that must exist within the one who desires to teach others. It is rational to expect and demand it, for how can one impart knowledge where none exists?

There is one fact which the teachers of this country must face squarely, and that is that the standard of musical ability and music teaching is steadily rising. The days of the old-time music teacher, who knew how to play a few pieces on the instrument he professed to teach, who had only a small smattering of musical knowledge, and to whom theory and harmony were as sealed books, finds himself getting out of date more and more; his days are numbered.

A large class of teachers are either at a standstill in their art, or, what is worse, retrograding. Many of these teachers are middle-aged, and seemed to be possessed of the idea, that for them, further improvement is impossible. Many of them, again, are young and have the world before them, but have already stopped studying, and do no more practising.

As a rule, these non-progressive teachers are living on the reputation of what they were once able to do. They are dwelling in the past, instead of considering the present and looking to the future. Most of them do not even take the trouble to read the leading music journals, and thus keep up with what is being done in the world of music, nor do they investigate any of the new methods of teaching, which are making such an amazing change in the art.

If these teachers had persistently kept up their practice, had made it a point to attend all the best concerts within their reach, and had, by reading and study, kept up with the latest compositions of literature and music, their powers would have gradually ripened, and, instead of being pushed from the stage of active musical life, they would have had a gradually widening sphere of influence and increase of pupils.

I have no doubt that there are readers of this article who consider that any further progress in music for them is impossible, simply because they have reached middle age, or are past it.

This is a grievous error. Rarely does an executive artist reach the full zenith of his powers until the age of forty. The fact is that this giving up of practice and retrograding on the part of our teachers comes, as a general thing, from pure laziness. The result of this course is that he will be getting into a rut, with a constantly decreasing business and decreasing influence, until the end of his days, or else he will be completely superseded by other teachers with greater musical ambition and activity. The teacher who exalts himself above all the musical knowledge that is possible simply cuts his own growth, shuts the door of advancement in his own face, and comes to a standstill. The instant a person thinks that there is no more for him to learn, that instant he makes it impossible to do so, because he limits his ability to grasp any further knowledge. As soon as he sees his error he begins to think, and then the ideas follow one another so rapidly that he naturally becomes confused. Now, how can a teacher improve his or her capabilities? I would say, you must try to attend a few first-class concerts. Save your money up to attend some of the festival concerts which are given at intervals in most of our large cities. There is nothing like first-class music to keep one's musical intellect refreshed; there is nothing like a good concert to impress on the mind the proper delivery of musical phrases of an exalted character. A few concerts a year will keep you in touch with the great world of music, and as you listen to the rise and fall of some great symphony, oratorio, or opera, you will hear questions answered in the music which have been puzzling you. Read musical works of an improving character, and make it a point to read the BEST music journals. It will be money well invested. Study harmony and thorough-bass, and thus vastly increase your intelligence in music. Again, *read;* I can not be too emphatic about reading, as so much of our knowledge is acquired through that source. I would mention musical encyclopædias, histories, biographies. Do not read them alone—that is selfish. Get your pupils to read them. How generous you will be and how much nearer to your destination as a teacher?

Taking it all in all, there is no reason for a conscientious teacher to despair. Brain and energy will remove many obstacles. In your practice, study the best, of which there is an inexhaustible quantity; and, above all things, use the best methods procurable—methods that are worthy of the name.—*The Cadenza.*

If you'd be up to date
You must never be too slow.
Be sure about the make
Of your dearest, dear Banjo.

For every listener's heart,
Your sweet life, you can bet,
Its name should be "Mozart,"
And the maker "W. E. Temlett."

ADVT.

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BANJOISTS.

By Merton H. Grant.

II.

It is the business side of a profession which appeals most to the average man. Among outsiders who take the purely practical point of view, one frequently hears it said: "Of course, the banjo is a very charming instrument and very popular. But is it going to support you? And if it supports you to-day, will it support you to-morrow? I grant that it occupies a fairly prominent place in public favour at the present time, but by-and-bye people will get tired of it, as they get tired of hundreds of other popular fads, and how about your livelihood then?"

As a matter of fact, it is by now pretty clearly understood that the banjo is not a fad. It is not an old-established instrument, as compared with others, at least in its present form, but it is old enough to have proved this satisfactorily. Favour which has been steadily increasing for the past fifteen years among intelligent circles cannot be regarded in any sense as ephemeral. At any rate it is good enough to last our time and our children's time, and with future generations we are not immediately concerned. And at the rate with which events move at the present day, half a century constitutes in itself a pretty good try at permanency. It is quite possible that the banjo may at any moment drop from public use and notice, but so may a hundred other things. It is possible, certainly, but none the more probable. No other instrument will ever take the place of the banjo; its security lies in its strong individuality. And if banjo interests were not taking a definite place in the business as well as the musical world, we should not find the professional ranks of the instrument increasing and prospering as they do to-day. It is only the amateur who can afford to support a cause totally irrespective of its success.

There is a conviction prevalent among the outside public generally to the effect that the musical profession is the most hazardous one to enter. This is not necessarily the case. The following of an art, when we reach the question of remuneration, is naturally less certain than the following of a trade. The one caters to luxury; the other to necessity. There are ups and downs in everything, and taking all together into consideration, the musical profession is as safe and prosperous as any other. Even the maker of boots and shoes meets once in a while with exigencies. Ability, technical education and hard work go to make up success in music as in everything else. These you must have, and of the three, hard work is the key best calculated to unlock the gates. The word talent is very elastic in its application. Many persons assume that talent, so-called, is the first requisite for a successful career. Yet there are many cases where well-trained mediocrity is of more practical value than raw talent. It is a difficult task to define the point where aptitude leaves off and real talent begins. Talented performers exist in the proportion of one to twenty. Yet, by dint of earnest labour and attention to technical study the twenty succeed, and that justly. It does not necessarily take a talented performer to make a good teacher, and it is the teachers who are the back-bone of the profession to-day.

There are two distinct interests in the banjo world; professional and industrial. Each supports the other. The manufacturer would fare ill without the professional player, and the player is dependent, to a larger extent than he cares to own, upon the manufacturer. There is practically no demand now-a-days for the "cheap" instrument of a decade ago. Whatever its price, it must be of good tone and scientific construction. The manufacturer is bound for his own sake to keep abreast of innovation, and to turn out instruments which answer to modern requirement. The principle of value for value holds good throughout the business world. The fake manufacturer, like the fake teacher, may prosper for a day, but his success is both limited and temporary. As to the frequently resuscitated question, whether or no the banjo has attained finality in construction, there is plenty of room for argument. Personally I consider that, whatever improvements the modern banjo may yet undergo, they will not in any way affect its present fundamental construction nor form. We shall not improve it by attempting to make it something else. The "patent" instrument appeals by reason of its novelty to the few, but never to the majority. They are, in general, to use an old figure, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. They are uncalled-for contortions of the instrument they pretend to supersede, and the intelligent professional avoids them as he avoids the plague. The best manufacturers, and the most widely successful, to-day, are those who concern themselves solely with making the best instruments they possibly can upon accepted models.

Taking the average, the banjo profession may not be lucrative, but it is distinctly self-

supporting. Those who compose its ranks are not, for the most part, men who can afford to work for nothing. If they did not meet with a fair return for their time and labour expended, they would not be in the profession to-day. Counting the bad seasons equally with the good, the work is as a whole worth while, from the business point of view. And that this is so, argues more for the future of the instrument than any brilliant artistic success. If a thing is good it is worth paying for. The well-paid artist—not overpaid, but fairly—can turn out better work than the traditional starving genius. He is free to devote his entire energies to the perfecting of his art without being hampered by worry. Further, a good estimate of the opinion the public has of a certain thing lies in the price it is willing to pay for it. Despite all that is said to the contrary—chiefly by unsuccessful mediocrities—the public has a very clear and accurate perception of worth. Its permanent support is given always to what is good, in preference to what is worthless. It knows very well what it wants, and what it doesn't want it isn't going to pay for. It sets a certain standard for judgment. If the work of the average men—and here again I set genius outside the question—if the work of the average man is not successful after fair trial, it may be taken as a pretty good proof that it is not worth anything. Don't—I am thinking of beginners especially—run aground upon the absurd latter-day argument that genius is under-paid. Twenty to one you have nothing whatever in common with genius, and never will have. You represent, if you are lucky, at the most moderate talent waiting for a hearing. The fakir may accept for his services anything or nothing, but the artist can always command his value. You may take it that you will get for your work what it is worth in the public's estimation. The public is generally fair, occasionally generous, but always discriminating. It seldom goes astray in its final judgment. For what it likes and admires it is perfectly willing to pay a fair price.

We produce press opinions as evidence of the success and recognition of our leading artists in the banjo world. Their progress in public favour and support, and that of the instrument they represent, is demonstrated far more solidly and indisputably by the fact that they are in a position to-day to make their own terms, command high prices, and attract large audiences among every rank of society. You may consider this a sordid point of view, but it is merely practical.

(*To be continued.*)

PLACE AUX DAMES.

* In being (we believe) the first of our banjo, mandolin, and guitar journals to include a department devoted entirely to women's interests, among its regular features, the Banjo hopes to meet with both favour among its readers, and possibly followers among the more enterprising of its contemporaries. The new column is open to all, and its editress hopes to hear from all readers who may have anything of interest in the way of personal news, reports of teaching, or concert work, etc., for insertion.

* * *

Comparatively speaking, it has not been for very long that women have taken any active part in the banjo, mandolin and guitar world. In the old days men seemed to have the monopoly. Women teachers were few and far between, and such as did exist did not seem to inspire any great degree of confidence in the public mind; on the concert platform they were perhaps more to the fore, but then seldom as soloists. Within latter years, however, and with the widening demand for both teachers and performers upon the smaller stringed instruments, many clever amateurs have chosen to turn their talent to account, and have entered the lists with very great success. In fact, among the recent number of deserters from amateur to professional ranks the balance is rather on the feminine side than otherwise. The chief charge hitherto brought forward—and frequently it must be admitted with justice—is that when a woman takes up a pursuit she generally only takes it up half-way; stops short of just that extra expenditure of trouble which marks the difference between aptitude and absolute competence. I have said this is often true, but not invariably; and it seems less the case with regard to music than other pursuits.

* * *

Certainly those who enter the musical profession to-day do so realising that they must expect to compete with brother professionals upon their own ground, and nothing but ability and the capacity for work will ensure them success. Many ladies will preferably go to one of their own sex for tuition upon the banjo or mandolin, but they expect her to be equally competent to give it.

* Just before going to press *Stewart's Journal* came to hand. We see they have anticipated us by one month, so offer due apology and congratulation.—Ed. B. M. & G. News.

It is an open question whether women do not, in many instances, make the better teachers. They have considerably more patience, and often quicker sympathy with the beginner's difficulties. To enlarge upon this point, however, might bring down indignant protests which I am by no means anxious to encounter, so leave it to the judgment of those who at one time or another have been students themselves.

* * *

Re nothing in particular, a correspondent not long ago observed that the familiar statement that the banjo is not a lady's instrument was originated by a man who couldn't play.

* * * *

NOTES BY THE WAY.

This season the Misses Halfpenny are giving their Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Recital on Tuesday, December 11th, at Earlham Hall, Forest Gate. It will be the first since the death of their brother, the late S. A. Halfpenny. Miss Ida Halfpenny's Ladies' Mandolin Band will appear; also the Amateur Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, which will be conducted by Miss Dora Halfpenny. There will be some very fine music performed upon these instruments, so they hope for a most successful evening: which wish, and particularly since it is their first concert, our readers will very cordially echo. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

* * *

I am glad to hear from Miss Ida Halfpenny that the banjo is going well this season. She has a great number of lady pupils who are interested in the zither-banjo as a musical instrument, not merely for a novelty.

* * *

Miss Beatrice Mathilde writes that she has resumed teaching at the Anglo-French College, Linden Hall, Clapham Road, to which institute she has for some time occupied the post of mandolin professor, and is also giving lessons weekly at her studio at 92, St. Martin's Lane. Miss Mathilde has been giving this summer, assisted by Miss Ida Bridger, a most successful series of entertainments at Ilfracombe and Lynmouth, during the month of August. Their programmes consisted of mandolin and guitar duets, banjo songs and recitations, upon the variety and style of which they were everywhere greatly complimented.

Miss Emily Hastings, the well-known teacher of Philadelphia, has under her direction several ladies' banjo clubs whose *ensemble* work has met with very brilliant success.

* * *

Music dealers, who are in a position to judge of popular demand, say that the zither will have great prominence in fashionable circles this winter. How far this may be due to the performances of the dainty little lady who charmed her hearers in the Empress Theatre, Earl's Court, this past season, we are not told; but the zither is certainly a very pretty instrument and surprisingly little known in this country, where it is a wonder that it has not long before come into public favour. I have met with several enquiries about the zither of late, and am pleased to refer all such to Miss A. Maude T. Fry, who has studied under the foremost professors of the instrument, both at home and in the Tyrol, and who has recently opened a town studio at 18, Abingdon Road, High Street, Kensington. I am sure that if any readers of the BANJO who, like myself, have not hitherto been familiar with the very beautiful effects possible to this instrument, would care to call on Miss Fry during business hours, she would be only too pleased to give them any information concerning it.

* * *

The *Social Review* has some very nice things to say of Miss Kate Temple, whose charming voice and sympathetic accompaniments have had much to do with the success of the team with which she is associated, and have won her enthusiastic press comments both at home and in Ireland.

* * *

Miss Catalina B. Reeder, of Ipswich, has organised a Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band, which is the first venture of the kind in this town. The band at starting numbers seven members and several prospective ones; a good beginning.

* * *

Miss Keevil's Recital, of which further particulars will be found on another page, takes place at Steinway Hall on November 19th.

M. W.

A VERY fine Half-tone Cabinet Photograph of the late S. A. HALFPENNY will be forwarded on receipt of one penny Stamp to cover postage. Address W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

ABOUT TWO.

By Margery Williams.

III. (*continued*).

She walked over to the glass which was above the mantel-piece, and raised a hand to straighten her hair. It had a trick of straying loosely across her forehead, when it was at all windy out, in locks that just missed being absolute curls. She scrutinised her reflection carefully and it smiled back at her in good humour. Finally she leaned forward and wrote in the dust across the face of the mirror with the tip of one finger. Carroll stepped up behind and looked over her shoulder. She made a movement to rub the writing away, but he held her wrists.

"*Vanitas vanitatem—et omnes*—" he read, slowly. "Why, what were you going to put?"

"You didn't give me time to finish," she said.

Carroll was struggling with something he remembered a long time ago. "*Vanitas, vanitatem et omnes vanitas—sed—sed*—" He reached forward a hand across her shoulder and wrote a small word in English under the other. Beatrice took out her handkerchief and brushed it off. "You shouldn't have done that," he said.

"Just look at my handkerchief," she complained. "And it's all your fault. Besides, it isn't true."

"I don't care," he answered. "It's true enough for me, anyhow. Look here, you're not going anywhere particular, are you? Can't you stay and have lunch with me? Elliot'll be in soon and then I can go out."

"And how about Sid?"

"Oh, Sid be bothered. Sid won't be here till past one. You might as well."

"No, really I won't," Beatrice said. "I told you I couldn't stay, you know. I only just came because I wanted to ask him something. Oh, have you got that song you were talking about?"

"Not here, I'm afraid. Wait a bit, though."

He rummaged through the pile of music on the top of the piano. "No, it isn't here. I'm sorry. Tell you what, I'll bring it round to-night, if I may? And then we could go out some place—let's see—Dawson tells me they've got a pretty good thing on at the Comedy? Suppose we go there? You haven't seen it yet, have you?"

"I can't go anywhere to-night, thanks. Sid's coming home early and we're going to spend a nice domestic evening. You won't think me horrid? I really see very little of him nowadays."

Some unchristian reflections passed through Carroll's mind. Aloud he said, "Why, he's playing at St. Martin's to-night."

"I know," she said. "But he's third on the programme and he's coming straight home when he's finished."

"Then he'll walk in at a quarter to one, exactly."

"*You* don't know," she objected. Previous experience of Sid's punctuality was not conducive to much faith.

"I know Sid," said Carroll with conviction. "Well, I'll be round, anyway, and stay till he comes. I'll come early, too."

"All right," said Beatrice. "And if I haven't finished dinner you can sit out on the front steps. I hope you'll enjoy it. Good-bye."

Carroll made a dash at the door handle and reached it just as she laid her hand upon it.

"Don't go off that way in such a rush," he said. "I think you're awfully mean. I do really. You can wait till Elliott comes in."

Beatrice struggled with the door handle ineffectually. "Let go, please," she said at last.

"Promise you won't go till Elliot comes, then."

"Let go and I'll tell you."

Carroll removed his hand, and they both fell back a pace and regarded each other watchfully.

"Well," Carroll said. "Now promise."

"I won't do anything of the sort," said Beatrice promptly. "What should I promise for? I'm in a hurry, please."

An attempt to look stern proved itself a signal failure.

"Very well then," replied Carroll, grimly. There was a pause.

"Now," he said. "I, Beatrice Carson—. Go ahead."

"I, Beatrice Carson—"

"Do hereby swear—"

"I won't, Carroll. I think you're a perfect idiot."

"—Do hereby swear—"

"You're hurting my wrist."

"I'm not. Do—hereby—. Hurry up."

"There's someone coming," exclaimed Beatrice. "I'm sure there is. Listen!"

"*I* don't care," returned Carroll, coolly. "Do her——"

The door was pushed open from the outside, and Elliott came in. His hat was inclined toward the back of his head and he carried a brown paper parcel under one arm.

"Sorry I'm late, Carroll—" he began—"Why, good-morning, Miss Carson—How are you?"

He shook hands with her. "You're not going?" he added.

"Oh, I must, really," she said. "I dropped in on the chance of seeing Sid, but Mr. Knight tells me he won't be back till lunch-time. "I was just going out as you came in." Carroll grinned maliciously behind Elliott's back.

"That's too bad," Elliott said, "I just this minute left him smoking a cigar with Saunders. Did he know you were coming up?"

"Oh, no. At least, I don't think he did," said Beatrice, obviously confused. "I didn't tell him so." Carroll's grin widened.

"Well, I'm sorry," Elliott said. "I—— Hulloa, Patsy, old man. Why, who did your collar up so tight!"

Beatrice went unaccountably pink. "Oh, I'm afraid I must have done that," she exclaimed in dismay. "I couldn't have been thinking what I was doing! I'm so sorry!"

"That's all right," Elliott said. He stooped down to loosen the strap, and Patsy took advantage of the tide of public sympathy to choke pathetically. "It isn't tight, really, only he's such a stupid little beggar. There, boy." He stood a minute staring speculatively at the terrier, his hands in his pockets. "He oughtn't to be here, by rights. I must take him back to my rooms. I shall be out all the afternoon, and if I leave him here by himself he's safe to jump out of the window or something. Well, good-bye, Miss Carson, if you must go."

"Good-bye," Beatrice said. "I wish you'd let Patsy spend the day with me. I owe him some reparation, and we'll have a walk in the Park this afternoon. Very nice for small doggies, Patsy. And we'll have tea wherever he likes. You won't miss his conversation for once, Mr. Elliott?"

Elliot laughed. "He'll be a confounded nuisance, you know," he objected.

"Not a bit," she assured him. "We'll have a lovely time. Good-bye. Come, Patsy."

She shook hands, and Carroll followed her out on to the landing. Elliott threw himself back into the armchair, and took up the *Daily Mail*. He could hear their voices just outside the door.

"Half-past seven, then." Carroll was saying. "Will that do you?"

"No, eight o'clock."

"No, half-past seven."

"Eight."

"Very well, then, eight. Can you see your way there? Hold on a shake, I'll light the gas. What? Other people'll want it too. Now, *wait* a minute."

There was a pause; then Carroll's voice came again, its tone suggestive that he was leaning over the bannisters. "Good-bye, then. I'll see you to-night. Look out for that bottom step. Yes? Oh, I thought you spoke. Good-bye."

When he came in finally and had closed the door, it was with the air of one consciously oblivious to comment. He stood for some moments by the piano, rubbing his hands together and humming "Little Dark Brown Lou" under his breath. Elliott, watching his face, felt himself for the first time growing old and prosaic. He tried to remember how long it was since he had been twenty-four, and it seemed a great many years ago. It was as though the unseen boundary which divided him from the country where Carroll stood should have suddenly widened, and he knew himself for an alien, who had once journeyed unquestioned through its gates. There was with the thought a vague wish that Patsy had not left him so willingly. He smiled at Carroll over the newspaper as he turned towards him, and Carroll smiled back without exactly knowing why. Presently he said:—"Jolly cold, Elliot, isn't it? Did you think to ask Saunders about that thing of mine?"

(*To be continued.*)

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THE BANJO

NOVEMBER, 1900.

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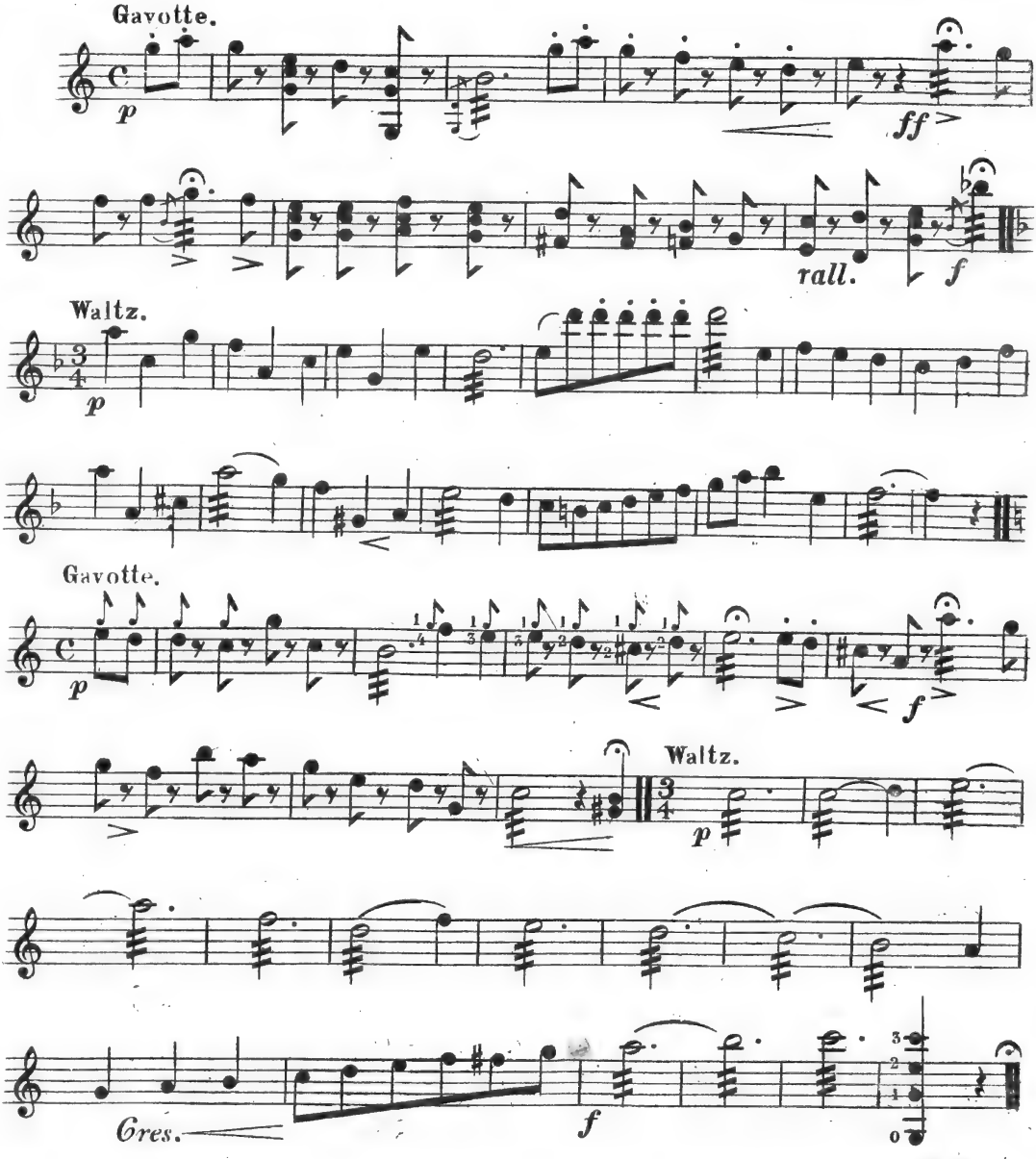
VERISCOPE GAVOTTE.

A NEW DANCE.

W. A. CLARK.

Arrd by E. H. FREY.

Mandolin Solo.

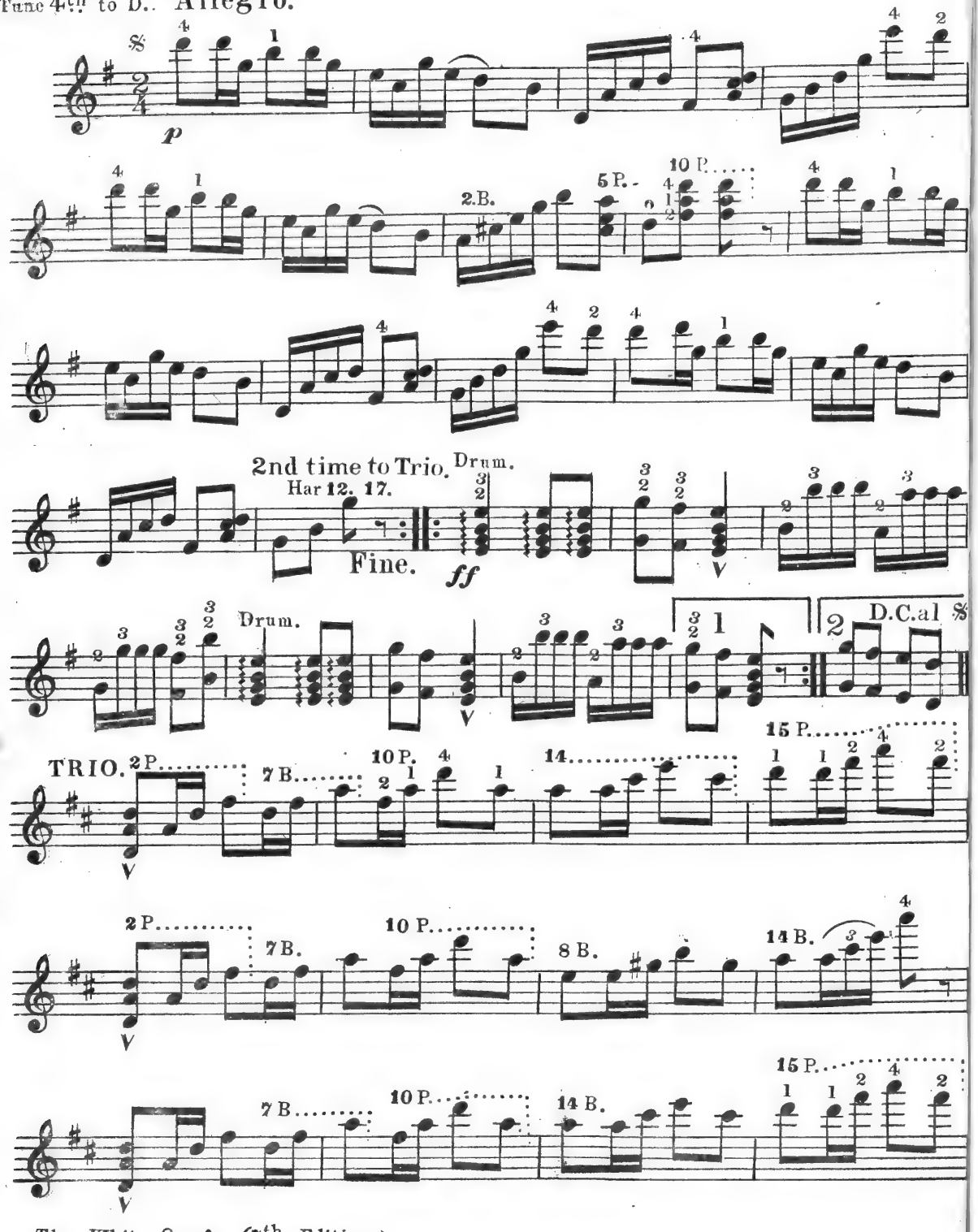


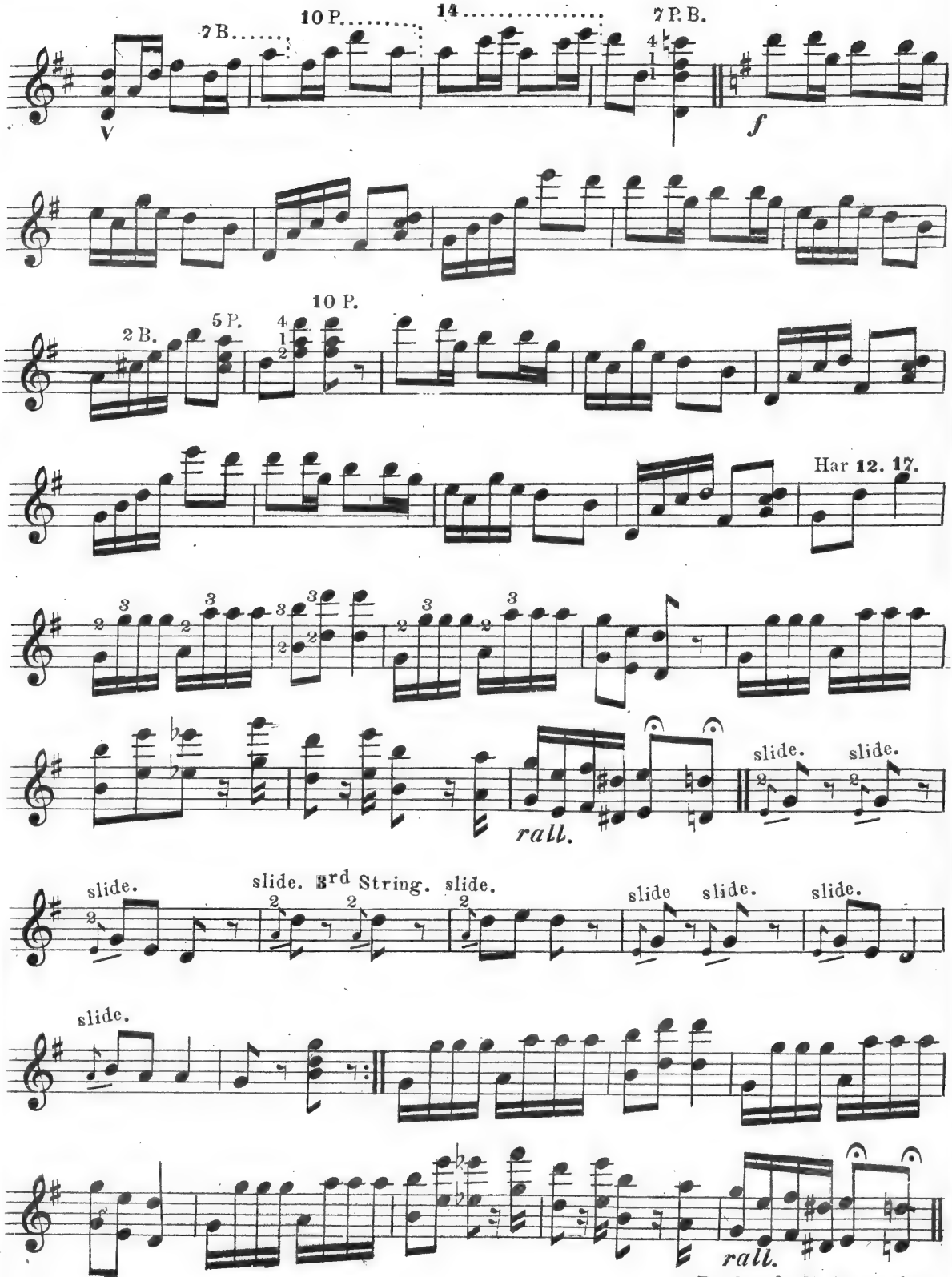
W. E. T.

The White Coon's.

BANJO. POLKA-MARCH. SAM PAYNE.

Tune 4th to D.. Allegro.

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slide.
slide.
rall.
D. C. al 𝄋 to Trio.

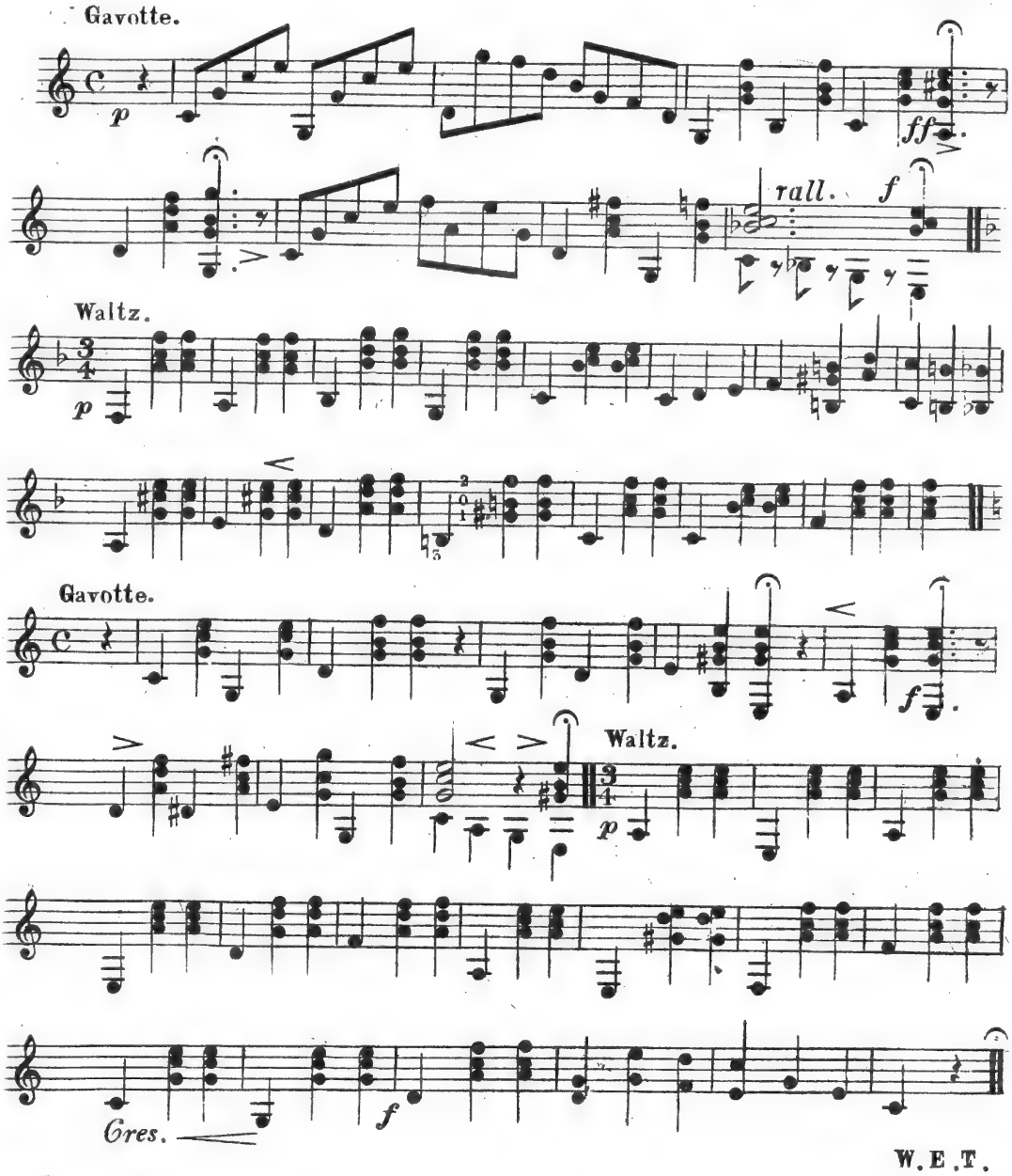
VERISCOPE GAVOTTE

A NEW DANCE.

Guitar Accompt.

W.A. CLARK.

Arrd by E.H. FREY.



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

TONE GRADATION.

WRITTEN FOR "THE BANJO."

IT has been often remarked that there is a tendency now-a-days, in stage playing especially, to sacrifice expression to execution. Execution alone can command admiration, as for a clever piece of workmanship, but no deeper feeling. Expression in music stands for the individual interpretation. If we elimate expression from playing, no matter how technically faultless, we are reduced to mere mechanical effect, and as far as this is concerned, one might as well be listening to a purely automatic performance. It is this question of expression alone which will effectually prevent automatic music from ever usurping the place of the living player. It can never have the appeal to us of individual interpretation.

It is among banjo players in particular that we find this fault most in evidence, and generally amongst younger players. It is a fault, however, which experience, and increased attention to detail, will go a long way to cure. I would urge upon students to make a study of the tone quality of each string. They vary essentially. Strike the octave string G, and then the same G on the first, second, third, and fourth strings in rotation, on the fifth, eighth, twelfth, and nineteenth frets. You will have exactly the same note, but the quality of tone is in each case different. Upon this difference depend some of the most beautiful effects characteristic of the instrument. Writers for the banjo recognise this so far as to mark bass string solos, and occasional notes on the third string, but here their attention ends. The bass is perhaps the most characteristic string on the banjo; we have nothing exactly resembling it in tone upon any other instrument. Notes upon the first string are clear, sharp and staccato. Upon the third string they are softer in effect and more sustained, and they retain this quality even upon the higher positions. In tremolo passages especially this difference is evident. An accompanied tremolo upon the second and third strings is one of the most beautiful effects possible to the instrument. Farland makes exquisite use of this in his rendition of Hauser's "Cradle Song." Some of Eno's lighter compositions show a curious and wonderfully effective use of the octave string, as in the trio of "Hot Corn," and counter-melody on the third and second strings enter prominently into many of Parke Hunter's best compositions.

Students are apt to cavil at the written fingering for certain passages without taking the trouble to understand their intent, which relates nearly always to quality of tone. It is easier to take a certain note on the first string than on the second, say, and so they play it there, regardless of the fact that they are possibly ruining thereby the effect intended by the composer, who it is safe to assume knows his instrument better than they do. In fact, judging by occasional remarks made by pupils, they seem rather to regard the fingering in banjo compositions—when they regard it at all—as purely arbitrary and placed there to satisfy a passing caprice of the composer; nothing at all of consequence. I had in mind, however, in commencing this article, more the advanced student than the beginner. I advocate very strongly single string exercises; and above all a careful study of the relative tonal quality of each string. This kind of study comes in the ordinary course of violin instruction; there is every reason why teachers of the banjo should make more a point of it than they do at present. It is a thing, however, which the student can with very great benefit work out for himself. Mastery of an instrument implies a comprehensive knowledge of its capabilities, and this can only be attained by study. A certain latitude is allowed in the rendering of a composition; no two persons play the same piece alike. Were it so, music would lose its chief value in individual expression.

Hitherto the second and third strings have been, if not neglected, at least not accorded that prominence they deserve. Only the foremost players seem to have recognised, up to now, their possibilities in tone gradation. To the average performer the only "solo" strings on the instrument appear to be the first and bass. A melody sustained on the second or third strings throughout an entire passage they regard rather as a freak on the part of the composer, and not infrequently set their wits to work to overhaul the fingering until it meets with their own ideas of facility, oblivious of the fact that the easiest way is not always the best.

In the capabilities of the modern banjo there remains yet a big field for study. As regards the existing system of fingering this

is especially true. As performers find it worth their while to make a more detailed study of the strings of the instrument, so it is probable that the banjo solos of the future will be written with a view to bringing their individual qualities of tone into effective use.

J. S.

PREVIOUS to their departure from Ireland the White Coons have been giving a round of farewell concerts, which included among others:—Dalkey on October 1st, Clontarf on the 2nd, Rathmines on the 3rd, Kingstown on the 4th, and a grand affair in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin—familiar foothold—on the 13th. The Coons have already established a record for quick travelling.

* * *

The *Social Review* said:—"So we are speedily to lose the White Coons, for the present season at all events, and I am sure all who are acquainted with their excellent minstrelsy must be sorry, as I am, for their projected departure. Nothing save real refinement could have gained them *entrée* into the best of private drawing-rooms, and nothing except the perfection of tact and cleverness could have secured for them their promenade popularity, seeing that on all save purely private occasions they have had to cater for every description of taste and fancy, and to please lofty and lowly alike. That their songs have always satisfied, have never offended or been vulgar, and have not on any occasion touched even the borderland of license, constitutes a vast deal for which to give them credit, and that they have made thousands of friends and never a single enemy, is an equally meritorious achievement. It is a nice and pleasant thing for a company to go from a city with a consciousness of valedictory regret among those whom they leave behind, and with such consciousness Mr. Will Pepper and his troupe of genuine platform artists may well rest content. Once again, however, at the Antient Concert Hall, on a date to be named, we shall be afforded opportunity of hearing Miss Temple's beautiful voice and educated vocalism, the charmingly-sung duets between her and the 'chief,' Mr. Meredith's dainty banjo-playing, and the quaintly humorous and always gentlemanly contributions of Messrs. Charles Conyers and Wilson James. I am sure the 'Coons' will have a bumper house; they certainly deserve it."

* * *

The *Daily Mail* predicts the pre-eminence of the zither in fashionable circles during the coming winter. This is all right. But the newspaper prophet was never one to baulk at mere detail. He proceeds further to announce:—

"The days of the banjo are said to be numbered, and it is to be included in the same category as the mouth-organ and accordion. The mandolin, which was also so popular on account of the ease with which it could be mastered, is now considered to have had its day."

* * *

That phrase "the ease with which it could be mastered" is too delightful for comment. The writer evidently gets encouraged by the simplicity of the thing as he proceeds. "The zither" . . . . we are told, "must not be confounded with the 'zither-banjo,' 'swinging-zither,' 'auto-harp,' or other curious things which have misled many people. In shape it is something like a lyre cut in half vertically, and is laid flat upon a table, or upon the knees to be played. It furnishes both melody and accompaniment, and somewhat resembles in tone a combination of the mandolin and guitar, but is without the 'ting-a-ling' effect of the former instrument, as the melody strings are single. Without venturing to prophecy any loss of popularity on the part of the piano, the demand for harps is one that has been recently on the increase. The dulcimer has obtained a fresh lease of life on account of this sudden shower of instruments of percussion, and one or two visitors to Italy have made their reappearance with a national instrument known as the bandurria."

* * *

It is wonderful how much information is nowadays obtainable for the price of a halfpenny. That the zither is popular, and likely to wax more so, we certainly agree. That it will ever supplant banjo, mandolin or guitar, instruments of totally different effect and construction, is quite another question. The fashionable (?) paragrapher seems incapable of entertaining the possibility of more than one musical instrument at a time. Neither is he very clear in his

application of the term "instruments of percussion." Moreover we have always supposed, perhaps erroneously, that the Bandurria was of Spanish origin. But since our informant has observed visitors "re-appearing" with them from Italy, that clinches the matter!

* * *

We hear that Mr. Alex. Olivera is opening a studio at 8, Green View, High Street, Ealing, and wish him every success in the new connection.

* * *

Mr. Alf. Newton, the prominent banjo and mandolin instructor of Cheltenham, called in at our office on the 18th. Mr. Newton anticipates a busy season, and has been placing some extensive banjo orders with Mr. W. E. Temlett.

BRIGHTON.

MR. DURAND writes us:—"Just a few lines to say I have settled down once more for the season here after a three months' tour with Mr. Will C. Pepper's 'White Coons' Banjo Team (No. 2 Company) at Tenby. Our entertainments there were a great success. Business here in the way of teaching is just beginning to look up a bit. My band had its first rehearsal last Tuesday. I would be glad of a few more mandolins and guitars. Members can join at any date. I have had an offer for the Brighton Pantomime this season as a specialité turn. I fulfilled an engagement at Worthing Pier for a week, and succeeded in gaining encores for every item. I played Kennedy's Galop and Drexel March, and also gave several coon songs and mandolin solos."

DEWSBURY.

A Banjo and Mandolin Recital was given by Mr. Albert Lyles and his Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra on Wednesday, October 3rd, in the Springfield Congregational Church. We are glad to record that the evening was very successful, and the orchestra, under conductorship of Mr. Lyles, gave some excellent selections. Following is the programme rendered:—Part I. Overture (*a*) "Martaneaux" (Vernet), Overture (*b*) "Cupid's Realm" (Armstrong), the Banjo Orchestra; mandolin solo, "Simple Aveu" (encored) (Thomé), Master H. Waring; banjo duet, "White Coons'" Polka March (Payne), Messrs. T. Oakes and P. Sykes; song, "Tell her I love her so," Mr. A. Scholefield; banjo solo, "Second Mazurka"(Wieniawski), Mr. Albert Lyles; mandolin solo, "Bolero" (Moore), Mr. Albert Lyles. Part II.—Mandolin duet, "El Clavel" Bolero" (Monti), Miss Jenkinson and Master Waring; banjo solo, "West Lawn" Polka" (Glynn), Mr. Albert Lyles; song, "The Irish Immigrant," Mr. A. Scholefield; mandolin solo, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), Mr. Albert Lyles; Overture (*a*) "Raymonde" (Eno), (*b*) "Bohemian Galop" (Heller), (*c*), National Anthem. Band encored and gave To the Front.

HUDDERSFIELD.

Mr. Geo. H. Milnes writes:—"Banjo and mandolin are going very strong in Huddersfield, for the first time on record. We have got a band together, consisting of twenty mandolins, four mandolas and six banjos. Practice is conducted in the Byram Buildings under the able guidance of Mr. H. W. Howe, the well known teacher of mandolin and banjo.

KINGSTOWN.

September 26th was the occasion of a benefit to Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James, of the "White Coons," and Kingstown turned out in full force to do honour to the occasion. The Town Hall was crowded, and the evening a success from every point of view. "White Coons" one and all were in their best form, and every number was enthusiastically received. We append the programme in full. Part I.—Banjo duet, "Yellow Kids Patrol" (arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; coon song, "Dinah" (Norton), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous duet, "It's a Boon! Boon! Boon!" (MS.), Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James; song, "Hush Me, O Sorrow" (Lord Henry Somerset), Miss Kate Temple; humorous sketch, "En Fàmille" (Conyers), Mr. Chas. Conyers; banjo duet, "Brother Josh" (arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; duet, "I must love someone" (Stuart), Miss Kate Temple and Will C. Pepper; a Reverie, "In the smoke" (Dare), Mr. Wilson James. Part II.—Banjo duet, "Reign of Love" (arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; song, "Violets" (Ellen Wright), Miss Kate Temple; ventriloquial sketch, "Odds and Ends" (Conyers), Mr. Chas. Conyers; coon song, "Away in Ohio" (Dare), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous song, "The Ghost Story"

(Kent), Mr. Wilson James; banjo duet, "Parke Hunter's Waltz" (Hunter), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; humorous duet, "Who's that a calling" (MS.), Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James.

Among the germs which we are told roam untrammelled in our present-day civilisation, it is a wonder that no one has discovered the inventive bacilli. There must surely be one. A disease argues a germ, and that the inventive craze is a disease I contest most strongly. Jerome K. Jerome, in "Idle Thoughts" (one of the best of books for a rainy day with your feet on the fender), speaks his mind very pointedly upon the subject. He is even so unconventional as to represent that the man who spends his time in endeavouring to construct something out of something else entirely unfitted for the purpose is a fool, and deserving of earnest discouragement. I often wonder, looking through advertisements of patent instruments, what ultimately became of an instrument invented by an acquaintance of mine some few years back. It was christened either the Go-Jo or the Jo-Go, I forget which, but I believe either name was eligible, and you played it with a plectrum. The most malignant forms of patent instruments are invariably played with a plectrum; possibly because one can obtain more noise from them that way. Like all others, this particular perpetration claimed to combine the advantages of banjo, mandolin and guitar, and it was described in the advertisement drawn up for publication as a "pleasing drawing-room instrument." It was built from a cheesebox, eked out with fragments of a bicycle crate, and had six strings, and the tone produced therefrom was fearful and wonderful to a degree. Only three specimens were ever completed, for trial, and unless some mysterious fate has intervened, two of these are yet hanging in the window of a suburban music shop.

Now, if anyone is really keen on inventing something, why don't they invent a folding portable banjo? It would be a ripping idea, as I am sure all banjoists will agree. The physical and mental strain incident to steering the ordinary banjo-case through a crowded thoroughfare is, to anyone born with an average aversion to the police court, simply appalling. I once saw the entire stream of traffic stopped in a narrow part of Fleet Street by one young man with a banjo case. I noticed him first outside the Law Courts. He was progressing then quite safely, when it occurred to an elderly lady just in front to stop short, thereby impaling herself with sudden force upon the small end of the case. In apologising to her, the young man stepped backwards, laming a retired Indian colonel and upsetting the basket of a man who sold clockwork mice. This was only a preliminary skirmish. The retired colonel had an excellent command of language, and the clockwork mouse man backed him up ably. The young man got nervous, lost his head, and charged with great slaughter into a group of inoffensive pedestrians waiting to cross the street. They scattered in confusion, and a small child in a white frock sat down abruptly on the kerb and howled. That seemed to make the young man more hopelessly flurried than ever. He made a dash for the open street, and was headed off by a policeman. He returned to the pavement, and I was reminded of a game of ninepins. Finally he made a blind run and landed on the platform of a Hammersmith bus. Of course it was the wrong bus, and of course he was half-way up the stairs before he found it out, and had to come down again. He was carrying the banjo in his left hand, and in turning around he knocked the conductor's hat off. The side walk merchant greeted this achievement with ironical encouragement. "Thet's it!" he shouted. "Thet's the wye! Keep it up, and you'll kill someone yet 'fore yer git through!"

* * *

In the excitement the young man contrived to jam the case somehow between the bus roof and the stairs. Other passengers were crowding forward waiting to ascend, and the conductor stood at the bottom, dusting his recovered hat upon his coat-sleeve and swore.

"You don't want no bus!" he said. "What *you* want's a bloomin' pantechnicon! Now, *are* you goin' hup or are you comin' down? Jest let me know when yer get's ready." "'Igher up, please!" said a driver close behind. "Wait till the gent gits through

his little turn, Bill," the conductor rejoined. "Don't hexcite 'im. We don't 'ave to git to the Benk 'fore tomorrer. Any other gent oblige by passin' the 'at round?"

The air was filled with gratuitous advice from the crowd collected on the pavement. Someone discovered loudly that it was a frying-pan the young man was taking home to his missus, and the advice assumed thereafter a strongly practical form. The conductor appealed continually to the background of spectators. "Don't h'excite the pore chap. Don't go mykin' 'im nervous, whatever yer do! Lor lummy, look at 'im now!" Someone dodged to the other side of the bus. "It's hitched," they said to the perspiring youth. "It's got hitched. Now, *you* pull and I'll push. Ready?"

* * *

Down on the pavement an old lady was proclaiming that the things people was allowed to do in London was a disgrace to the metropolitan police force. All at once the case became freed, the suddenness of its release landing the owner in a sitting posture on the omnibus steps. The crowd cheered wildly, and under cover of their congratulation the youth dodged across the street and disappeared somewhere in the direction of the Temple.

"Now, then," said the vendor of clockwork mice, giving a hitch to the strap of his basket. "Oo's goin' to be next on the programme?"

* * *

The folding banjo case may not recommend itself to the "leading professional," but its advantages will appeal inevitably to the committee of public safety.

THE CORNER MAN.

IN THE STUDIO.

LENGTH OF THE LESSON HOUR. — In engaging a teacher a certain time is usually specified for the duration of the lesson—an hour, more or less, whatever the case may be. In some instances—in many, judging from the numerous cases that have come to the writer's notice—parents expect more time than the contract calls for. This is a presumption as unjust as it is ridiculous.

A teacher's vocation is his business. A teacher's agreement to give a lesson guaranteed to last a certain length of time and *not less* is a business contract. If the teacher is not particular about time and gives a longer lesson than the contract calls for, all well and good, although experience has shown in innumerable instances that that principle is a wrong one, since, in granting an inch, the proverbial ell is looked for. If, on the other hand, the teacher fulfils his part of the contract conscientiously and gives the full time agreed upon, to the best of his ability, more cannot nor ought to be expected of him.

In a certain case which the writer recalls from his own experience, he had been engaged to give a half-hour lesson at a certain rate. As his time was much taken up and had been arranged so as to do justice to the multifarious demands made upon it, he conscientiously fulfilled his part of the contract by giving thirty minutes, but no more. Imagine his surprise when the grandmother said with her sweetest smile: "My dear sir! When I engaged you, I did so with the idea that you would not be so particular about those thirty minutes. I thought the lesson would last at least three-quarters-of-an-hour." Whereupon the writer answered, and he hopes, with the approbation of his readers:—"My dear madam! If you want me to give three-quarters-of-an-hour, I expect you to pay accordingly." There was nothing more said about the length of the lesson.

In the case of a busy teacher, a voluntary extension of time is impossible. Imagine, for instance, a lesson to be given, say, from ten to eleven; that the following lesson to be given at the house of another pupil is set down to 11.15. Now, suppose the teacher prolongs the lesson and gives a quarter-of-an-hour longer than his contract calls for at the house of pupil No. 1. The result will be inaccuracy. The teacher will be obliged to arrive at the house of pupil No. 2 fifteen minutes late. Without taking into consideration the dissatisfaction caused by this mode of procedure, the teacher is forced to deduct fifteen minutes from pupil No. 2 or else keep on telescoping his lessons or crowding them in one upon the other, a method quite as reprehensible as it is unnecessary. Let the teacher live up to his obligations by giving the full time agreed upon. As we have said above, in no instance can nor ought more to be expected of him.—*The Etude.*

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS.

STEINWAY HALL (Lower Seymour Street, W.). Under the patronage of the Marchioness of Lansdown, a Mandolin Recital will be given by Miss Keevil on Monday, November 19th, at 8.30 (under the direction of Mr. N. Vert). Vocalist, Miss Dewhurst; guitar, Miss Crinas; accompanist, Mr. Arthur Fagge. Tickets of the usual agents and of Miss Keevil, 10, Iverna Gardens, Kensington, W.

Mr. Alfred D. Cammeyer announces his Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festival for December 6th, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W. Admission 1s. to 5s.

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Mandolin and Guitar News.

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THE BANJO
Mandolin and Guitar News.
OFFICES:—29, CHARLOTTE ST., BLACKFRIARS, S.E.
Edited by MERTON H. GRANT.

All business communications respecting advertisements to be addressed to the Manager.

Contributions, literary or musical, to be addressed to the Editor, accompanied by stamps for return postage if unavailable. All news items and notes of general interest connected with banjo, mandolin and guitar will be welcomed. Concert notices for insertion in next issue must reach us by the 24th of each month.

Correspondence is only invited on matters of current interest, and must be written on one side of the paper only. The editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed.

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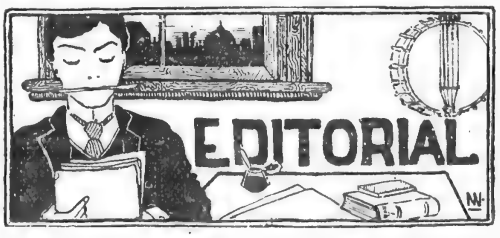

THIS being a holiday number, we have departed from the usual rule a bit in favour of lighter reading. To which intent your editor will only monopolise so much space here as may suffice to wish BANJO NEWS readers one and all a very Merry Christmas, with the heartiest of greetings for the coming year. Irving Bacheller's little story I've wanted to introduce to music-lovers for some time; it is one of those things which our "Corner Man" always says he wishes he'd written himself. The *Philistine* editor I know is a good fellow and won't mind our borrowing it.

* * *

The last issue of *Stewart's Journal* contained a musical supplement in the English notation. Congratulations. The *Cadenza* is less in favour of the change than other journals. The *Cadenza's* views, otherwise those of Mr. C. L. Partee, are however always backed up by good solid reasoning, and his arguments, as expressed in preceding issues of the magazine, bear considerable weight. There are two sides to be considered always, and it is for the future to decide the permanently best.

* * *

Our readers will be glad to hear that we are arranging for a monthly news letter from "the other side" to begin with the New Year. The letter will be from a well-known musician and journalist, whose name is very familiar to English as well as American banjoists.

* * *

It was quite unnecessary for the *Banjo World* to so strenuously refute the little paragraph appearing in *Stewart's* October issue. The inadvertant confusion of identity was the sort

of thing that might happen any day in the week, and—with no wish to be thought conceited—I do think that, were there excuse for anyone to arise in wrath, it might better have been the editor of the BANJO NEWS. That he however, on the contrary, allowed *Stewart's* little medley to pass without comment of any kind, throws on amusing light upon our London contemporaries most painstaking disclaimer.

* * *

London banjoists will be wise not to neglect two concerts this month which, to say the least, will be well worth going to—Mr. Cammeyer's at St. James' Hall, on the 6th, and the Misses Halfpenny, Earlham Hall, Forest Gate, on the 11th. (*Nota Bene.*)

* * *

Mr. Bert Meredith is giving his first concert at the Montague Rooms, Ealing, Dec. 12, assisted by his confreres and Mr. Alban Booth.

THE STORY OF A PASSION.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

BIBBS'S was a gloomy little heaven up one flight, and Bibbs, a bald and cranky little god of fiddles, with whiskers half as long as himself and white as snow. His windows overlooked the Bowery, and their dusty panes hastened the twilight and delayed the dawn, robbing the day of an hour at each end. The elevated trains went rushing by, but somehow there was silence in this little shop; or was it but the sign of silence that one saw on every side?—the hushed string, the whisper-haunted galleries of pine and maple, the uncommunicative Bibbs. Once it had been a busy place, but the centre of wealth and fashion had retreated from it year by year and now it was a mere nursery of fiddles. And some that lay upon the counter forty years ago were there to-day, and time had poured its floods of light upon them and dipped them in the silence and the gloom of night, and filtered through their fibres strains of song and sound until they came to years of understanding like those of men, and had a voice for human thought. Men came to buy them sometimes, but of late years they had found it hard to deal with Bibbs. Raw-toned young violins he sometimes sold, and cheaply, but not the old ones that had been his hope and company for years—not for all the wealth in Gotham. His love of them was constant, and his price beyond all reach or reason. The sale of the Maggini had been a sorry bargain, though it brought him twice its value. He had not expected that the man would by it at so high a price. The money was paid and the Maggini became the darling of another owner, who made off with it, while Bibbs stood speechless and confused, and then, as the good wife was fond of telling, "he went a lead colour."

But now buyers came more rarely, and his wife was dead and Bibbs lived quite alone. It was early twilight in the little shop. Bibbs lit a candle, set aside his pots of glue and varnish, and stood thrumming the solemn old Amati he had just mended, and then he played a strain of music on its silver string. It was the song of faith from "Elijah." A deep amen went booming under the red dome of the bass viol that lay in a corner, and a low wail of sympathy swept through the cases on the counter and along the walls—the voice of those condemned to silence in this little shop.

"Yes, yes," said Bibbs tenderly: "Oh rest in Time, for Time is the Lord, and there is time enough to make all things perfect, even men. You are like a soul. When you were only seventy years old I suppose the devil had his home in you as he has in me. Goodness is but harmony, and you might be better."

As had been his custom by day for years, Bibbs carefully inspected the joinings of the Strad. Then again he held his ear against it, and the strings broke into song at the touch of his beard. "That voice of yours! I wonder what it will be a thousand years from now. Your old body will turn to splinters and dust some time. Wood can't last for ever any more than flesh and blood. When your voice is near perfection you will not be strong enough to stand the strain of the strings, and then—well, you're a good deal like a man anyhow!"

To Bibbs, heaven was the destination of all good violins. "To hell with harps!" said he. "They have no soul in them like this." And hell was in his opinion the resort of bad fiddlers, and their playing was the doom of the damned.

Bibbs put the Strad in its case and turned the key. He stood a moment silently filling his pipe. A melancholy 'cello lying on the floor near by let go a string, humming disconsolately like a love-sick maiden. Bibbs was about to make all fast and return to his little room behind the shop, when suddenly the door opened, clanging the bell that hung above it. An old man, with a shaven wrinkled face and long white hair, stood before him.

"Any old violins?" said he, advancing

into the shop. "None to sell," said Bibbs curtly.

"I do not wish to buy," said the old man, "but I'm a connoisseur, and I would so like to see them."

Now there were men to whom Bibbs gave some toleration and even a degree of confidence—men who had grown old with fiddles and loved them as he did.

"Sit down," said he, pointing to a chair. "I've an Amati, a Guarnerius and a real Strad here. They're not mine; I only take care of them. Play?"

"Once; but you see my fingers have grown stiff—these wrinkles are like strings that bind them."

Bibbs took the Strad from its case and thrummed it, and as he did so the stranger rose and staggered toward him.

"Let me take it," said he, and his lips quivered as he spoke.

"Stand back, you fool," said Bibbs. "You cannot buy this instrument. It is not for sale, I tell you."

"I shall not try to buy it," said the stranger. "You can trust it in my hands a moment. Brain me if I try to do it any harm. Let me see it; I think I know the tone."

Bibbs hesitated, surveying his caller with suspicious eyes. Then he closed the door and bolted it.

"Be careful," he said, "don't drop it." And with anxious looks he put it in the stranger's hands.

As the old man took the instrument he uttered but a single word, and that was "Sweetheart!" then he kissed its back and sank upon a chair sobbing softly. He held the Strad across his knee, and every tear that fell upon its slender roof sounded like a drum-beat; and when his sobbing ceased there came from it a cry as of a man weeping; and the great bass viol and all the daughters of music lying low in the little shop moaned in sympathy as if they knew and felt and understood.

"Pardon me," he said presently, "I seem to hear the voice of one long dead and dear to me. Thirty years ago it was mine; I fell ill and pledged it for a loan. That was in London. I was a long time between life and death, and when I came to get the Strad they had sold it for the debt. Listen! I shall show you what a voice it has."

He tuned the strings and played, and as he played his fettered fingers were made free. His bow was like a trident quaking the sea of silence, and a dome of music like a mighty bubble rose to heaven, and the light and glory of the morning shone upon it. Far into the night these old men sat together, and the player never rested. Now it so befell that there was a tenant in the Strad who had never heard its thunders. Suddenly a great black spider rushed out of the dark cavern of the violin, and scurrying down the finger-board, was crushed beneath the strings. The player stopped.

"It's a bad sign," said Bibbs. "Sorry you came here. You cannot buy the Strad, and there's no peace for you."

"Unless you let me live here and help you tend the shop," the stranger said. "I have money and we both love music, and you are alone."

"Yes," said Bibbs, "but if he comes—the owner—and takes it from us?"

"But he may not come for years," the stranger said. "And let's not borrow trouble."

And so Bibbs made him welcome, and the old men lived together happily, but ever fearful. Day by day they played upon the Strad, and when the door-bell rang there was a moment's panic in the shop, and men who came were roundly cursed by Bibbs and never came again.

* * * * *

It was morning in the little shop. Bibbs came slowly out of his silent chamber, the Strad under his arm. He laid the violin upon its shelf and lifted the window shades. The sun lit up his pale and haggard face. Suddenly the bell above the door clanged furiously and a man stepped in. "Hello, Bibbs! Give me the Strad," said he.

"I'm glad you didn't come before," Bibbs answered, keeping back his tears. "He is dead—the man who loved the Strad—you may take it and welcome."

And its owner took it, and as he went away he laughed and muttered, saying, "Bibbs is crazy." —*The Philistine.*

MR. HARRY H. CLAYDON'S CONCERT AT BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Mr. Harry Claydon's Concerts have already made their reputation in the banjo sphere. We must congratulate him this time upon what has proved one of the smartest concerts of the present season. Clever artists, an excellently arranged programme, of which nearly every number was encored, and able stage management, went to make up the success of the evening, and the Great Hall was crowded. This year Mr. Claydon showed

enterprise and knowledge of the up-to-date by striking out in a new line and engaging the famous "White Coons" instead of, as hitherto, the Pierrots, and the audience fully appreciated the novelty. Miss Dewhurst's welcome was assured; enthusiasts remembered her at former concerts under Mr. Claydon's management, and indeed it is not every day that one has the chance of listening to so excellent a voice combined with such charming rendition. She gave keen pleasure to her hearers, and was encored warmly for her songs "All for Thee," and "The sweetest flower that blooms." As regards his own zither-banjo solo, "Gypsy Dance," Mr. Claydon showed himself in splendid form, and gave in encore a very pretty "Serenade." We must also compliment the Banjo Trio upon their two selections, "White Coons" and "Dreams of Darkie Land." Needless to say the "Coons" were well up to the mark, and did much to ensure the artistic success of the concert.

For the programme in full we cannot do better than quote one of the very appreciative local notices of the evening. "The hall was crowded, but it is seldom that such an enthusiastic audience is seen in the town. Nearly every item of the programme was encored. In addition to other artists Mr. Will C. Pepper's 'White Coon' Banjo Team were engaged, and their contributions met with unqualified success. The local banjo team—Miss N. Brown, Miss E. Perry, Mr. E. S. Goodfellow, and Mr. H. H. Claydon—gave two contributions, 'White Coons' and 'Dreams of Darkie Land,' which were most creditably performed. For the rendering of the humorous song, 'Big black hat,' Mr. Wilson James was encored. He was also encored for his rendering of 'Nice gal, Susie.' A most amusing item was the humorous sketch, 'The bishop's banjo,' by Mr. Chas. Conyers. He also gave a ventriloquial sketch in a remarkably clever manner, being encored on each occasion. A zither-banjo solo, 'Gipsy Dance,' by Mr. H. H. Claydon, was much appreciated, and to meet the wishes of the audience he rendered another solo in good style. Mr. Claydon is lucky indeed in having such an able accompanist as Miss Perry. Miss Kate Temple bowed her acknowledgment to the applause which followed her singing of 'Because I love you,' and for another song, 'Violets,' received a re-call. She also took part in a duet, 'I must love someone,' with Mr. W. C. Pepper, and again received an encore. Miss Dewhurst is the possessor of a remarkably fine voice, and she met with a very warm reception. Her songs were 'All for Thee' and 'The sweetest flower that blooms.' For the latter she received an encore. Undoubtedly the best item in the programme was a humorous duet, 'The glorious days to come,' by Messrs. C. Conyers and Wilson James, and in response to an encore they sang an equally good duet, 'The same remark.' They also gave, with B. Meredith, a humorous trio, 'Bobbie's banjo,' for which they gained an encore. Mr. Pepper received encores for a coon song, 'Away in Ohio,' and a banjo solo, 'Reign of love,' and also a banjo duet, 'Brother Josh,' with Mr. B. Meredith. Among the audience were Mr. John Barker, M.P., Mr. Charles Gold, Mr. Henry Blyth, Mr. Tresham Gilbey, J.P., Mr. Guy Gilbey, Mr. Walter Gold, and Mr. Leonard Routledge. The platform was embellished with palms and pot plants, lent by Mr. J. Barker, M.P. The concert was carried out without a hitch, and credit is due to Mr. Claydon for his excellent arrangements. The accompanists were Miss E. Perry, Miss Dewhurst and Miss K. Temple."—*Bishop's Stortford Weekly News.*

The *Herts and Essex Observer* says:—"Mr. H. H. Claydon's Annual Banjo Concert came off on Wednesday, and was a complete success, both as to the talent provided and also in the support which the public accorded it, for the Great Hall was well filled with an audience who showed their appreciation by encoring almost everything."

BRIGHTON.

MR. W. H. PLUMRIDGE gave a most excellent morning concert in the Royal Pavilion on November 24th. Among the artists who combined to make the occasion a thorough success were Miss Francine Dewhurst, Miss Mary Ankett, Miss Violet Gaskell and Mr. R. Rickard. Mr. Plumridge gave a very artistic mandolin solo, "Romance," and also joined a clever pupil of his, Miss L. M. Northern, in a duet, "Rhapsodie." Miss Violet Gaskell met with great appreciation for her two guitar selections, arrangements by Madame S. Pratten. A smart banjo trio, Misses E. Brown, M. Holt and M. Johnson,

gave "Twin Star March" and "El Capitan" in good style, reflecting great credit upon their tutor, Mr. Plumridge. The Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band also deserve compliment upon their performance of several charming selections, as do the mandolin quintet, recruited likewise from the ranks of Mr. Plumridge's pupils, who gave Hedgecock's "Reverie." Miss Dewhurst and Miss Mary Ankett met with enthusiastic reception for their songs; the former singing "All for Thee," and later "Nell Gwynne's song." Mr. R. Rickard contributed two excellent piano solos, "Nocturne" and "Barcarolle" by Chopin. The Banjo Orchestra displayed both individual skill and the results of careful training in their selections, "Honey's Holiday," "Columbo March," the ever popular "Kennedy's Galop" and "Reign of Love Waltzes," one of the best known of Eno's orchestral compositions. Altogether Mr. Plumridge is to be highly congratulated both upon the arrangement of his programme and the manner in which it was carried out. All honour is due to Mr. Hedgecock, who filled the role of accompanist to entire satisfaction.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.

Special engagement of the White Coons.

All reports go to prove that their "show" here in the Town Hall on November 21st, was one of the best the White Coons have ever given. Practically every number was encored, and the affair was a success from first to last. Lord Burton, who had engaged the "Coons" for this reception, has also re-engaged them to appear at his Town House at an early date. The concert opened with "White Coons" duet by Messrs. Will C. Pepper and Bert Meredith, who later gave "Brother Josh," a characteristic darkie selection. Mr. Will C. Pepper gave as his solo a most artistic rendering of Eno's really beautiful waltz, "Reign of Love." Mr. Wilson James was inimitable in an old favourite "All Coons looks alike to Me," and Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Will C. Pepper joined in two duets, "I must love someone," from "Floradora," and "No one in the World like you." The Coons were assisted on the programme admirably by Mr. Percy French and Mr. George Robins.

CROYDON LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The celebrated "White Coons" gave a most successful concert here on November 31st, every item on their programme being encored and several of the artistes having to respond twice to enthusiastic recalls. We give below the programme in full. Part 1.—Banjo duet, "Kennedy's Galop" (Kennedy), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; Coon song, "Ambolena Snow" (Naughton), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous song, "All Coons look alike to Me" (Morton), Mr. Wilson James; song, "A Posy from over the Sea" (San Toy), Miss Kate Temple; humorous song, "Girls I have met" (Saand), Mr. Charles Conyers; banjo duet, "Valse de Concert" (arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; duet, "Jack and Jill" (Pepper), Miss Kate Temple and Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous duet, "I was just about to make the same remark" (MS.), Messrs. Charles Conyers and Wilson James. Part 2.—Banjo duet, "Brother Josh" (arr. Pepper), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; song, "When I was a Child of Three" (Trotére), Miss Kate Temple; Ventriloquial sketch, "Odds and Ends" (Conyers), Mr. Charles Conyers; coon song, "Away in Ohio" (Dare), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous song, "When Father laid" (Jackson), Mr. Wilson James; banjo duet, "West Lawn" (Glynn), Messrs. Meredith and Pepper; humorous duet, "The Glorious Days to Come" (Schartau), Messrs. Charles Conyers and Wilson James.

LEEDS.

Our correspondent writes:—The concert held in the Alexandra Hall on November 17th in aid of the Leeds Hospital for Consumptives was a grand success. The hall was full and almost every banjo and mandolin item encored, though owing to the length of the programme only a few were responded to.

The Banjo Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Albert Lyles (Professor at the Leeds College of Music), met with an excellent reception for their smartly rendered selections. The following was the programme given:—Part 1.—Overture, (*a*) Martaneaux (Vernet), (*b*) Cupid's Realm (Armstrong), the Banjo Orchestra; song, "A Summer Night" (Goring Thomas), Miss Gwendoline Lloyd-Jones; mandolin solo, 'A Frangesa (Costa), Mr. Albert Lyles; recitation, "Mr. Corney makes Tea and Mr. Bumble makes Love" (Dickens), Mr. J. B. Crossley; banjo solo, Rose Tree March (Eno), Mr. Albert Lyles; song, "Idle Words" (Adams), Miss Mabel Brain; mandolin solo, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), (encored), Serenade (Waud), Master H. Waring; song "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" (F. Clay), Mr. Theodore Ashley. Part 2.—Banjo solo, Dickey Dance (Lansing). (encored) Andante and Waltz (Cammeyer), Mr. Albert Lyles; song "By the Fountain" (Adame), Miss Gwendoline Lloyd-Jones;

mandolin solo, "Contemplazione" (Menozzi), Mr. Albert Lyles; song, "Sunshine and Rain" (Blumenthal), Miss Mabel Brain; recitation, "Mr. Smiggles goes to a Public Dinner" (E. F. Turner), Mr. J. B. Crossley; banjo solo, "Home, Sweet Home," with variations (arr. by Lyles), Mr. Albert Lyles; song, "My Queen" (Blumenthal), Mr. Theodore Ashley; selection, Bohemian Galop (Heller), "To the Front" Cammeyer, the Banjo Orchestra.

MERSTHAM.

The Columbian Banjo Team gave a very successful concert here recently. The Banjo Trio, comprising Messrs. Poole, Tyndall and Cummings, met with a good reception for "Bonnie Scotland," "White Coons," and "Apollo March." The programme also including banjo duets by Messrs. Poole and Cummings, and banjo solos, "Schaffer's Jig," and "Galop in G" by Mr. G. A. Poole, who also joined Mr. Tyndall in a duet for mandolin and banjo, Hinde's "Reverie in F." The *Surrey Mirror* says:—"A performance was given in the Merstham Board Schools, on Wednesday evening, by the Columbian Banjo Team and Variety Troupe, which has only lately been formed. The entertainment was rendered more attractive by the special engagement of Mr. Will Jose, who speedily won the favour of the audience in 'The Serial Story,' and whose musical sketch entitled 'Peculiarities' provoked loud laughter. 'Nothing New' was extremely funny, and in this he was loudly encored. The banjoists handled their instruments with great skill, and their efforts were greatly appreciated, as were also Mr. Poole's solos. The mandolin and banjo duet by Messrs. Tyndall and Poole was worthy of great praise. Miss Kate Robards gave some very beautiful renderings, 'Life's Lullaby' being sung with great feeling. The performance was, on the whole, a very creditable one."

NEWPORT.

At a concert held at the Liberal Institute on October 17th, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman rendered a couple of duets and had a good reception.

On the 18th at a church concert held at the Bible Christian Hall, Commercial Road, members of the Newport Banjo Troupe gave a good assistance to the programme. In the first part the Troupe played "Dreams of Darkie Land," and for an encore "White Coons." The second part opened with "Columbian March," and for an encore "Danse Bon-Bon." Messrs. F. M. Carpenter, Gus Finn and G. Redman also played "To the Front" and "Bonnie Scotland." The band is composed as follows:—banjeaurine, Mr. F. M. Carpenter; piccolo banjo, Master Richie Williams; first banjos, Miss E. M. Williams, Messrs. Gus Finn and G. Redman; second banjos, Miss Dolly Broad and Master Willie Wand.

STEINWAY HALL.

Miss Keevil must be congratulated on the success of her Mandolin Recital at Steinway Hall on November 19th. Her varied and charming programme was played entirely from memory and won great applause. Where all was so good it is difficult to specify. The Berceuse and Mazurka of Signor L. Francia, to be played unaccompanied, created quite a sensation, and certainly showed that the mandolin is capable of higher things than is generally supposed. In the other items Miss Keevil was accompanied very effectively by Mr. Arthur Fagge. Miss Crinos—assisted by one of her pupils—ably supported Miss Keevil on the guitar in a very striking Spanish Serenade and Dance by Schmeling. A word of special praise must be given to the delightful singing of Mdlle. Berthe Saverny and Miss Dewhurst; the former in a seventeenth century song, composed by M. Leon Schlesinger, was accompanied by the composer, Miss Keevil playing a mandolin obligato. Following is the entire programme rendered: — Mandolin solos, "Faust" (Gounod), "Rêverie Appassionata" "Gran Fantasia Ungherese" (L. Francia); song, "Celia" (A. L.), Miss Dewhurst; mandolin solos, "Contemplazione" (Menozzi), "Chanson Polonaise" (Wieniawski), "Nocturne" (Chopin), "Tarantella" (Galkin); song, "Nell Gwyn's song" (Raymond Roze), Miss Dewhurst; songs, (*a*) "Mignonne, que désirez vous" (Faure), (*b*) "La Fontaine de l'Oubli" (Léon Schlesinger) (words of 17th century), with mandolin obligato by Miss Keevil (accompanied by composer), Mdlle. Berthe Saverny; mandolin and guitar, No. 1, "Serenade," No. 2, "Spanischer Tanz" (M. Schmeling), (Ein Abend in Tolédo), Miss Keevil and Miss Crinos; song, "Violets" (Ellen Wright), Miss Dewhurst; mandolin solos, "Berceuse," "Mazurka" (L. Francia), "Carmen Fantasia" (Bizet); song, "Hymn à Eros" (Augusta Holmès), Mdlle. Berthe Saverny.

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One or two notices have been unavoidably held over till next month. Will correspondents kindly note that reports to appear in forthcoming issue, *must* reach us on or before the 21st of the month.—ED. BANJO NEWS.

PROMINENT PLAYERS

HARRY H. CLAYDON.

SINCE my connection with this most excellent periodical, which I take this opportunity of describing as by far and away the brightest, instructivest, amusingest, and up-to-datest journal of its class, or any other class, which has ever been published, or is ever likely to be published in this world or any other world, and which may be obtained for the trifling sum of threepence or its equivalent in halfpence, or even stamps (unused) of the same face value. Annual subscription, 4s., post free, and the banjoist who does not subscribe to it, doesn't know his business, and deserves to be severely remonstrated with.

The reason I have been holding forth to this effect, is because the Editor has been grumbling at me, and I promised him faithfully I would write something nice the first opportunity I got, and I consider I have done my duty. But what I was about to observe, dear reader, if you had not interrupted me, was that since I first became connected with this wonderful threepennyworth of high-class nineteenth century literature, I have had the honour of interviewing so many prominent players, that I have—or rather had—begun to consider that I could do something in the "prominent player" line myself, so when this young fellow was ushered into my presence, I made an attempt to impress him by carelessly strumming over part of what is generally supposed to be a somewhat difficult composition.

"Excuse me," said he, after a while, "But is that Parke Hunter's Waltz you are trying to play?"

That was not so bad to start with! "trying" to play! naturally I felt annoyed and half the starch was knocked out of me, but I replied with an emphasis on the last word.

"Yes, that is what I was *playing*."

"Oh! well I hope you won't mind my saying it, but you don't seem to have hit it quite correctly. The second movement for instance. If you will allow me, I will show you a much easier way of getting at it."

The starch having completely disappeared by this time, I meekly handed over the banjo to him, and he played the waltz right through easily, without twitching a lip. It is most extraordinary how some people can manage to do that, I never could. Whenever I get my banjo down to practice, my wife calls all the children, and spreads them out in a row in front of me. She says it is as good as a pantomime to watch my face when I get to a difficult movement. I screw my mouth up as if I had just swallowed a dose of very disagreeable physic. In her opinion, I should make my fortune as a public performer, people would laugh so that they would not notice any defects in my execution. Wives are so unsympathetic!

But to proceed! I took my rebuff in a Christian-like spirit, and even told him I was much obliged, as indeed I was, for he taught me something. In fact, I get a lot of cheap lessons that way.

Mr. Claydon was born at Oxford twenty-five years ago. When he was six years old he thought it was time to show people what he could do, so he commenced to treat the family to selections on the piano, and it soon became apparent that he was destined to become a musician, so the talent was nursed and fostered until he became quite a brilliant pianist, and even now he fills the post of organist to the Harlow Masonic Lodge and other places.

I have often found it the case that people who go in for the banjo are already fully fledged musicians, and Mr. Claydon is no exception. His first banjo was, of course, the inevitable "smooth-arm," but as may be imagined, he soon found that the musical possibilities of such an instrument were much too limited for his ambition, so happening to meet Mr. Fred Dawson at Brighton, where Mr. Claydon lived for a good many years, he commenced lessons under that gentleman, on the zither-banjo.

"I am not at all certain," continued Mr. Claydon, "that I was an ideal pupil, although I was most anxious to learn, but what I am certain of is that Mr. Dawson was a most painstaking teacher and took no end of trouble with me, and I owe him a lot. I have never deserted my old love, and still prefer the zither-banjo for solo work, but for my coon songs and duets with Miss Perry, who nearly always accompanies me, I always use a 'Mozart.' I often vary my performances with humorous songs at the piano, and do a lot of concert work and dinner entertaining."

"You teach, of course?"

"Yes, a lot. When I came to Bishop's Stortford about four years ago, the banjo was practically unknown, and I had up-hill work of it, but I am blessed with plenty of patience, and I hope, perseverance, and as a consequence am also blessed with as many pupils as I can manage, I teach both the banjo and the zither-banjo. You heard of my concert on October 31st, I suppose?"

Oh yes! I knew all about the concert and I believe it was a very fine one, although I wasn't allowed to go to Bishop's Stortford

to report it, someone else being lucky enough to pick the plum, so I presume a report will appear in another column. Mr. Claydon, with characteristic enterprise, engaged the celebrated "White Coon" Banjo Team, so it goes without saying that the concert was a huge success.

"What sort of music do you like best?"

"Well, as I prefer the zither-banjo for solo work, I naturally prefer selections suitable for that instrument, but I play nearly all W. E. Temlett's publications and a good many others. I have a very good memory, and once I have learnt a piece I never forget it again and never have to refer to the music. I am a great admirer of Cammeyer as a zither-banjoist and Pepper as a banjoist."

"Do you exist entirely by teaching and entertaining?"

The question was a rather impudent one, but he did not seem to mind a bit, and answered quite cheerfully,

"Yes, pretty well. I am really a piano tuner by profession, so as everything fits in pretty well, I jog along fairly comfortably you see."

I felt half inclined to borrow a sovereign, but I reflected that the Editor might possibly feel disposed to advance a trifle on the gorgeous advertisement at the commencement of this article, and so refrained.

"Any hobbies?"

"The details of my profession are varied enough to supply me with hobbies, but outside that, my principal hobby is fishing."

"Ever catch anything?"

It is wonderful what a faculty I have for asking idiotic questions. I knew the question was silly directly I had asked it. He knew it too, for he repeated it in a surprised tone, and then my punishment began.

"Do I ever catch anything! Why, my dear sir, it was only last summer—let's see, I think it was about the middle of July—I caught——!" and he entertained me to fish stories for forty minutes by the clock. I can't understand why people who fish should be such awful—I mean it is extraordinary how people who fish always seem to catch much larger fish than people who don't fish. Now that trout story for instance! I don't mean to say that I doubt it exactly, still it is rather extraordinary that a trout who had lived long enough to attain such dimensions, should have been so silly as to get hooked up at last. But when Mr. Claydon goes fishing he takes his banjo and camps out. Presumably he charms the fish with a solo, and then quickly catches them. There's a valuable hint for fishermen who have never yet caught a big fish, if such a fisherman exists, which I doubt!

But it is not every banjoist who possesses the art of charming as Mr. Claydon does, as we Londoners who had the pleasure of hearing him play at Mr. Pepper's concert last year can testify. He is also a careful and thorough teacher, well posted in all the very latest music, and perfectly up-to-date in every detail. His one difficulty seems to find time for his numerous engagements and lessons, and he gave me a quiet hint that he had no more time to waste on me, so I brought the interview to a conclusion after wishing him all the luck he deserves. He is an awfully nice young fellow, but—well, I hardly know what to think, but of course it is just possible that that trout story *may* be true!

HORACE WESTON.

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS.

EARLHAM HALL, FOREST GATE. The Misses Halfpenny beg to announce a grand Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Orchestral Recital on Tuesday, December 11th. Artists: Miss Ida Halfpenny, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Miss Annie King, Miss Laura Harris, Zither-Banjo Quartet, Ladies' Banjo Quartet, Mme. Ethel Bevans (of Queen's Hall and St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts, etc.), Mr. Alexander Tucker, Mr. Roland Henry, Amateur Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra (conductor, Miss Dora Halfpenny), Ladies' Mandolin Band (conductor, Miss Ida Halfpenny). At the piano, Miss Dora Halfpenny and Miss Lily White. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8 p.m. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s. Tickets may be obtained at J. V. Rockley's Music Stores, Stratford, Forest Gate, and Ilford; Gilbert's Music Stores, Bank Buildings, Forest Gate; Earlham Hall; J. King, 526, Romford Road; and at the Studio, 191, Upton Lane.

Messrs. Harrison and O'Flynn announce their Annual Concert for Monday, December 17th, in the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford. Among the artists appearing are: Mr. Patric J. Jordon, solo violin (from the Royal College of Music, London); Mr. Joe Hodgson (Yorkshire's greatest humorist and lady impersonator); Mr. J. Bradley, tenor; Mr. J. J. Kelly, baritone; Mr. Norman Schofield (the new and popular descriptive vocalist); Saltaire Mandolin Orchestra; Messrs. Harrison and O'Flynn (the popular English banjo duo). Tickets may be had from above or at Shuttleworth's Music Warehouse, Market Hall, also at 32, Houghton Place, and 36, Hillside Villas. Prices: Stalls (reserved), 1s. 6d.; balcony (reserved), 1s.; balcony (unreserved) and centre gallery, 6d; side galleries, 4d. Doors open, 7.30. Commence at 8 p.m.

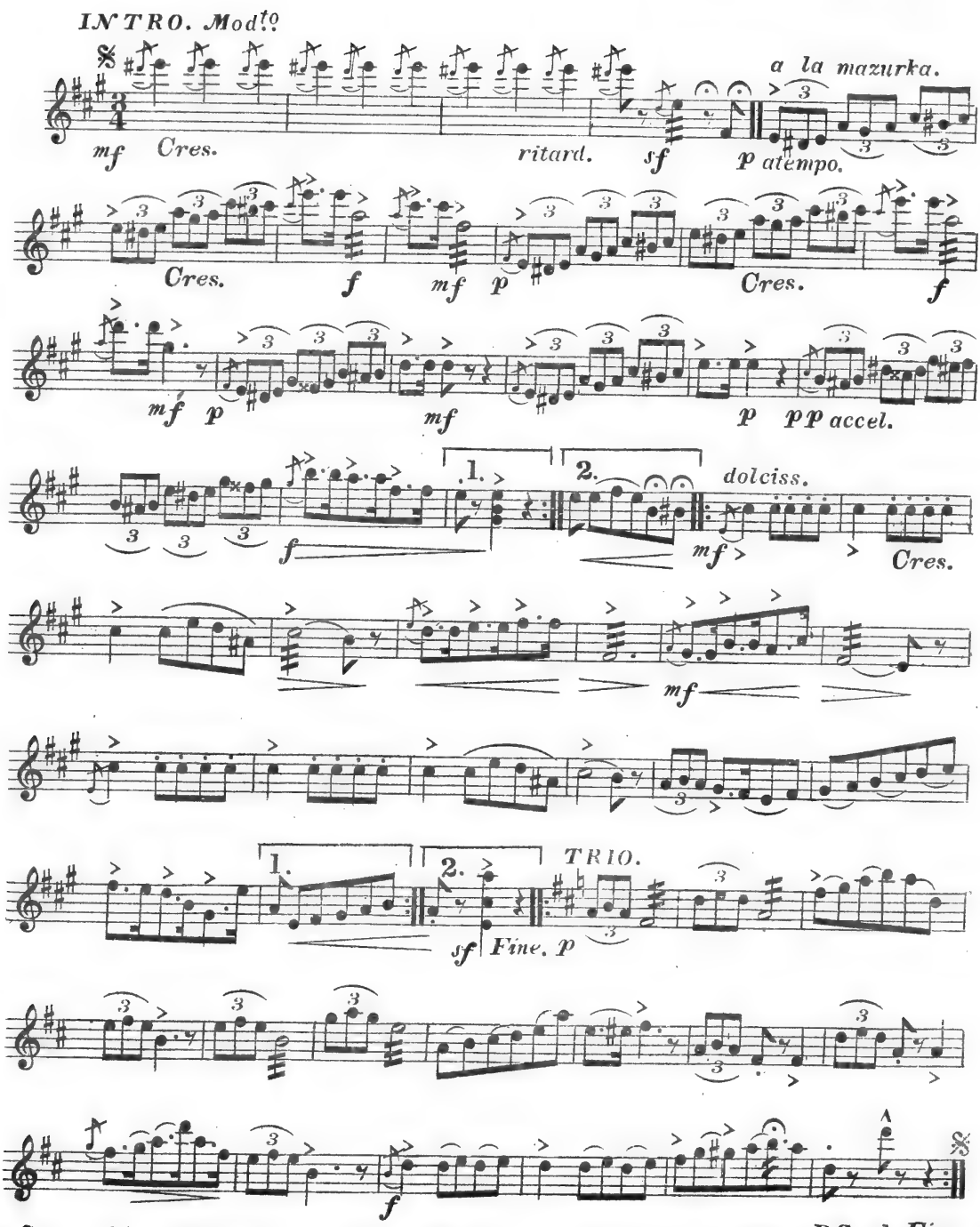
ON receipt of one penny stamp (to cover postage). W. E. TEMLETT, 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., will forward a very fine half-tone photograph of Will C. Pepper, the Renowned Banjo Artist. This photograph is artistically mounted and made to stand alone, and should be in the possession of all who are interested in the Banjo.—[ADVT.]

To F. H. LEGGETT, Director of Dartmouth College Club Hanover, N.H.

LA PRIMA ASSOLUTA.

Air de Ballet.

MANDOLIN. A. H. PLANTE.



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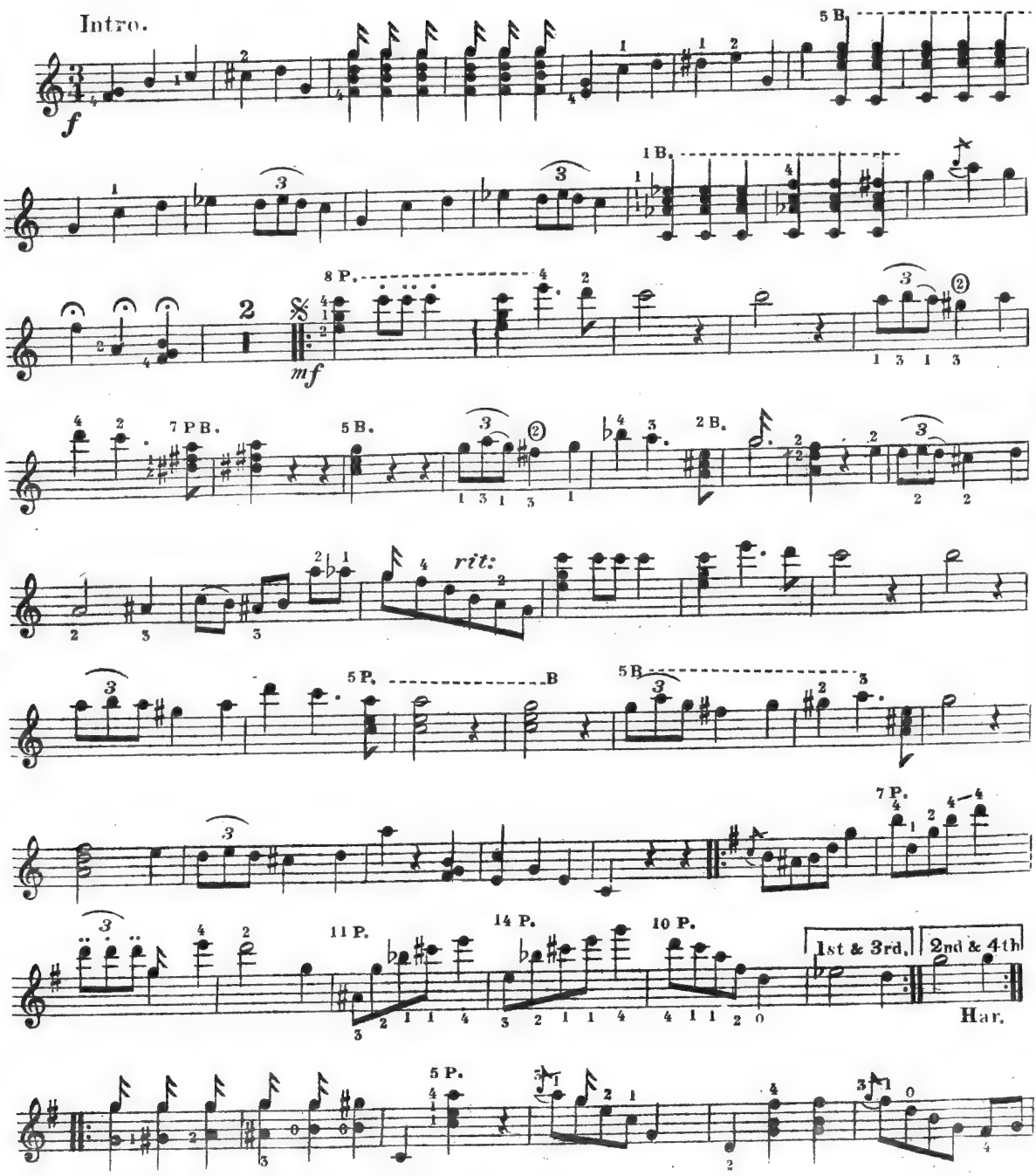
LA SYRENE.

VALSE.

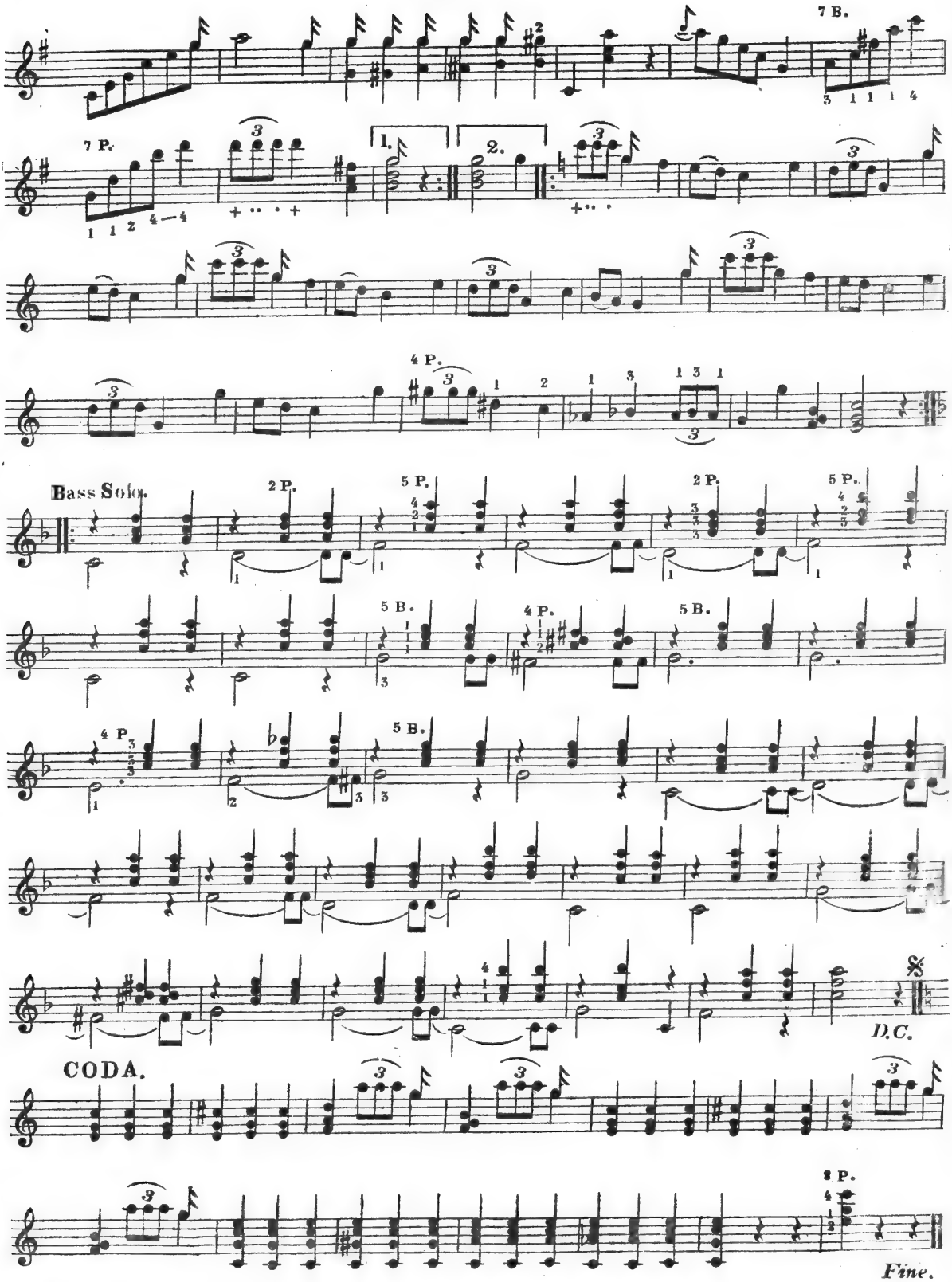
BANJO.

ALF WOOD.
Published by W. E. Temlett.



ARKANSAS JIG. (Just published.)

BANJO.



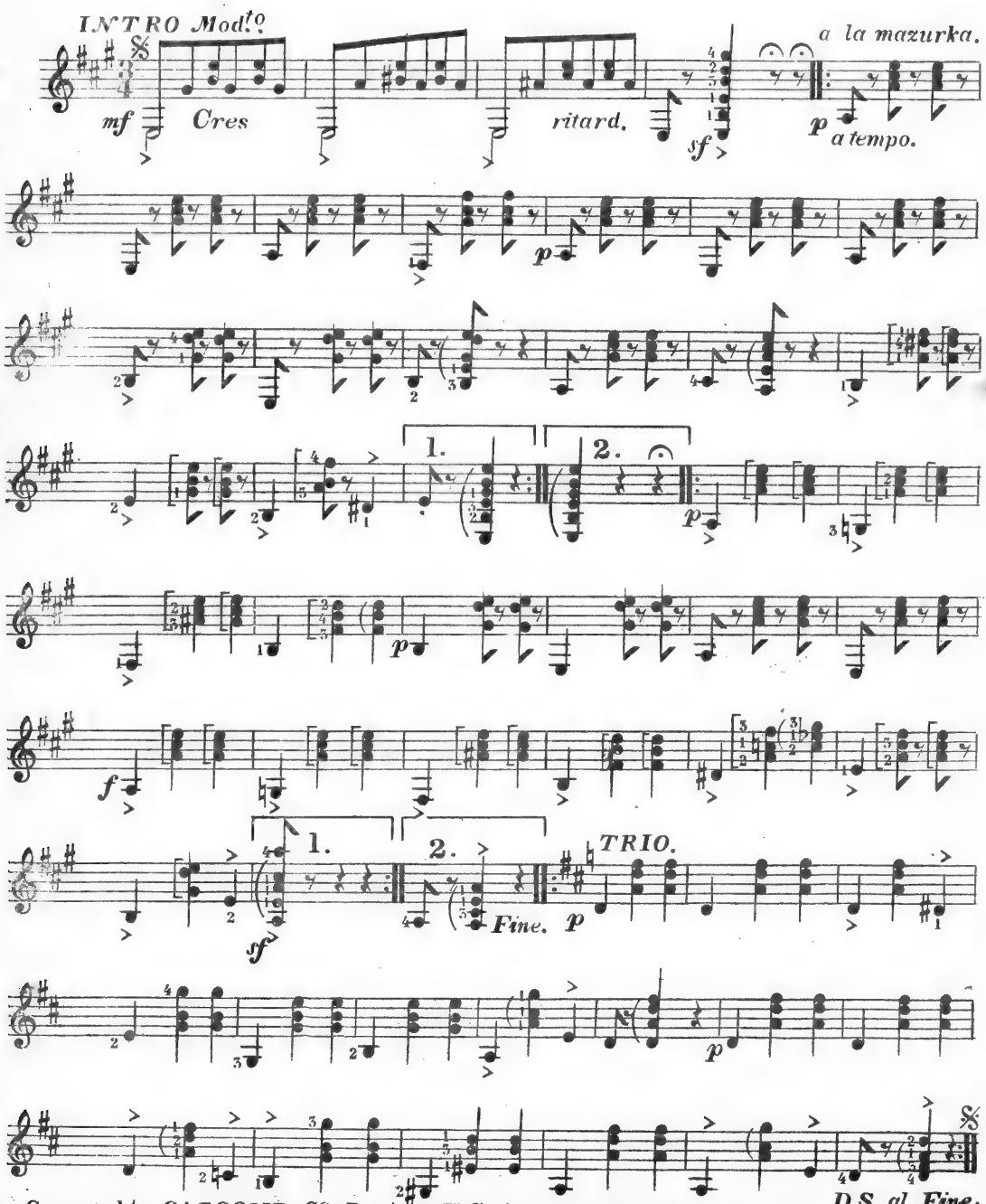
COLUMBIAN MARCH. (Effective and easy.)

To F. H. LEGGETT, Director of Dartmouth College Club Hanover, N.H.

LA PRIMA ASSOLUTA.

Air de Ballet.

GUITAR. A. H. PLANTE.



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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BANJOISTS.

BY MERTON H. GRANT.

III.

THE question was put to me some time back by a correspondent, as to whether I considered the status of the banjo to be helped or injured by its present wide vogue on the variety stage in popular "musical turns." The phrase "musical turn" covers a very large range, and in the banjo line especially may mean anything from the old style "comic tramp," to Mays and Hunter—a far cry indeed. But taking all the turns together, good, bad and merely average, it must be admitted that the variety stage has done much to bring the banjo under public notice, and that the instrument owes to it pretty well two-thirds of its present popularity.

A concert audience and a music-hall audience are two entirely different things, as most of our leading players will be ready to testify. What appeals to the one may not appeal to the other, and *vice versa*; but it does not follow that because the theatre-going public demands a "popular" turn, that it will encourage, or even tolerate, one lacking in artistic merit. Of the two audiences, I should in the matter of discrimination award the palm rather to that of the music-hall. A concert audience will in general, if only out of sheer kindliness, applaud in degree even a mediocre performance; tolerate it certainly. But to succeed at all the variety turn must be no half-and-half affair. It must be smart, clever, original, and of excellent technic; failing this, it will be condemned at the first hearing. The music-hall audience has no use for mediocrity in the instrumental line, and what is more to the purpose, won't listen to it. The present spirit of keen and unflagging competition has entered here as elsewhere, and with very good effect.

The greater number of our "stars" in the banjo, mandolin and guitar sphere made their original debut, and continue to find their success, on the variety stage. Their work is artistic in the best sense of the term, and appeals directly to the artistic discrimination of their audiences; and in many cases one such performance has brought the capabilities of the instrument home with greater effect, and to a larger number of people, than would be reached by two or three concerts of average success.

Popularity does not always mean cheapness. Of course there is a good chance for "fake" playing on the stage, and plenty to take advantage of it; but not more than elsewhere, and to pass muster, it is bound at least to be a very smart fake. The fakir gets his chance in everywhere, but his success is always subservient to that of the legitimate artist.

The music-hall audience exhibits rather a tendency to rank execution above expression, and performers cater to this taste to a fair extent. This is the only drawback to stage playing, and I am not prepared to contend that it constitutes so serious a drawback as many critics affirm. The lack of expression does not lie in the artist himself; he is merely placed in the position of giving the audience what they prefer, and this frequently under difficulties. It is no slight strain to play audibly to a large house against full orchestral accompaniment, as is frequently required; and no great wonder if what the amateur judge is fond of terming "delicacy of tone" is not always studied. It simply wouldn't be heard if it were. An average theatrical orchestra would drown any attempted "delicacy" in an instrumental solo straight off; the performer wouldn't stand a chance.

I have heard Mays and Hunter, Siegel, and most of our leading soloists on the variety stage, including "Tommy" Glynn in the old days at the Auditorium, Philadelphia, and have never noticed any of this striking "lack of expression" which is so often talked about. Their performances have always impressed me as artistic, enjoyable, and above all thoroughly musical.

The more the banjo, mandolin, and guitar are exploited by competent artists in our theatres the better. There need be no fear now that the banjo will ever degenerate into a mere "stage property." Its musical position has been long since too firmly assured. The music-hall audience of to-day knows the difference between a banjo solo well played and a mere "fake" performance, and gives its judgment accordingly.

(*To be continued*).

MR. W. E. TEMLETT begs to inform the readers of this journal that in response to numerous enquiries he has added a studio to his offices, No. 29, Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, S.E., where the best known teachers of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar will attend daily. Terms from £1 1s. to £3 3s. per term.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

THE Christmas holidays are close upon us now, and it is to be hoped that in the ensuing whirl of festivity banjo and mandolin will not get laid aside and forgotten. Holidays are never conducive to practice, and even the best of intentions fall very far short. But the banjo is as welcome a companion by the fireside as it is up river, and will while away pleasantly many a winter's evening. For such of us as admit to singing "a little" there are some pretty new coon songs out this season, and Francis, Day and Hunter's list will repay investigation. I have had one or two enquiries lately about "The Lily of Laguna," but have been unable so far to find out whether a banjo accompaniment to this song is anywhere obtainable. Perhaps one of our readers could help me? The piano part as published is distinctly banjoey, as indeed are most of Leslie Stewart's compositions.

* * *

"Tyro" writes to offer a suggestion for ladies' orchestras, *viz.*, that toilettes should as far as possible be uniform. There are one or two reasons why the idea would not be likely to meet with general favour, though I have seen it carried out before now, and with excellent effect. The trouble is that what suits one does not suit another; black or white are perhaps best in this respect, but the effect of either *en masse* is decidedly trying. Personally—and many will agree—I don't at all dislike the effect of variegated frocks in a large orchestra, apart from the consideration of convenience; but I do agree with "Tyro" that some sort of attention might with advantage be paid to the grouping of colour. If orchestral members would take the trouble to come to some slight arrangement beforehand, particularly the first row, their audience would be saved the occasional ghastly juxtapositions sometimes inflicted. I have recollections of once spending two hours and a half confronted by a vision—or rather two—of cerise and salmon pink, with a touch of orange in the immediate background, and it absolutely distracted all attention from the programme in hand.

* * *

Amateurs have not quite adopted this corner yet. We would like to hear more from them. There is open welcome awaiting one and all who may have anything of interest to send us—whether in the shape of news, suggestions, correspondence, enquiry or anecdote. So now, ye of the amateur persuasion, don't forget you represent an important factor in the instrumental world, and let us hear something of you in future. The oftener the better.

* * *

The Misses Halfpenny have an entirely new programme for the Banjo Recital, which takes place on December 11th at Earlham Hall, Forest Gate. Miss Ida Halfpenny is playing classical zither-banjo solos, the same as her brother, the late S. A. Halfpenny, whose playing is to-day a vivid memory to all who once heard him.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is also among the soloists. Miss Annie King will play S. A. Halfpenny's "Intermezzo in C." Miss Laura Harris, zither-banjo soloist, is a pupil of Miss Ida Halfpenny. There will be two very fine quartets, one of ladies and the other of gentlemen. The Amateur Orchestra is conducted by Miss Dora Halfpenny, and the Ladies' Mandolin Band under the direction of her sister (also appearing as mandolin soloist), will give a selection from "The Bohemian Girl." Well-known singers contributing to the programme are Madam Ethel Bevans (of Queen's Hall and St. James's Ballad Concerts), Mr. Alexander Tucker and Mr. Roland Henry.

* * *

Miss Keevil's recital at Steinway Hall I was unable personally to attend, but hear on every side it was a complete success, and that she is to be very highly congratulated. "Banjo weather" has become a proverb, but evidently the mandolin enjoys exemption, for it was a perfect night, in pleasant contrast to the snow-storm which did its best, I am happy to say ineffectually, to dampen Miss Keevil's recital last year at the Kensington Town Hall. Mdlle. Bertha Saverny and also Miss Dewhurst, than whom I know of no more charming vocalist, gave several songs, and Miss Crinos joined Miss Keevil in a mandolin and guitar duo. Particulars will be found in another column.

* * *

The Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band under the tuition of Mr. Plumridge, of Brighton, made a good showing at a recent concert in the Pavilion, and their playing met with very great appreciation. The band consists of some thirty-six members, all of them earnest devotees of mandolin and guitar.

—M. W.

By this time Christmas festivities are looming cheerfully in the immediate foreground, and yet it does not seem so long since summer either. Christmas has an astonishing way of coming round. I think most of our sentiment concerning it nowadays is traditional rather than actual; we talk a great deal about reviving the good old-fashioned Christmas of the past—the Christmas of Charles Dickens's delight—but should we think it so very nice if we really had it? I perfectly remember when a child yearning unspeakably for a certain twopenny erection displayed in a confectioner's window, all pink sugar and frosting. The opportunity for realisation came at last through the agency of an aunt who took me out to tea. I chose my cake joyously—and it tasted exactly like sawdust. But I draw no comparison, being mindful of the wrath of our Editor, who is an upholder of time-honoured institutions, and who moreover mentioned the other day that he considered me lacking in artistic perceptions. I don't want ten days' notice to quit, or where would my own Christmas come in?

* * *

But if the season should provide us with nothing else, it at least brings in its train the yearly pantomime—the good old Drury Lane special—and the pantomime argues Dan Leno and Campbell of the amazing voice and cherubic visage, and all the old catalogue of delightful foolery. Herein I may be inconsistent, but there are many things we could dispense with sooner than the pantomimes. Of course it is an obsolete idea to presume that the pantomime is any longer produced with the idea of appealing to the juveniles. Our young folk of to-day have long grown far too serious and middle-aged to find any entertainment in the kind of frippery still dear to the hearts of us elders. The modern child conquers personal inclination and submits to three hours' boredom because father and mother really do enjoy it so much. The present day, in depriving us of the old excuse of going to the pantomime because the children like it, requires from us a certain moral courage in going solely because we like it ourselves, and no longer fear to admit so.

* * *

Perhaps the story of the struggling actor who after years of "walking parts" was finally given an active role, may be new to one or two readers. If not, remember the spirit of the season, and don't throw things at me.

He was an earnest study, was this actor, and though his part only consisted of one line, he set about making its mastery perfect. Day after day he rehearsed with every variety of attitude and inflection his fascinating speech:

"I am the Gnome King!"

He studied it with every possible effect, and even murmured it over feverishly in the midnight hours. At last, so runs the tale, the fateful night arrived. The aspiring comedian, arrayed in all his kingly glory, was raised slowly on a trap to the platform level of the stage. The crucial moment in the Thespian's life had come. As the trap reached stage level the chief of all the demons strode fiercely forward and interrogated the monarch of the gnomes. "Who art thou?" roared the Demon. Falling upon his knees and trembling in every fibre of his frame, the brownie potentate replied in weak, trembling accents: "I—I—am—a—blooming—fool!"

* * *

Christmas numbers are another institution yet remaining to us. But "can you tell me," as Tweedlepunch says, why they should be called Christmas numbers at all, considering that they make their appearance some time during the hazy days of November, and by the time Christmas arrives we, in the natural progress of things, have had time to forget practically all about them? But there's everything in a name, nowadays. Look at Tatcho if you are inclined to doubt.

* * *

And speaking of Tatcho, reminds one—were reminder necessary—of these delightful Utopian schemes on foot recently for the distribution of ten pound notes and things. Personally, I have never profited by any of them, but then I was told long ago that red-haired people are unlucky in business. There's always hope, however. But there is scope for improvement yet in the distribution dodge. I'm thinking out a few, which shall result, if adopted by authority in everyone getting something, like the jumble bag, and no disappointments such as now harrow the public mind. In the meantime, here's wishing you all a merry Christmas and no drawbacks, from "THE CORNER MAN."

Mr. F. Moreton Carpenter, the popular Newport teacher and promoter of the Newport Banjo Band, has removed from 2, Capel Street to more commodious premises at 181, Commercial Road, where we wish him all prosperity.

* * *

Messrs. Harrison and O'Flynn, the famous Yorkshire banjo duettists, write us that they are having a busy season and are well booked up for the new year. Particulars of their forthcoming concert in the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, will be found on another page. The *Leeds Herald* says of them:—"Messrs. Harrison and O'Flynn, the eminent banjoists, who appeared at the Empire Theatre last week, met with great success, their turn being one of the best appreciated on the programme."

* * *

"Ye Merrie Villagers" are meeting with great success in their many engagements. This smart quartette, of which Miss Nellie Hyde, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Thomas Mears, and Mr. Walter F. Mann form the personnel, may be engaged for the entire or partial programme at bazaars, dinners, etc., and we can recommend them as a very attractive turn. Their business manager is Mr. George MacDonald, 133, Lothair Road, Harringay, to whom all communications should be addressed.

* * *

The Bruce Amateur Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Orchestra have issued a neat little card of rules, supplied to each member. The orchestra holds a weekly rehearsal, open once a month to friends of the members, under the able conductorship of Messrs. Gibbs and Beal. The membership fee is five shillings per term, with an entrance fee of 1s. The secretary of the orchestra is Mr. D. F. Ball, 249, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, to whom we refer all intending members.

* * *

The *Referee* representatives have been having a gay time with those two guinea cheques. For perhaps the first time on record, thirteen has been accorded prominence as a lucky number. Following is the report of Mr. J. Maycock, member of the Thames Rowing Club, who undertook the distribution in Kensington and Fulham.

"If it is more blessed to give than to receive, how much more purely unalloyed is the pleasure when the gift is not at one's own expense! This was the substance of my thoughts as I started from the Grand Theatre, Fulham, at 1 p.m., on Sunday. As I registered No. 1, in Fulham High Street, I felt like an automatic Fate. Before reaching Munster Park Chapel four more, all gentlemen, had been added to the record. Then a pretty young lady, carrying her *Referee* with great propriety, attracted my attention. Just as I had scored her, she was joined from the opposite side of the road by an equally charming friend, and the two appoached me as though they thought I might possibly carry the magic Envelope, but they had to be passed, firmly, though regretfully.

"Then as I neared the Granville, five tall-hatted gentlemen were notched by me in rapid succession. Just opposite that music-hall I saw approaching the lucky man. 'I see you have to-day's *Referee*. I have an envelope for you.' He was a sturdy tweed-clad man, cloth-capped, clean-shaved and ruddy, who looked as if he would know something about a horse. 'Thank you,' said he, smiling cheerfully. As I passed on I saw that he and his friend had been joined by another friend, and that they were discussing his good luck. I did the course in about twenty-five minutes. There were rain, sunshine and hail during that time. I got rid of the two guineas in the time I have mentioned. I have occasionally got rid of money faster, but the time is above my average." Winner, Mr. J. Morley, 47, Rosaville Road, Fulham, S.W.

* * *

Can the lucky recipient be by chance our old friend "Joe" of the Pierrots? If so, the Pierrot star must be in the ascendant!

* * *

Mr. A. H. Nassau-Kennedy is president of the Aston Banjo Club, which meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in No. 2 Room, Stepney Hall. Manager and conductor, Mr. Harry Marsh; secretary, Mr. Herbert Gooding, 4, Sutton Street, Commercial Road. The Club have vacancies for a few more banjoists, sight readers for preference. We might mention that special attention and encouragement is given to solo playing.

* * *

We received a call the other day from Mr. Will Van Allen, the American banjoist and

comedian, now visiting England. Mr. Allan is a versatile artist, and a clever performer on many of the smaller instruments, including the mandolin, Japanese fiddle, guitar, xylophone and others.

* * *

Messrs. Edgar and Eugene have lately been filling engagements at the Palace, Plymouth, and also at Liverpool, where their turn met with an enthusiastic reception.

* * *

Our representative had the pleasure of being present at the first smoking concert of the season given by the Greyhound Musical Society of Norwood, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening it was. The programme consisted of banjo and violin items, and songs, humorous and otherwise. The room was very tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers, showing that "mine host," Mr. T. Grinham, who is also treasurer, spared no trouble to make the occasion a thorough success from every point of view. The chair was occupied by the president and vice-president. Mr. R. Hodge, hon. secretary, deserves to be very highly complimented upon the whole-hearted energy and interest he has displayed throughout on behalf of the Society, who one and all owe him a vote of thanks.

* * *

We hear the "White Coons" had a most royal time at Burton-on-Trent on the 21st. The audience were delighted with them, and a correspondent writes that it was one of the smartest shows of their present record.

* * *

The "White Coons" paid a flying visit through Bass's Brewery at Lord Burton's invitation the morning following the concert, and a very enjoyable visit it was. Messrs. Bass not only brew all sorts of beer, but they make their own barrels, and in fact nearly everything that is used is made on the premises. There are seventeen miles of railways on the works alone!!

A BANJOIST'S HOLIDAY.

If banjoists only knew the pleasure they would get by taking their banjos with them on their annual holidays,—there would not be so many instruments left at home. I have taken mine with me for the last three years and can testify to the value of such a course and to the manner in which they are appreciated. For the benefit of your readers I should like to mention a few occasions on which my old friend, the banjo, was the means of contributing to my enjoyment. I am not, by any means a good player, but I am enthusiastic, and therefore did not hesitate to take my banjo with me, even when I had a very meagre knowledge of the instrument. I could manage to amuse myself and my companions even then—but it is in regard to my last holiday that I wish to speak more fully.

My holidays this summer were spent at Port Erin, a delightful spot in Manxland, at the south of the Island. I had not been there long before I made the acquaintance of another banjoist and we soon arranged to have a row in the bay and take our instruments for our own amusement and also in order to keep in practice. Having rowed out towards Bradda Head—where we thought we should be alone—we commenced to play. In a few minutes a boat crept up towards us followed by two or three more, until half-a-dozen encircled us. Our audience seemed to enjoy the music and greeted us with applause. One very musical gentleman, who talked a great deal about "Hallé Concerts," was particularly interested in our performance and seemed surprised that such music could be obtained from a zither-banjo. I was asked to take it with me on several other boating excursions after this. When out fishing, even the fish themselves could not resist the charms of the banjo (or was it the bait?) consequently their lives were considerably shortened.

As shewing the carrying power of the banjo on the water, I may say that some of my friends who were about two hundred yards away told me that they heard us distinctly. At our hotel concerts the banjo was in great request—"White Coons," "Banjoista," "Bonbon," and "Andante and Waltz," being well received.

I met about eight banjoists at Port Erin (from London, Manchester and Liverpool) and hope next time to meet eighteen.

Altogether I spent a very enjoyable holiday, due in a great measure to my banjo, which was also the means of my making many friends.

Holidays are now a thing of the past, and I am settling down to further improve myself, under the able tuition of Mr. Harry Collins. To keep up the interest in the instrument and for mutual improvement, we have formed a small club here, called the "Black Coon Banjo Team," having weekly rehearsals. We are working up "Apollo March," "Darkies Wedding," and "White Coons" amongst others. Our friend and tutor, Mr.

Harry Collins, has kindly promised to drop in occasionally and give us his advice and assistance, and I feel sure our new venture will turn out a success.

In conclusion, let me say to brother banjoists, when holiday-making, "Always take your banjo." —ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR.

ABOUT TWO.

BY MARGERY WILLIAMS.

IV.

THE solitary gaslight which was placed halfway down the small street only served to accentuate the surrounding darkness. In effect it was regarded by the inhabitants rather as a landmark than a source of illumination. In a row of houses exactly similar it was an assistance to remember that one's dwelling was next but one to the lamp-post, or that if one stood facing the lamp-post on the opposite side of the way and carefully counted a certain number of cast iron gates and flower-boxes in a given direction, it was possible to avoid the ignominy of being detected in the attempt to open someone else's front door with your own latch-key.

The stucco-fronted houses, each divided from the pavement by an infinitesimal iron paling, had the appearance of trying to draw back their skirts from contact with the street. On the semi-circle of stained glass above each doorway one might read, when the hall gas was lighted, such names as Victoria Mansion, Fairleigh, and Blenheim House. It was noticeable that the grandeur of these inscriptions was in direct proportion to the dirtiness of the lace window curtains displayed. In the day-time there was an overflow of small children who played hop-scotch along the side-walk.

Down this street at exactly a quarter to eight a man came. His progress was that of the person who combines with a strong desire to reach his destination an equally strong apprehension lest he arrive too soon. It was obvious that he was endeavouring to walk slowly, yet he had already overtaken and passed two pedestrians going in the same direction. He carried a pair of reindeer gloves in his left hand, and there was about him that appearance of incongruity which every free-born American under thirty assumes when he puts on a silk hat.

He eventually turned in at the gateway of No. 8, and took hold of the little brass knocker as though it were some electrical contrivance which was in danger of going off and alarming the neighbourhood. Observing that there was mud on his shoes he retreated dutifully across the square of tesselated pavement and cleaned them upon the scraper, his thoughtfulness resulting in a double row of footmarks upon the stones. When the landlady opened the door he smiled boldly into her face and enquired for Miss Carson.

Beatrice was seated under the gas jet in her room, reading "Lorna Doone," when the maid-servant tapped at the door. Nevertheless she allowed eight minutes to elapse before sauntering down to the small square parlour where Carroll was waiting. As she passed the dressing-table she caught up a bunch of pansies from a little green vase and tucked them into her belt.

"So you didn't have to sit on the steps after all," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Is it raining out?"

"For a wonder, no." Carroll laughed. He added, "It probably will before long. What one expects, you know. Well, what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

Beatrice sat down in the armchair near the fire and rested two slippered toes on the fender.

"Bring your chair over here and get warm," she said. "You say you are always cold, you know. Oh, I've been doing a variety of things. Nothing worth listening to. Patsy has been an angel. He's upstairs asleep on my jacket at present. If you take the poker and just break that little black knob on top there, we shall get some light. That's nice. Now admit you never get anything in 'Amurrca' quite so nice as an open fire?"

"Oh, I don't know," Carroll answered. "Maybe we don't. Most of the big buildings there are heated by steam. It isn't picturesque, exactly, but it's jolly warm. I remember they had it fitted up at an office in Philadelphia where I was working one time, and whenever it was a cold morning and the boss wasn't around, we boys used to sit on top of the radiators. You can't sit on an open fire very well. And we used to make bets as to what kind of a noise the pipes were going to make next. Every time you turn it on or off you think the whole business is going to blow up sure. There's an interest about the thing."

Beatrice leaned back in the chair and rubbed her cheek softly against the crocheted cotton antimacassar.

"Do you know," she began presently. "I used to think this room was perfectly horrid when I first came here. These knitted things, and those two pink vases with dangles on—they used to send chills down my back every time I came in. And now I've really grown fond of the place somehow. I think it must be partly Mrs. Green. Vases with dangles and dyed sheepskin mats are such a part of her religion one gradually comes to accept them. Don't you think so? And she's so awfully kind to me, Carroll, you can't think. She lets me sit in the kitchen whenever I'm lonely, and insists upon lending me the *Family Novelist* every week. I suppose it's because she's so fond of Sid. He's been lodging here a year and a half now. The time he was so ill, she sat up with him the whole night once when I was tired out. It's queer how people generally turn out nice after you've known them a while."

Carroll was balancing the poker thoughtfully across the palm of his hand. He looked up at her face and smiled.

To be continued.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this column we will answer any questions which our readers may send us providing they are of sufficient general interest. Name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The initials and town of the correspondent will be placed against the answer unless a non de plume is sent with the communication. All communications must be addressed to the Editor.

R. A. (Manchester). Sorry for delay in reply, which was occasioned by our mandolin expert forwarding your enquiry to Naples. The name of the maker seems however entirely unknown among the manufacturers there, so we can give you no information as to value, especially without seeing the instrument. Regarding your second query: Damp, heat or a blow would cause the ribs to spring. There is only one safe way to repair same, and that is expensive. The belly has to be taken off and the ribs freshly glued and pressed on to a block, which block must be the exact size. Only a competent repairer could successfully undertake this.

EARLHAM HALL, FOREST GATE.

(Close to Forest Gate Station).

THE MISSES HALFPENNY

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THE BANJO

Mandolin and Guitar News.

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THE BANJO
Mandolin and Guitar News.
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Edited by MERTON H. GRANT.

All business communications respecting advertisements to be addressed to the Manager.

Contributions, literary or musical, to be addressed to the Editor, accompanied by stamps for return postage if unavailable. All news items and notes of general interest connected with banjo, mandolin and guitar will be welcomed. Concert notices for insertion in next issue must reach us by the 24th of each month.

Correspondence is only invited on matters of current interest, and must be written on one side of the paper only. The editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed.

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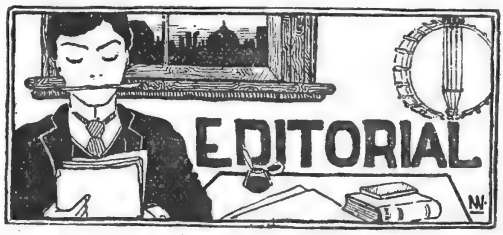


THE New Century has commenced auspiciously for the banjo, mandolin and guitar; many events pointed to the fact that we are already almost on the threshold of the "good time" so often talked of, and we may trust confidently in its continuancy. The end of the old century has seen many changes, all tending to the stronger establishment of security for the banjo in public recognition, and of good feeling and friendship between its makers and players the world over. The spirit of good fellowship and tolerance never hurt profession or trade yet! it is only small jealousies and the persistent intrusion of personal prejudices that retard and injure. Those who have yet to realise this fully are getting the lesson brought home to them by degrees, and in ways they are likely to feel the most. The banjo, mandolin and guitar world is not big enough to admit of outsiders; we are all of one crowd, and we want to keep together. Desire does much to bring about result. Let us hope that the newly arrived century will see even better work, better spirit, journalistic and professional, better purpose and accomplishment than the old. And to each and everyone who has the interests of banjo, mandolin and guitar at heart, a happy and prosperous New Year.

* * *

Owing to the necessity of getting all copy into the printer's hands early this month, and perhaps a little balancing delay on the other side, several of our American contemporaries are not yet to hand at the time of writing. But I have it on good authority that the Christmas issues are one and all worth seeing, and *Stewart's* in particular something "big," as the phrase runs. We announced last month Mr. F. L. Keate's connection

with this journal, and see that he is now joint editor with Mr. Charles Morris. This should boom the paper, were booming required. Decidedly things in general are taking a turn for the good, and here in England this season's trade prospects have considerably brightened, despite the recently revived uneasiness about South African troubles, very far from being at an end yet, and the never lacking forebodings of a few pessimists whose one happiness lies, apparently, in impressing their fellow-beings so far as possible with a conviction of insecurity, fortunately without notable avail.

* * *

Our American letter begins with this issue, and readers one and all will welcome it very gladly. Mr. F. L. Keates is too well known to need any word of introduction; we all know the good work he has done and is doing still. But I may add, at my own risk, that Mr. Keates is an optimist of the right sort, which may be taken as meaning, in our own particular world, one whose sound and cheerful views go far to anticipate the golden future in which he believes. Other new attractions for our journal are "on the road," so to speak, and will take practical form by our next issue. Beginners will welcome a column devoted to their individual interests. Mr. Will C. Pepper, Mr. Clifford Essex, Mr. Stanford Rogers, and others whose names are familiar to BANJO readers, will contribute to the new column, for which we hope every success.

* * *

"Cheltonia," our supplement this month, is from the pen of Mr. A. W. Newton, of Cheltenham, one of our leading provincial teachers and performers, who has acquired double fame also by several bright and popular compositions played by banjoists throughout the kingdom. "Cheltonia" ranks amongst Mr. Newton's most successful achievements in this line.

* * *

Rumour has it that a gentleman not altogether unknown in the banjo world, who until recently had on his own admission the responsibility and entire charge of a journal since notable for its wholly peaceful demeanour, contemplates shortly starting a musical journal on his own account. Without being invidious at this season, we may confess that we are looking forward to a little future excitement.

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BANJOISTS

By MERTON H. GRANT.

IV.

ONE thing which in my opinion has been long needed, and which we banjoists will look to the new Guild to provide, is a final and definite authority upon all technical questions arising. This we at present have not. There are of course certain technical laws everywhere admitted, but as matters now stand, practically every teacher and performer construes these according to individual convenience. Certain things are correct or incorrect, let us say, on the authority of a certain published tutor. But we can go further back, and say, who constituted the compiler of this tutor as an authority at all? Why should his opinion be taken as above that of any other man who has devoted the same number of years to study, and who yet may differ from him materially upon several points? The fact remains that the advanced student finds himself in a state of bewilderment, and his natural question is, "Which one is right, and what makes him right?" Neither does it help affairs for a third person to step in and say: "On the contrary, *this* is right, because I found it in a book written seven years ago."

It would be a too sweeping assertion to say that early authorities are all of them wrong. The "old time banjoist," far too superciliously decried by the young player of to-day, was nevertheless in nearly every instance a thoroughly good performer, and could with advantage give the said young player of to-day several valuable points about the handling of his instrument. But every year has seen fresh development of technical methods, and it is useless to decide any question by the authority of seven years ago, two, or even yesterday. So long as the banjo remains in the state of—transition, let us say, for want of a better word—it is in at present, the technical rules which govern its study must necessarily remain open to further alterations. But what—if I do not assume too much in advance—such an association as the Guild will provide, is an authority composed, not of one man alone, but of several; the combined result of the study and research of our leading exponents of the instrument to-day.

The student does a great deal, and commendably, too, in the way of working things out for himself, but he wants keeping on the right track, all the same. The student of to-day is always the artist of

to-morrow, and especially is this true of the banjo, whose students seem to take to the professional ranks as a duck to water. It must not be forgotten that the latest newcomer who has the advantage of the work of all those who have gone before, in addition to his own, and in the case of banjo technique, the newest very often represents the best. Practically every technical work of any importance, concerning the banjo, issued within recent years, has been a distinct advance upon its predecessors. There is always room for new works of this nature, just as there is always room for good new music. We are getting both by degrees.

(*To be continued.*)

PLACE AUX DAMES.

THERE is a delightful sense of literary permanency, as the critics call it, in sitting down this Christmas-tide to write words which will be read in the next century, that ought to counteract the disjointed sensation of trying to do any work at all in the holiday season—always a disorganising time. It is to be hoped that banjo, mandolin and guitar have held their own against all possible rivalry in their owner's attentions, but even if they have suffered temporary eclipse these ten days past, from other more immediate interests, the first week of the New Year will see them reinstalled once more in their old place, with promise of amendment in the way of practice. And though a week's neglect is very quick to show in subsequent playing, it is wonderful how much even half an hour's steady work will do towards setting matters right again.

* * *

And speaking of practice, a complaint is to hand from a well-known banjo teacher. He says that among his pupils, with a few exceptions, the girls practice not nearly so well as their brothers, and adds to the charge, "You might say this, but don't say I said so!" which I have done, though expecting to be widely condemned therefor by indignant lady amateurs throughout the land. However, the remark may stand as possessing a fair amount of justice. Just how much I leave it for possible culprits to determine.

* * *

It was a pleasure indeed to see such an enthusiastic audience as filled Earlham Hall on the 11th of last month, and one can have only sincere congratulations to the Misses Halfpenny upon the success of their Recital. A thoroughly enjoyable evening it was, and the programme a success right through. There was a clever young banjo soloist in the person of Miss Laura Harris, who was encored for Gregory's "L'Infanta March"; and the selections by the ladies' banjo quartet were really fine. Enough cannot be said in praise of Miss Ida Halfpenny's zither-banjo solos, the work of a thorough artist. I hear that this gifted young lady is playing a programme of classical solos at Woodford on Jan. 17th, and wish her all success.

* * *

Miss Elsie Tooker, the talented guitarist of whom mention is made on another page, is joint editress with Miss Edna May Sayers, of the "Ladies Column," which made its appearance almost simultaneously with our own, and quite "unbeknownst like," in *Stewart's Journal*. Was this an instance of mental telepathy in two editors, many miles removed, awaking at the same hour, one may say, to the realisation that it was time we girls took more than a thinking part in the progress of banjo, mandolin and guitar?

* * *

The little Misses Skinner made a big success at St. James's Hall, as they have done on former occasions, and always deservedly. Their playing is delightful, and listening to the tone evolved by their active fingers, one falls to wondering what their performance will be like in years to come, when they have outgrown the happy age of short skirts and sashes. I would, personally, walk five miles to avoid the typical "infant prodigy," but these little ladies are beyond such imputation as the term usually conveys. Their work is well-directed and artistic, and nothing short of sheer hard enjoyable study could have brought about such results. Judging by present appearances, these charmingly self-possessed young people have a bright future before them, and one to be envied.

M. W.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

No. I.—DECEMBER, 1900.

WE in this country, in the music profession, are just getting over the dulling effects of the great Presidential Election. The teachers are now becoming very busy, for the election of McKinley has given a good feeling of security and the money begins to flow freely again, and attention can be bestowed on the arts and refinements undetracted by and bug-bear feeling of financial insecurity. Particularly in Philadelphia, the banjo,

mandolin and guitar business will make a big "turn-over" this season.

* * *

A matter of much interest to banjo lovers is the fact (already known to English readers) that A. A. Farland has opened a banjo factory. His new wood-rim banjo is arousing curiosity to a high pitch, and everybody wants to see the instrument. I am anxious to see it myself, and certainly will not miss the chance when friend Farland appears here December 19th, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Teacher's League. Of course, there are some who aver that the wood-rim banjo will not produce the popular "banjo tone," but for my part, I believe that resonance should be the first aim, and banjo tone a secondary consideration.

* * *

"Where is Hyde Gowan?" is a question frequently asked over here. It will perhaps be remembered that he commenced a tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and was advertised freely as, "The Wizard of the Banjo." At Butte, Montana, he suddenly "cut connection"—dematerialised, and has not been seen nor heard of since. He was a very clever banjoist of the tremolo, emotional style. Let us hope that he has not been sandbagged for the door-receipts.

* * *

Some big concerts are now in course of preparation here. *Stewart's Journal* will probably "engineer" a banjo, mandolin and guitar festival for the great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The festival at the Philadelphia Export Exposition was the "hit" of the Exposition, vast audiences attending every concert.

* * *

There is no shadow of a doubt that our three instruments are making vast strides in popularity. The number of devotees is becoming *immense*. There are also ten representative journals being issued. True, about five of them are not of much account, but they persist in "hanging on," despite the frequent cry of "whip behind!"

* * *

I recently had the pleasure of hearing a marvellous lady guitarist perform on her instrument. The lady was Miss Elsie Tooker, of San Francisco, California. I cannot praise her playing too highly. It was exquisite, brilliant, smooth, with a tone of fine body and colour, and a perfection of expression. We shall hear more of this lady's genius before long if she does not hide her talent under a bushel as so many gifted ladies do.

F. L. KEATES.

BRIGHTON.

MR. W. H. PLUMBRIDGE and his pupils met with flattering success in the concert which they gave at the Royal Pavilion on Saturday afternoon. The Music Room was filled from end to end, and so hearty was the appreciation of the audience that the majority of the items on the lengthy programme were encored. This was no mere complimentary enthusiasm, but was in every case the recognition of real merit, for Mr. Plumbridge's pupils are apparently as capable of receiving instruction as he is of imparting it. The Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Band—grown in dimensions since last year until the force now numbers over thirty—played brilliantly, with a fineness of expression which showed how well trained was every individual performer. We may be equally laudatory concerning the banjo orchestra, and as it was upon these two and upon certain members of the orchestras that the bulk of the work fell, it needs no further indication of how enjoyable the audience found the entertainment. The few late-comers were particularly unfortunate, for they missed, in Mezzacapo's "Invocation," the very finest effort of the mandolin and guitar players. Conducted by Mr. Plumbridge, they rendered the work with an impressiveness and charm which seemed to open up a new field for these instruments. The scoring was quite elaborate, and the orchestra managed it perfectly. The ladies followed it with Francia's "Tutti Allegri;" and later in the afternoon they played the same composer's "Suavi Rimembranze," and Mr. Plumbridge's "Reine d'Espagne," the latter a delightful composition. Each of these was handled with complete confidence, and performed with ample expression and never a fault. The banjo players rattled away through Cammeyer's "Honey's Holiday," and showed how even they could be contemplative in Eno's "Reign of Love." Further successes were achieved in Kennedy's "Galop" and Wood's "Colombo March." The triumph of the banjo, however, was when the Misses E. Brown, M. Holt and M. Johnson dashed through a couple of marches—one given as an encore. Mr. W. H. Plumbridge himself appeared in the role of soloist, giving a remarkably fine rendering of Wolff's "Romance" on the mandolin. He is too much a master of the instrument to lose any of the beauty of the composition, and the audience demanded more. He responded with Elgar's "Salut d'Amour." He also joined Miss L. M. Northen in Pietrapertosa's duet "Rhapsodie." To complete the mandolin items the Misses M. Brill, M. Steele, M. Ingledew, A. Rogers and E. V. Wright performed a new quintet, "Reverie," composed by Mr. Ernest Hedgecock, who has always acted as accompanist at these annual concerts. It is an able and expressive bit of writing, lending itself admirably to the qualities of the mandolin. Another pupil of Mr. Plumbridge who contributed solos was Miss Violet Gaskell, who accomplished what might have been thought the impossible in turning the light guitar to solo use. Whether the gentle strains carried to the back of the room or not we should not care to say, but the stalls at any rate heard, and the playing was so much to their liking that they demanded more. Assisting Mr. Plumbridge were Miss Francine Dew-

hurst (late of the Royal Pierrot Banjo Team), Miss Mary Aukett and Mr. R. Rickard. The two former sang sweetly, and Mr. Rickard chose two Chopin morceaux for his piano solos. Mr. E. A. Hedgecock accompanied as artistically as ever. Messrs. Lyon and Hall carried out the seating arrangements—*Brighton Gazette.*

BROMPTON.

On December 7th Mr. Will C. Pepper gave several solos at St. Augustine's Mission, Miss Dewhurst playing his accompaniments. On responding for the third time to a vociferous encore, Mr. Pepper and Miss Dewhurst played "Shaeffers." This was the first time they had played together since Mr. Pepper left the Pierrots, and "Shaeffers" was given quite on the impulse of the moment.

CHESHAM.

October 3rd. Chesham Sons of Temperance Grand Evening Entertainment. Misses G. J. Child, B. M. Wallington and A. N. Other gave mandolin, violin and piano valse in their usual good style, and gained great applause. A banjo solo, "Colombo," by F. Norman, which went in rattling style; time wouldn't permit of an encore.

On October 25th, the Chesham Temperance Society's Annual Social Gathering took place, when Norman's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Band made their first appearance of the season, and also a good impression on the audience present with the following selections:—"Firenza," "Soldiers in the Park" (arranged by F. Norman), encore, and "Arcadia."

DERBY.

"The annual banjo and mandolin concert given under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Merton has become one of the most popular and enjoyable events of the local concert season. The fourth of the series took place at the Temperance Hall on Wednesday evening, and was largely attended. Obviously the cult of the banjo, so far from being on the decline in our midst, is a growing force, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to raise the standard of a form of entertainment which evidently enjoys such a wide-spread measure of popularity. Wednesday's concert marked a distinct advance on previous efforts, and the performances of the banjo and mandolin orchestra, which is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Merton's pupils, and numbers some forty-five performers, were of uniform excellence throughout Altogether they played six pieces, and their spirited rendering of the 'Columbia March' won them a well deserved encore. The beautiful 'Reverie' was also played extremely well, and the rendering of all their pieces was marked by an amount of dash and good taste that were most creditable to everyone concerned. The rest of the programme was sufficiently sustained by ladies and gentlemen who have already made acceptable appearances at these concerts. Mr. Clifford Essex and Miss Ethel Negretti, of the Royal Pierrot Banjo Team, contributed several songs and duets very effectively. Mr. W. J. Fletcher's mandoline solos were also greatly enjoyed. He is a most skilful executant, and his playing throughout was marked by excellent taste. He was deservedly encored for his admirable rendering of Beethoven's 'Romanza.' Mr. and Mrs. Merton were also encored for a spirited rendering of Mr. Olly Oakley's tuneful march, 'The Rugby Parade,' whilst Mr. Oakley himself as usual contributed largely to the enjoyment of his audience by means of his brilliant banjo playing; he was in his very best form, and each of his efforts was vociferously applauded. We may add that the accompaniments during the evening were admirably played by Miss Alma Regan, Mr. A. P. Drew and Mr. Atkinson."—From *The Derby Telegraph.*

EALING.

Mr. Bert Meredith gave a banjo concert at the Montague Rooms, Ealing, on Thursday, December 13th. The programme was as follows:—Part I. The Mozart Banjo Octet, "White Coons" (S. Payne), banjeaurines, Will C. Pepper, J. C. Bertolle, Bert Meredith; guitar, Alban Booth; first banjos, Bert F. Wilson, T. Goodman; second banjos, Willoughby Staines, G. Berrie; humorous song, "Big Black Hat" (Bagnall), Mr. Wilson James; zither-banjo solo, "Rena May" (Fiske), Mr. Alban Booth; song, "Goodbye" (Tosti), Miss Kate Temple; banjo trio, "Star of my soul" ("Geisha"), Mr. Will C. Pepper's Trio (Messrs. Will C. Pepper, Alban Booth and Bert Meredith); humorous sketch, "Mrs. Kennington Smythe" (Conyers), Mr. Chas. Conyers; banjo solo, "West Lawn Polka" (Glynn), Mr. Bert Meredith; baritone song, "The Devout Lover" (M. V. White), Mr. H. Asprey-Dick; the Mozart Banjo Octet, "Dreams of Darkieland" (Eno, arr. Pepper). Part II. The "White Coon" Banjo Team; banjo duet, "Valse de Concert" (Eno, arr. Pepper), Messrs. Pepper and Meredith; vocal duet, "Tell me, pretty maiden" (Stuart), Miss Kate Temple and Will C. Pepper; ventriloquial sketch, "Odds and Ends" (Conyers), Mr. Charles Conyers; banjo solo, "March" (Fiske), Mr. Will C. Pepper; song, "A Posy from over the Sea" ("San Toy") Miss Kate Temple; humorous song, "A Frantic Love Ballad" (MS.), Mr. Wilson James; coon song, "Away in Ohio" (Dare), Mr. Will C. Pepper; humorous duet, "I was just about to make the same remark" (MS.), Messrs. Chas. Conyers and Wilson James.

GRAYS.

On Friday, December 7th, Mr. C. Noad gave his first Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, every item being well rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience. The amateur band, conducted by Mr. Noad, played excellently and kept perfect time. The Apollo Banjo and Mandolin Quartet, Messrs. Noad, Adshead, Cope and Lambert, played "Apollo March" and "Kennedy's Galop" which were well rendered, and met with great applause. Other items were:—Overture, Miss Ella Dunn; polka, "Marietta" (G. Angelici), The Amateur Banjo and Mandolin Band; song, "Killarney," encore, "Dear Homeland," Miss E. Hennegan; song, "Her Majesty's Mail," Mr. W. Herrington; comic song, "I've only been there a week," Mr E. J. Tyler; a series of startling experiments in sleight of hand, Mr. W. A. Lockhart; recitation, selected, Miss Ella Dunn; comic song, "On Top of the Garden Wall," encore, "Dropping off," Mr. Will Farrell; March, "The Washington Grand March" (F. Bailey), The Amateur Banjo and Mandolin Band; comic songs, "Must you," encore; "All over me," Mr. Alf. Outred; song, "Selected," Miss Gertrude Issard; song, "Come back to Erin," Miss E. Hennegan; comic song, "The Washerwoman," encore "Getting Longer," Mr. E. J. Tyler; Ten Minutes of Shadowgraphy, a novel collection of Finger Silhouettes, Hr. W. A. Lockhart; recitation, Selected, Miss Ella Dunn.

GUILDFORD.

Great success attended the concert held at the Large Hall on November 28th, in aid of the full equipment of Guildford as a St. John's Ambulance Brigade centre. The hall was specially decorated for the occasion and presented a most attractive appearance. The *Surrey Advertiser* says:—"It would indeed have been difficult to have improved on the programme. This was, with one exception, contributed to by well-known London artistes, who, it is gratifying to note,

had practically given their services. That the audience fully appreciated the high standard of excellence of the concert was demonstrated by the warmth of the appreciation with which the various items were received, encores being frequent during the evening. . . . . Mr. Will C. Pepper, the talented banjoist, gave substantial proof of his ability by his very skilful execution of the solo "Valse de Concert," and later in the evening supplied a capital plantation song, which was vociferously encored, supplementing this with Dare's coon song, "Away in Ohio." The charming duet, "Tell me, pretty maiden," from "Florodora," was contributed by Miss Temple and Mr. Will C. Pepper, who, in reply to an encore, responded with "No one in the world like you," from "The Runaway Girl." Miss Temple was deservedly applauded for her sweet rendering of "Dreams" (Strelezki), which she gave in the second part of the programme." Other artistes assisting were Mr. Alexander Tucker, the well known bass vocalist, Miss May Hayden, and Mr. Archibald Campbell, of Guildford. Madame Jeannie Fraser Henry left nothing to be desired as accompanist.

HEREFORD.

At a concert held in the Wesleyan School Room in connection with a Fancy Bazaar on December 6th, Mr. Fred Shewring played the banjo accompaniment to "The Old Folks at Home," and was very successful in his banjo solo "The Belle of Columbia" March by Ruby Brooks.

HULL.

Mr. D. Milner's Banjo and Mandolin Band gave their Recital in St. George's Hall, Story Street, on December 3rd. There was a large audience present, and the evening met with every success. Mr. D. Milner, Junr., has already made his fame as a banjo soloist, and his selections were the most striking items on a programme excellent throughout. The Banjo Band did good work and met with an enthusiastic reception for their several contributions. Following is the programme rendered:—Part I. Banjo Band, Overture, "Talisman" (Hill); song, "The Young Brigade" (Jude), Mr. C. T. Oldroyd; banjo solo, "Reverie Pathetique" (John Pidoux), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; banjo trio, "Dora" (arr. Ellis), Messrs. C. F. Roberts, Wright and Butler; song, "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Crouch), Mr. A. Newton; mandolin solo, "Bravado Schottische" (Hudson), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; banjo duet, "Running the Gauntlett" (John Pidoux), Messrs. C. F. Roberts and A. Hobson; song, "Before and After," Mr. Bernard Carten; banjo solo, Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; Banjo Band, "Highland Dance," Kennedy. Part II.—Banjo Band, "Darkie's Return" (Ellis); song, "Good-bye" (Tosti), Mr. A. Newton; banjo solo, "Valse des Fleurs" (Cammeyer), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; banjo trio, "Lullaby" (arr. Stavordale), Messrs. C. F. Roberts, Wright and Butler; song, "Man the Lifeboat" (Russell), Mr. C. T. Oldroyd; mandolin solo, "Un Escule d'Italia" (Paroletti) (an Italian's dream of home; the dream; echoes of Florence, on the water; the monastery bell; mass, the awakening; despair), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; banjo duet, "Sand Dance" (J. H. Kershaw), Misses Kitty Roberts and Alice Milner; song, "Chapeaugraphy," Mr. Bernard Carten; banjo solo, "Gipsy Dance" (Parke Hunter), Mr. D. Milner, Junr.; Banjo Band, "Fun and Frolic," Kennedy.

IPSWICH.

A Café Chantant was held in the Lecture Hall on November 21st. In the afternoon the performers included Miss Catalina Leeder (mandolin), and Mr. Edward Rigby (banjo) of the "Lord and Lady Algy" Company. In the evening the hall was densely packed. The concert brought to light a fact of which most of the audience were unaware, namely, that there is in Ipswich a band of banjo, mandolin and guitar players. This, we believe, was their first appearance in public and Miss Catalina Leeder, their conductress, is to be congratulated on a really creditable performance, which might have been classed as excellent if more attention had been paid to her baton. Mr. B. E. Gough played two banjo solos which were well received.—*Ipswich Journal.*

KENSINGTON.

At a concert at Kensington Town Hall on December 12th, Madame Anna Lang (violin), and Mr. Will C. Pepper (banjo), were the instrumentalists. Mr. Pepper's selections were "Alabama Rose," "Reign of Love" and March, MS. (Fiske). Each item was splendidly received, and he had to take repeated calls.

LEEDS.

Mr. Chas. E. Brown writes:—"Just a line to inform you that I have had a very busy time of it since I resumed my teaching last September, both with pupils and engagements. During the last month I have appeared with great success at Cudworth, Barnsley, Dodworth, Barton-on-Humber, Leeds, etc., etc., and I am pleased to say I have already got a number of engagements booked for January and February, 1901, both in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Lincolnshire. I hope to give my banjo and mandoline concert latter end of January if possible, but will let you have all particulars when I get it definitely settled. Best wishes for the BANJO AND MANDOLIN NEWS during the year 1901."

LITTLEHAMPTON.

Mr. H. C. Moore's Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Festival was held with very great success at the Victoria Hall, on December 11th. Mr. Moore gave banjo solos, "Andante and Waltz" (Sullivan), and "Funeral March of a Coon," responding to an encore with the popular "White Coons." The *Worthing Gazette* says:— On Tuesday evening, assisted by well-known local vocalists, Mr. H. C. Moore's Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Band gave their first concert at the Victoria Hall. There was a good attendance, and the efforts of the band and individual performers were greatly appreciated. A distinct feature was the violin solos contributed by Miss M. Kühn. Encores were frequent. The following were the items of a good programme; Part I.—March, "Liberty Bell," Band; mandolin trio, "Larghetto," Mrs. G. Campbell, Mrs. Moore, and Mr. H. C. Moore; song, Miss Edith Brown (encored); march, "Kincora," banjo band (encored); violin solo, "Mazur," Miss M. Kühn (encored); septette, "An Oxford Boat Song," members of band; song, Miss Ockenden (encored); banjo duet, "Merry Coons," Miss Hammond and Mr. Moore (encored); serenade, "Beneath thy window," Band. Part II. — Waltz, "Hettie," Band; violin solo, "Bolero," Miss M. Kühn (encored); solo, Mr. Moore; guitar trio, "Sabrina," Miss Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Moore; mandolin quintette, "Juliet valse," Mrs. Campbell, Miss Haslett, Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Moore; quickstep, "La Guard," Banjo Club; song, Rev. J. H. Bebbington (encored); banjo solo, "Funeral March of a Coon, Mr. Moore (encored); mandolin septette, 'Levanto," Members of the Band.

At the Cycling Club dinner on December 12th, Mr H. C. Moore gave several well executed banjo solos in the course of the musical programme interspersing the speeches, and was encored for "Runaway Horse Galop" and "Hailstorm Jig," responding with "En Garde" and "White Coons" (by special request). Mr. G. Blackman, the fuuny man of the evening, whose facial expressions convulsed the company, was also a great contributor. Mr. G. T. Groom gave selections on the gramophone, and the vocalists

included Messrs. Buchanan, T. A. Hill, J. F. Flavin, J. Rowe, E. J. Huntley, and E. Flavin, the last-named being the accompanist.—*Littlehampton Gazette.*

PULBOROUGH.

A successful smoker in aid of the funds of the Pulborough Football Club was held on Thursday in the Corn Exchange. The *Argus* makes special mention, among other items in an excellent programme, of a banjo solo, "Andante and Waltz" (Sullivan), by Mr. H. C. Moore, of Littlehampton, who responded to the encore gained with "White Coons" polka-march.

STRAND.

Mr. Will C. Pepper was engaged by the London and South Western Railway to play for the concert on behalf of their Orphanage held at St. Martin's Hall on December 8th Mr. Pepper played "Brother Josh," "Reign of Love," "Realm of Beauty," and "Parke Hunter's Waltz."

YORKSHIRE.

Messrs. Goodman and Barker with their Merry Coons Concert Party of Manchester, gave a very attractive vocal and instrumental concert in aid of the Midhope Cricket Club near Pennistone, Yorkshire, on Saturday, November 10th. There was a crowded audience. Messrs. Goodman and Barker gave as duets "White Coons," "To the Front," "Darkies Dawn," and encores, "Bonnie Scotland," "On the Mill-dam," and "Columbian March." Mr. Herbert Tidswell gave some very fine solos on mandolin, Japanese fiddle and violin, he also having several recalls. Messrs. Holland, Richardson, Goodman and Lyons were very successful in their humorous songs, the latter supplying a very witty stump speech. Miss Ethel Okell contributed vocal items and Mr. E. Traynor displayed his skill as an Ethiopian eccentric, and bone soloist. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss E. Okell and Miss N. Deakin, the entire programme being received with great enthusiasm and was pronounced the best ever experienced in the district.

ABOUT TWO

By MARGERY WILLIAMS.

IV. (*continued*).

"ROUGHING it so much has kind of got me out of the way of judging people by appearances. There's so much about a chap that you never find out, that it seems a pity to base an opinion just on the little you do know. There's always such a lot that's nice in everybody if only you can get down to it. Now there was an old overseer I knew once up in the lumber camps, about six years ago. I worked in his gang for a whole summer, and I tell you he was a caution. He used to stand there on the pierhead with his shirt-sleeves rolled up and an old felt hat on his head, swearing at us by the hour together. It didn't make any difference whether we were right or wrong, and I've been knocked backwards off a raft into the river for merely saying I knew what I was about. He'd work you like a dog without so much as a rest at mid-day, if he had his way. Well, one day, a young lad got crushed in a log-jam, and I heard afterwards that that old chap had carried him three miles in his arms to the nearest settlement. I tell you, that seemed to rub the corners off my ideas a bit."

"You never told me you'd worked on a lumber-camp before," Beatrice said. Her glance travelled curiously over the slight figure to the boyish clean-cut face which was turned towards the firelight. The eyes were habitually good-humoured; the mouth had acquired that straightness which comes to those who have worked their own way through life. He flushed a little under her scrutiny.

"Didn't I? I thought I had. I only spent three months at it anyway. Beg pardon? Yes, that was why. Couldn't stand it—just about did me up. I've been pretty well everything at one time or another, I guess, except a success."

She leaned forward suddenly and laid her hand on his knee.

"You're not to say that," she said. "You must never say that. You're not even to think about it. Why, even a—"

Carroll studied the poker again. "Go on," he said, softly.

"I was going to say that even a crossing-sweeper has no business to say that, but then you're not a crossing-sweeper"

"No," he said, "that's quite right. "I'm not a crossing-sweeper. I wish I was sometimes."

He laid the poker gently back in the fender again, and stared seriously down at his shoes. It was as though he questioned their suitability for a man who was not even a crossing-sweeper. After a little while he said, "Well, you never know what's coming till it's past, do you? I was going to be lots of things when I grew up, but I do not seem to have got there yet"

"Perhaps you———"

"What?"

"Nothing. It was only something very rude. You needn't ask me to repeat it, because I shan't. Do you want to be very nice?"

"That depends," said Carroll, cautiously. "No, I don't think I do. I'm quite satisfied with my present condition. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go over to the piano there—it's awfully out of tune, but that doesn't matter—and sing me something. I don't feel much like talking to-night. You'll have plenty of time before Sid comes."

Carroll glanced towards the piano with suspicion. "If it's out of tune," he said promptly, "I couldn't possibly sing. Besides, it looks—it looks cold over there. Really it does." He recrossed his knees with an expression of having successfully terminated the question.

Beatrice addressed the china flower-girl on the mantel-piece. "Once upon a time," she began, "he used to do everything I asked, Now—"

There was a hasty movement. Carroll twirled the shabby music-stool round viciously. "*I* don't know anything to sing," he announced over one shoulder.

"You needn't," said Beatrice. "I don't want you to now. Sing that little—oh, sing anything you know, so long as you hurry up about it."

She curled back into the armchair with a little sigh of contentment. Carroll touched the keys softly. Their imitation ivory was turning yellow from disuse, and from injudicious dusting with a damp cloth.

"Any old thing, eh? Well. Um-m. You know this thing? You've heard it lots of times, I guess, but a chap I know put it to new music the other day. It's called "Crossing the Bar."

He ran through a little wandering prelude, and began the first verse very softly:

> "Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me;
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea."

It was a haunting minor air, which held the ocean and beyond in its cadence. Carroll's voice was not powerful, but it was singularly sweet, and he had the control which is the first requisite of a perfect singer.

When he had finished Beatrice raised her face from the antimacassar. "Don't stop," she said quickly. "Go on, please."

He sang "The Banks of Allan Water," and a little Persian serenade, and then drifted off into a medley of odds and ends; old darkie melodies and snatches of popular airs which had been rife in New York three years ago. One thing suggested another. It was past nine when he finally swung round on the music-stool and looked at the clock.

"That's like me!" he exclaimed. "I never know where I am once I get hold of a piano. Have I bored you awfully?"

"Fearfully!" Beatrice answered.

They laughed as at a supreme joke. After a pause Carroll said, "Well, I must say Sid seems to be showing up, doesn't he?"

Beatrice suddenly uncurled herself from the position in which she had been leaning, her face against the back of the chair, and sat upright. The impress of the crotchet-work was apparent in curious pink marks upon her right cheek.

"That reminds me, Carroll," she began eagerly, "that I want to ask you something before Sid comes. It's something I want you to do for me."

"Well?" he smiled.

"I want you," she went on, "to help me to get a place somewhere, in some office maybe, where I can earn my own living. I don't mean to work in the evenings, but just during the day. Don't you think you know of anything I could do like that? If it was only ten shillings a week I wouldn't mind at first."

Carroll's face expressed bewilderment. He stared at her as though she had proposed some scheme of wholesale anarchism.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed. "What earthly reason is there for your wanting to do a thing like that? Surely Sid doesn't——"

"Sid probably wouldn't want me to," she interrupted. "And that's why I ask you. I've been thinking it over, and I'm in earnest. Sid's awfully good to me,—I don't mean *that*. He's too good, and I can't go on for ever letting him pay my bills like this, and that's why I want to be making something. You might see that for yourself, I should think."

Carroll began impulsively, "If it's just that you don't want Sid—"

"What?"

"Nothing." He was beginning by degrees to discover those things which he might not say. "It was just something I'd better not have said, anyhow."

"Don't you think it would be nice?" she hazarded. Her eyes were upon his face. He returned the look unabashed.

"No, I don't think it would be at all nice," he said with decision. "I think it would be perfectly ridiculous."

"Then you won't help me?" Beatrice said, after a silence.

"No, I won't," Carroll answered. There was a trace of doggedness in his tone. "I don't want you to do it, and Sid don't want you to do it. I'd do anything in this world for you, Beatrice, and you know it, but I'm not going to help you do anything of that kind. Not when there isn't any reason for it."

"Other girls do."

"Other girls aren't you."

There is a certain failure on the part of every woman to comprehend why she should be set apart on a pedestal from the rest of her kind. Beatrice was not the first who has refused to accept distinctions.

"I think you are absolutely unreasonable, Carroll," she said. You talk like a schoolboy. Just because you havn't happened to come across any really nice girls who—"

"Oh, *that* hasn't anything to do with it," he interrupted hastily. "I know lots of 'em. There's one awfully nice girl who works in an office on the floor right below Elliott's studio."

"Oh," Beatrice said.

"But all the same," he finished, "that's no reason for my wanting you to. And what's more, you can ask Sid, and he'll tell you just the same."

"I don't believe Sid would care one bit. He's too sensible," she said. The fear of a possible shade of concession in her words made her add quickly, "Besides, it wouldn't make any difference if he did." It was apparent that a mere sense of dignity prevented her terminating her sentence with "So there!"

"Oh, you can do what you like, of course," Carroll said. His left hand was mechanically stretching octaves up the keyboard. "I'm not saying you can't. Only I don't want you to take any regular position like that, and I don't see any sense in it. Maybe it isn't any of my business, and I don't even suppose my wishes are likely to have any show in the matter—at present."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean that at present I have no particular right to say what you are to do and what you are not. It isn't as though we were married already."

The obvious unwisdom of the remark caused him to ejaculate "Oh Lord!" under his breath. He almost ducked his head towards the piano as one who expects to be summarily cuffed.

"If ever I *do* marry," said Beatrice slowly, "it will be with the distinct intention of doing exactly what I choose."

Carroll kicked savagely at the pedals. "Oh, if you're going to look at things that way—"

"Well?"

"If you're going to take that sort of attitude we might's well chuck the whole question and have done with it!"

Beatrice turned towards him with a very flushed face. She had pulled one of the pansies from her belt and it was crushed inside her clenched hand.

"I quite agree with you," she said tensely. "It would be a great deal better to drop the subject entirely. I hate you when you talk like that, Carroll, and I'm sorry I ever did say I'd m-marry you."

Carroll stared at her helplessly. "Why, I never meant that, Beatrice! You know I—"

"Perhaps you'll kindly explain what you *do* mean?"

"I meant—I—I mean I *didn't* mean—" he began miserably.

She made a sudden gesture of contempt.

"I *hate* people who don't mean what they say, and—and I wish you'd go, please. At once."

He glanced unhappily towards the door.

"Will you please go?" she repeated. She had opened her hand and was looking intently at the crushed-up blossom.

Carroll went. When he found himself on the outside step it was with a vague impression of having been carried there by the force of some cyclone. It was a grim comfort in his state of dejection to observe that the rain was falling steadily and that he had left his umbrella at the studio.

(*To be continued.*)

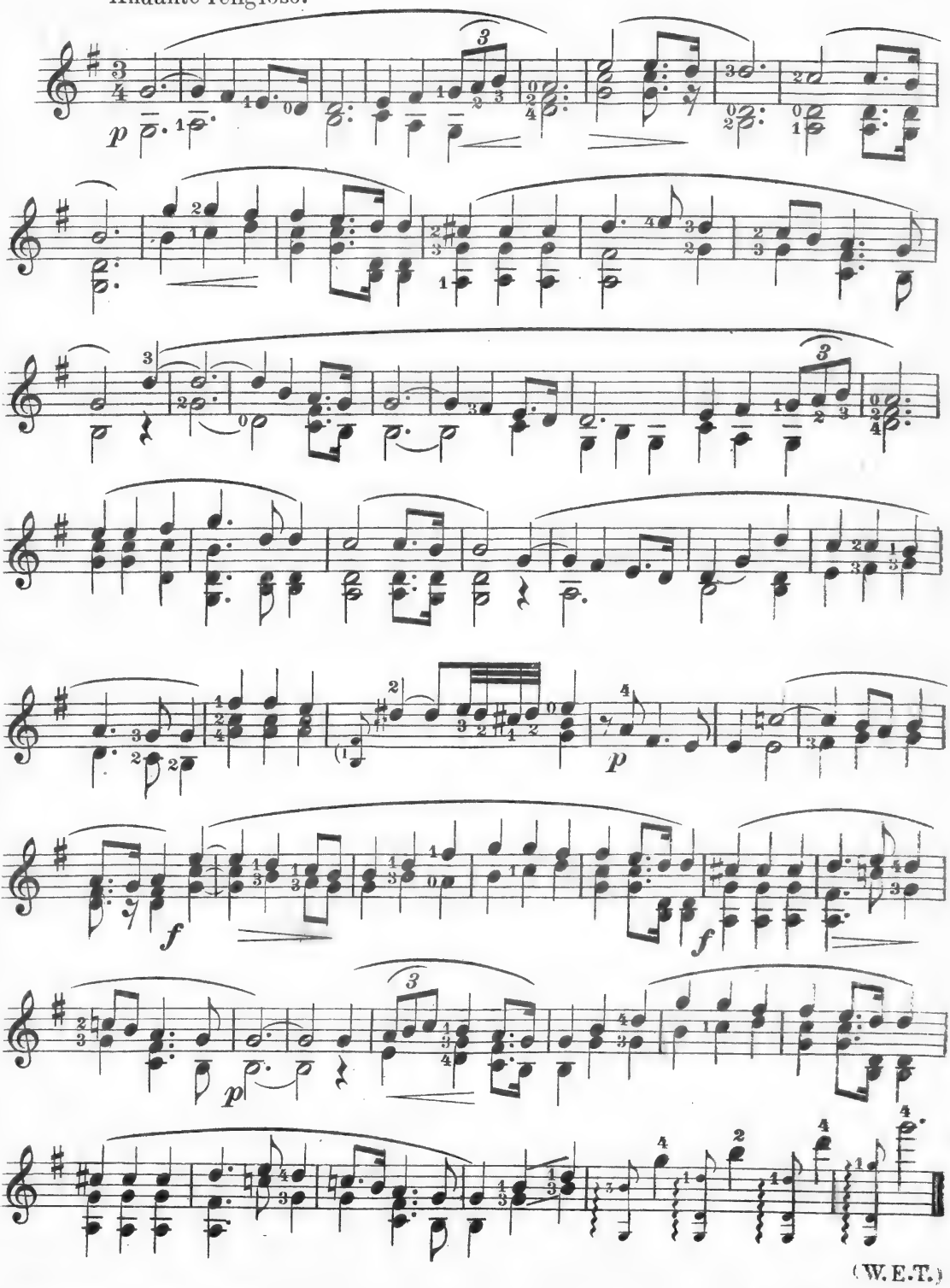
NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

FROM Messrs. Henry Moore and Co., Littlehampton, Sussex:—banjo solos, "Runaway Horse Galop," by Ashton Jeffree; "Dresden Shepherdess," Pastoral Dance, by R. MacDermot; "Rattlesnake," Break-down, by Ashton Jeffree; also "Lubly Belinda," coon song, guitar, banjo, and piano accompaniment, by R. J. MacDermot, and "At the coming of the Spring," C. Gardiner, with banjo accompaniment, by Ashton Jeffree.

HANDEL'S LARGO.

MANDOLINE SOLO.

Andante religioso.



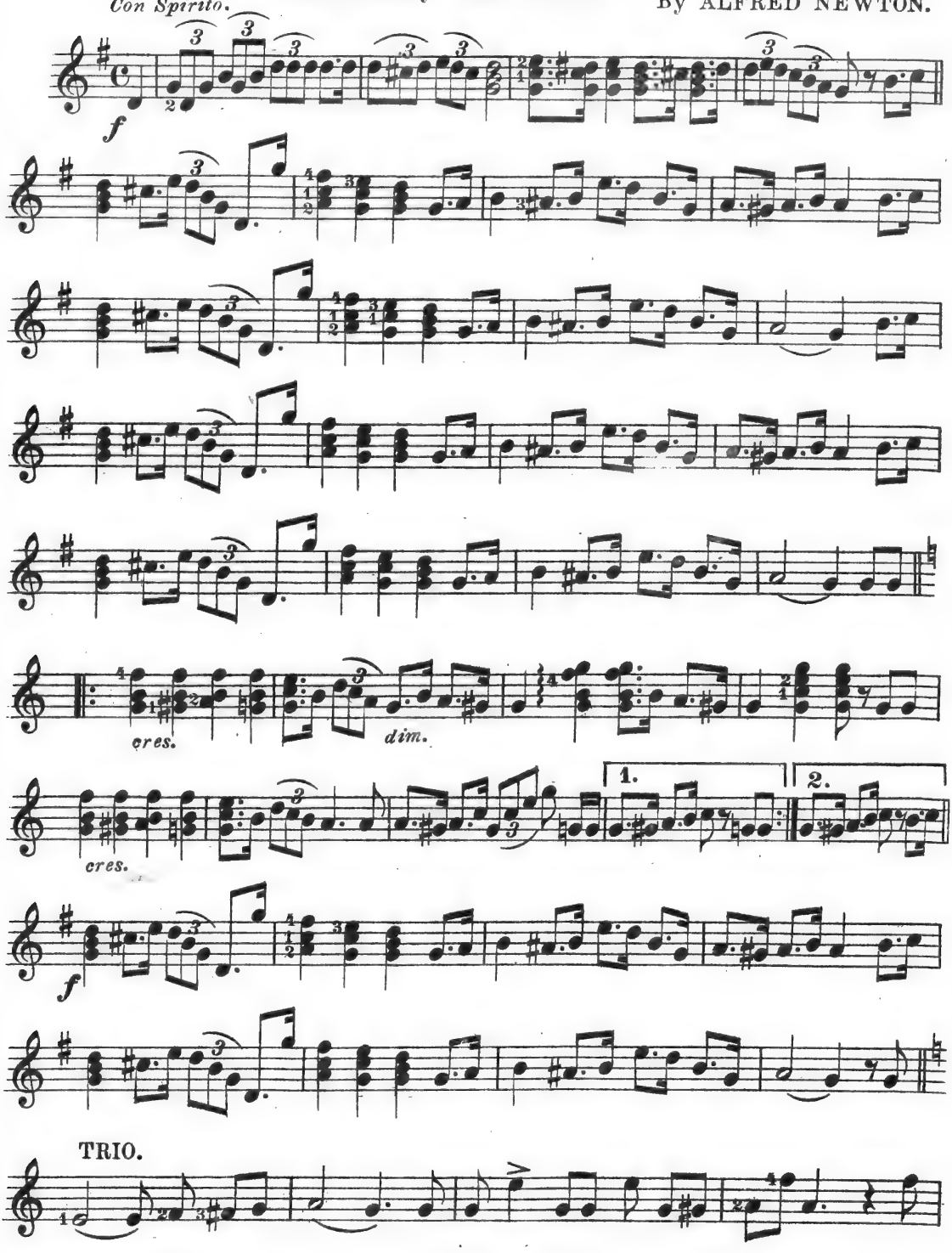
(W. E. T.)

THE CHELTONIA.

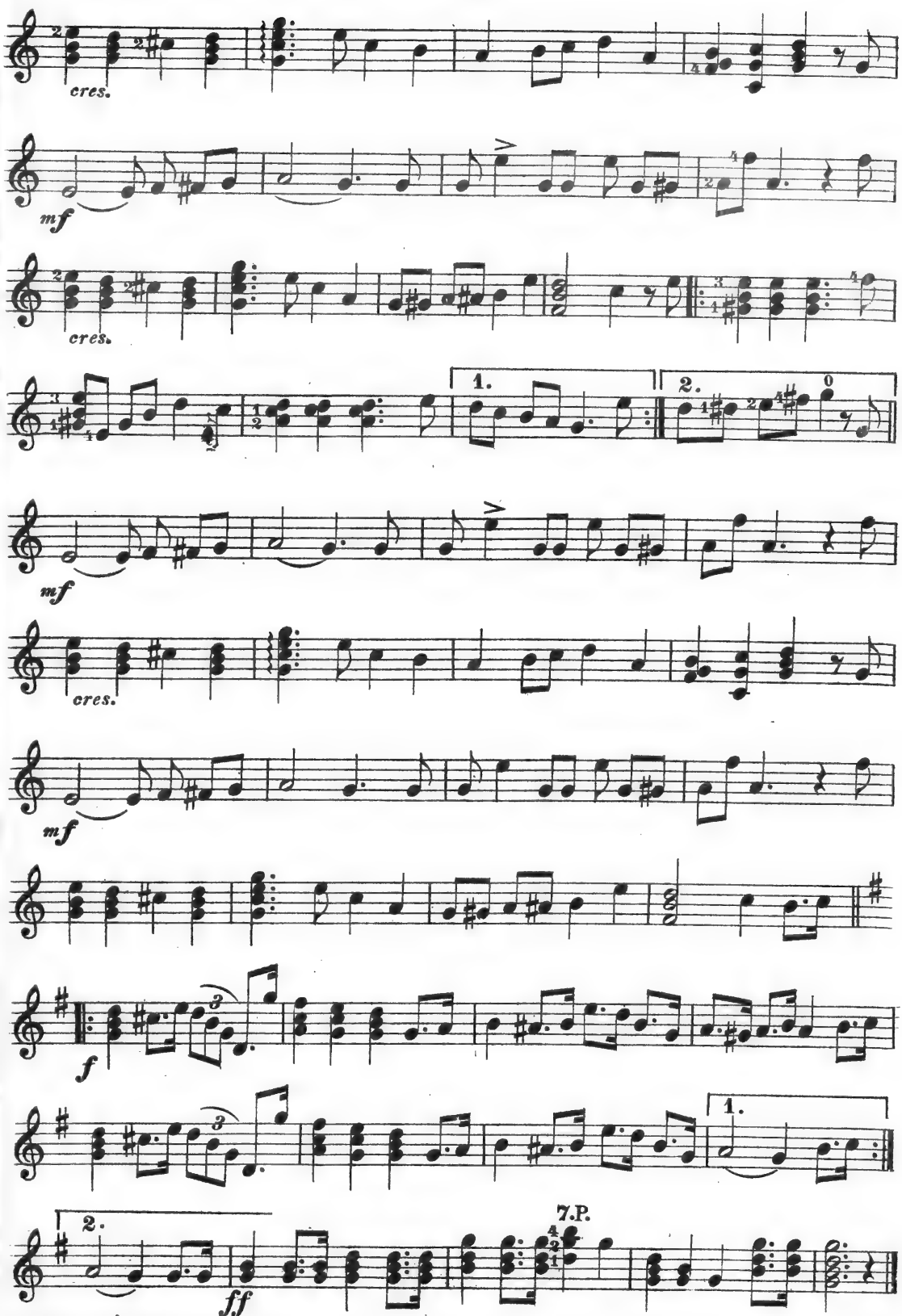
BANJO MARCH.

Published by W.E.TEMLETT.

By ALFRED NEWTON.



FASCINATION. (by same composer.) Banjo & Piano, 2/– nett. (W.E.T.)

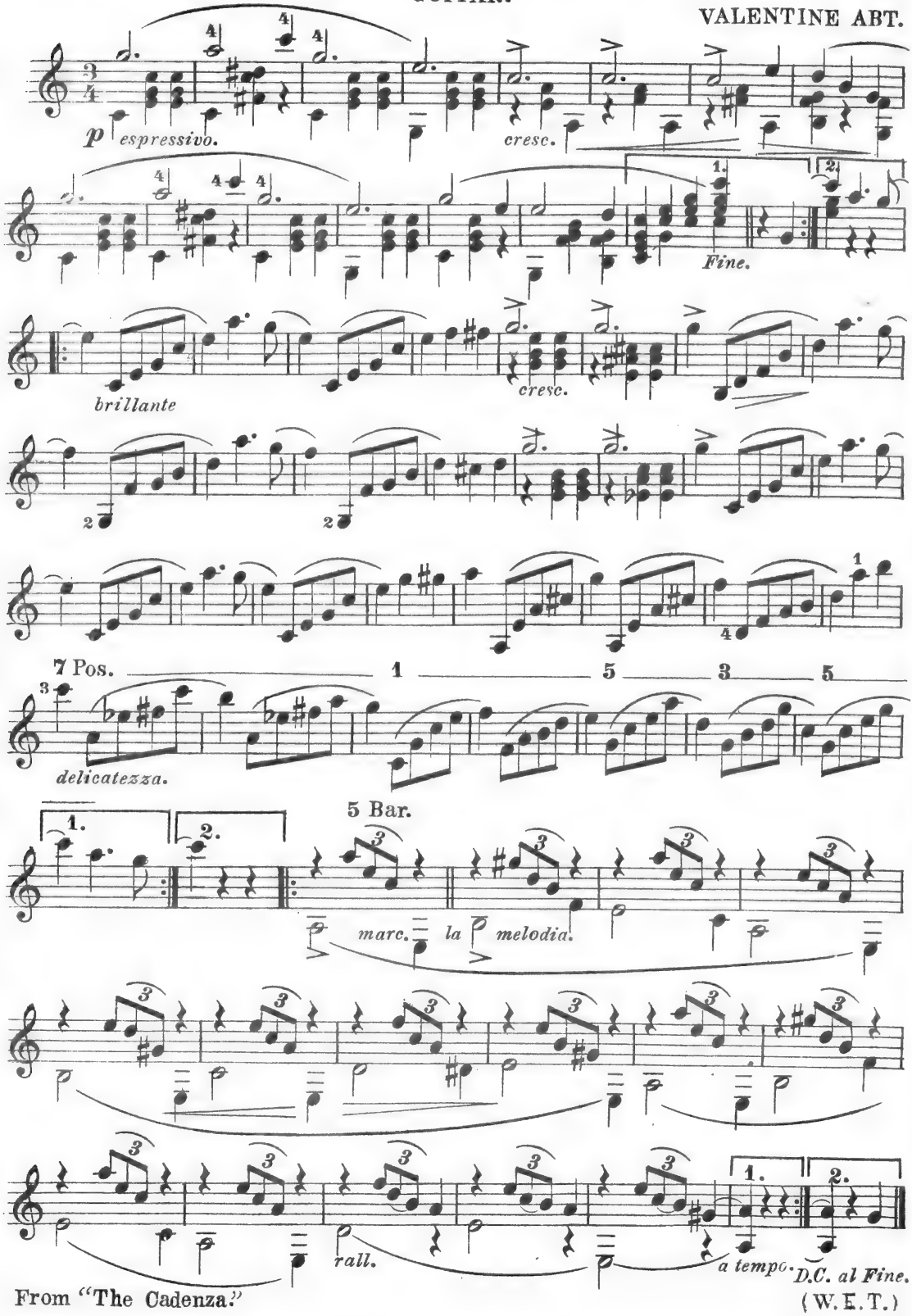


DINKEY'S PATROL.(by same composer.) Banjo & Piano 2/– nett.

VALSE SIMPLICITY.

GUITAR.

VALENTINE ABT.



From "The Cadenza."

(W. E. T.)

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are invited on any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR NEWS. *Matter must be written on one side of the paper only, and contributors are recommended to retain copies of MSS., as the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for the return of the same when not accepted.*

SOME FAULTS OF AMATEURS.

THIS is a bad subject to begin upon; very bad. I am in spirit already conscious of the amateur—*en masse*—fixing me with a glittering eye and demanding to know what I mean. But nearly every amateur, upon persuasion, can be induced to admit the faults of other amateurs, and it is these, of course, that I have in mind.

Now in general use—when I say "we" I am not, as an outside contributor, conceited enough to mean the BANJO NEWS; but we amateurs—we are characterised by taking just not quite enough trouble. We are apt to stop just short of the critical turning-point, the ten minutes, maybe, of extra perseverance which would mark the differenee between doing a thing properly and doing it merely very well. Very well is never well enough. The correct fingering of a certain passage entails trouble; we have perhaps two or three desultory "goes" at it, and leave it with the comfortable assurance, "Oh, I'll just let it go and come back to it later." But the point is that we never do come back to it later. We instead practise the whole piece straight through, particularly the easy parts—oh, I know—and when we come to the troublesome passage make a rush at it, get it through somehow, and flatter ourselves that no one will ever notice inaccuracy in the fingering. And then we go right on and learn something else.

All this has been said before, many times, but it is just this fault and none other, of not devoting sufficient time to the mastery of detail, that lies at the root of all the amateur's troubles. A very little extra pains taken would in nearly every instance make the difficulty clear, and it would not recur again: whereas carelessness in one little point leads to carelessness in others, and the result is exactly that scratchy, rushy, slipshod effect which too often characterises the performance of the average amateur, and leads to consequent indignation because their friends *will* refuse to regard the banjo as a "musical" instrument. And certainly from their own point of view the friends are to a certain extent justified.

The aiming at velocity of execution above all other considerations is responsible for a good deal too. Amateurs here are divisible into two classes; those who rely a great deal on "expression," viz., a lot of vibrato and lingering on bass notes, and those whose idea of a solo is that it should be given "smartly." Listening to a performance of the latter class, one is inclined to wish that the player would recollect, even if only for a few bars, that he is *not* competing against a motor car, but performing an instrumental solo. You expect every instant to hear the motive machinery run down with a click—only it never does. In their hands the banjo loses its sweetness of tone, and becomes a mere medium for the transmission of noise, which it does only too successfully. This continual straining after speed occupies the player's mind to the exclusion of everything else.

One fault which undue velocity is very quick to produce is unevenness of the two hands. That is to say, the left hand will be generally found to be a little in advance of the right. The finger is lifted from the stopped note a fraction of a second too soon, and the consequence is flatness of tone and also "wooliness," to use a very expressive term—two serious failings. The unison of right and left hand should be maintained to a nicety. And this again brings us back to the old original stumbling-block: insufficient practice. The player is not absolutely sure of a certain passage, and how he will get through it. He feels it coming a long way off, and begins to get ready quite two bars beforehand. The whole preceding part of the solo becomes in fact a mere nervous "working up" to that one point, which he takes finally with a rush and scramble, like a horse taking a steep bank, and slows down breathlessly on the other side; secure or not as the case may be.

I would like to reprint, in conclusion, for the benefit of the amateur who may never have read them, a few rules about practice which appear in the front of a tutor compiled by no less a person than Alfred A. Farland. Farland apparently knows the amateur backward. Here they are, and I may mention modestly that the italics are mine own.

"Fixed hours should be appointed for practice when possible, and those who expect to make anything like rapid progress should practice at least two hours per day. . .

"Practise *very* slowly at first, and when a passage is played correctly increase the speed to the desired degree. *If a mistake is made do not pass on*, but recommence the passage, and continue doing so until it can be played correctly throughout.

"If one or more measures are found more difficult than the rest, practice them until they can be *readily executed, after which* practise the whole passage.

"Do not expect you teacher to give you something new at every lesson unless you can play the previous one correctly and quite rapidly, and bear in mind that no piece or passage is played correctly until not a wrong finger is used, not a wrong string is struck, not a finger up when it ought to be down (this refers to sliding a finger of the left hand from one fret to another), the hands held in a proper position, *every note played clearly and distinctly*, and the piece or passage played in proportion throughout.

"No piece should be considered sufficiently practiced which cannot be played at least eight or ten times in succession *without an error*, and even when this can be accomplished, more practice is necessary in order to acquire more finish in the manner of executing it. If, on resuming the practice of it on another occasion, it should be incorrect (as will frequently be the case), it should be practised over and over again until it can be *with a certainty* played correctly.

"In a word—PRACTISE UNTIL PERFECT."

"B. A."

THE MISSES HALFPENNY'S RECITAL AT FOREST GATE.

THE BANJO *Special.*

SINCE preliminary announcements appeared, the Misses Halfpenny's Recital has been looked forward to with a considerable degree of interest, as was testified by the large audience gathered in Earlham Hall on the evening of December 11th. Many well-known members of the banjo fraternity, both professional and journalistic, were present, and we have great pleasure in recording a most successful evening. The stage was most tastefully decorated. The programme, well arranged, opened with orchestral selections, "Drexel March," and "Entrancement." The Amateur Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Dora Halfpenny, show the results of excellent training. Their performance was perhaps rather deliberate, but this is by no means a bad fault in so large an organisation, and their playing was otherwise beyond criticism. Mr. Arthur Sullivan was warmly encored for "Toronto Jig," and responded with a smart Polka March, both of his own composition. He was in even better form later on the programme in "Entre-Nous," a very charming waltz, and quite one of the best things he has yet written. Miss Laura Harris, a very clever pupil of Miss Ida Halfpenny's, gave "L'Infanta March" in splendid style and in encore a quickstep by Cammeyer. She proves well the saying that the pupil reflects the teacher, and we shall hope to hear more of her in the future. The Banjo Trio, comprising Messrs. Tymms, B. T. Cliffe and J. Williams, were well received for their rendering of "Cooee, Ma Girlee," from "The Messenger Boy."

Miss Ida Halfpenny, who we believe won her earliest laurels as mandolin soloist, gave an exquisite rendering of Gounod's "Serenata," and was also heard to advantage as leader of the Ladies' Mandolin Band; whose selection from "The Bohemian Girl" was quite one of the best performances of its kind we have heard for a long while. They were deservedly encored, and responded with "Casino." A special word of praise must be given to the charming and accomplished little lady at the piano, Miss Lily White, whose accompaniment would have done credit to many an older performer.

Miss Annie King, already known to many of the audience as an accomplished and finished performer upon the zither-banjo, showed all her accustomed skill in a performance of "Intermezzo in C," by S. A. Halfpenny, winning great applause.

Quite among the best concerted numbers was the Banjo Quartet "Ordered Out," by Misses Ida Halfpenny, Annie King, M. McCulloch and A. Clough. The playing of these ladies was at once brilliant and artistic, and the selection itself excellently arranged.

As a zither-banjo soloist, Miss Ida Halfpenny is following ably in the footsteps of her late talented brother. Musician and artist to her finger-tips, she combines natural giftedness and love of her instrument with the advantages of an exceptional technical education, and her rendition both of Beethoven's "Scherzo" (Op. 2, No. 3), and of the more popular "March Hongroise" should place her beyond cavil among the foremost soloists of the day—above one or two as regards sympathy and delicacy of tone. She was unanimously encored, and responded with a very pretty selection, we believe by Cammeyer. We may add that Miss Halfpenny enjoys a very rare advantage in her sister's most sympathetic and skilful accompaniment.

Thoroughly enjoyable and praiseworthy was the mandolin and guitar duet, Durand's "First Valse," by Miss Annie King and Miss Ida Halfpenny. Madam Ethel Bevans was enthusiastically received for her songs,

"There's a Land" and "Will Love still Live," as was also Mr. Alexander Tucker, his grand bass voice being heard at its best in "Big Ben" and "The Old Trombone;" he gave, in response to an encore for the latter, a rollicking old English Ballad, "Richard of Taunton Deane." Mr. Roland Henry kept the audience well entertained by his humorous musical sketches.

Miss Dora Halfpenny must have been pretty well tired out by the close of the concert, for in addition to conducting the orchestra, she also assisted with the guitar in the Ladies' Mandolin Band, while her faultless accompaniments went a long way toward making the evening the success it was. Unfortunately the Great Eastern trains wait for no one except themselves, so we missed the last item on the programme, "Kennedy's Galop," but carried away with us a very admirable impression of the work the Misses Halfpenny are doing in the banjo, mandolin and guitar sphere, and every good wish for their continued future success.

MR. A. D. CAMMEYER'S FESTIVAL AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

GENERAL verdict has already gone forth to the effect that Mr. Cammeyer is very greatly to be congratulated upon the success of his festival which took place on December 6th. We have seldom seen a larger audience in St. James's Hall upon "banjo nights," and certainly never a more enthusiastic one. Mr. Cammeyer has won thoroughly the support of the public, as artist, concert organiser, and business man, and the other evening sufficed to demonstrate that they are with him, as the Yankees say, "right through."

The opening selection, Ajaccio Scene from "The Runaway Girl," by the Amateur Orchestra, was smartly given and well received. The Dexter Trio (Messrs. Stanford Rogers, J. C. Bertolle and J. G. Tait), scored a success with "L'Infanta;" we notice they use the Glynn-Hunter adaptation of the trio in this march, as played by Messrs. Mays and Hunter. Their turn was excellent, and deserving of a better place on the programme. The Fletcher Family are clever mandolinists, and their rendering of a "Nautical Fantasia" was heard to great advantage. They owe much to the leadership of that really brilliant soloist, Mr. J. W. Fletcher, Junior.

The word "amateur" becomes a fancy term when applied to Mr. Harry J. Fiske, who could give points to a good many professionals in his manipulation of the zither-banjo. He was in splendid form, and his rendition of Cammeyer's "Serenade" was throughout artistic and musicianly. Mr. Fiske is a wonderfully clear player, and his delicacy of tone lost nothing from the size of the hall. He was recalled with enthusiasm. Mr. S. S. Weeks, mandolin soloist, played a Concerto in G minor, which was somewhat above the heads of the audience, and deserved an even better reception than was accorded it; for it was the performance of a skilled musician, and far and away beyond the usual "concert solo."

Mdlle. Marguerite Aubert was recalled for her very charming singing of a little chansonette. Mr. Frank Lincoln, the humourist of the evening, gave some clever national imitations, including one of an American political speech; he was encored persistently and responded at last with a representation of a German anarchist which fairly brought down the house.

Mr. A. D. Cammeyer, in the opinion of many, never played to better advantage than in his solo "Valse des Fleurs," selected by special request. Each occasion one hears him impresses more strongly the fact that he is, par excellence, *the* artist of the zither-banjo. In response to the invariable earnest encore he gave a very good "quickstep." Miss Staniforth played as a mandolin solo "Les Adieux" (Sarasate). Her performance was very good, but bore trace of the amateur. The Boccoccio Quartet, in which we noticed Messrs. Francia and Stanley, contributed some bright vocal-instrumental selections; they sang in Italian and the audience applauded with a great air of understanding every word. One of the best items of the evening was the 'cello solo "Berceuse," by Mr. J. Messias, accompanied by the orchestra. Mr. Messias, and also Miss K. Purcell, assisted the orchestra in "Rays of Sunshine" with good effect. Their following selections, "Honey's Holiday" and "Ordered Out," were also excellent.

Mr. Frank H. Whetsel is a clever banjoist, but was handicapped by his instrument being unfortunately slightly out of tune. He was warmly encored however. Signor Leopoldo Francia was in his best form, both in "Fantasia Ungherese" and "Scéne de Ballet;" the selections were well chosen and admirably played, as goes without saying.

Mr. Franco Piper, banjo eccentric, gave a waltz played with a plectrum on a zither-banjo—not an altogether happy idea—and followed it by some clever "trick solos."

Preliminary to his swinging act with two banjos, we noticed attempts at stealthy retreat on part of those of the orchestra immediately behind him on the stage, and a banjo is certainly a murderous weapon of assault. There were however no casualties, and the audience applauded him warmly.

The guitar solo, "Habanero" by Senor Pantaleon Miquella, was a thoroughly artistic performance, and showed great technical skill. Mr. A. W. Kydd played very correctly Cammeyer's "Valse de Concert," but his work lacks individuality. The Sisters Skinner are as clever little duettists as ever; we were very pleased to see that on this occasion they were at last permitted to take their encore, which they gave with great spirit and no small skill. Senor L. Pietrapertosa, mandolinist, contributed a very fine rendition of Gounod's "Meditation" from "Faust," followed by a Mazurka of Wieniawski's. The Amateur Orchestra closed the performance with the ever cheerful "Soldiers in the Park."

We could have enjoyed more vocal items, but otherwise the programme was beyond criticism; and the festival was from end to end a notable success. Messrs. J. M. Capel, Arthur Fagge and Frank Lambert and Miss Skinner fulfilled admirably the role of accompanist.

I HAVE been making New Year resolutions. One of them is to kill the Editor. He is an ungrateful cuss, and after all that I do for him, too! Only a week or two ago I offered to help him out with some of the other columns because he was so busy. Everyone is always so busy in the holidays if you notice. Yesterday he came to me and said, "I want you to listen to this." I could see it was my own copy, so I replied, "Oh, certainly." He read out: "Answers to Correspondents. 'J. T., Liverpool.—If you rub the head of your banjo every night with vaseline, it will render it impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.' 'Beginner.' 'No, it is unnecessary to use the third finger on E in the passage you refer to. You can do it quite as well with your foot.' 'Lucky Jim.'—'If, as you say, your son is now four months old and can play 'West Lawn Polka '————"

"Stop!" I said, quite quietly. "What is the matter with that?"

"Matter?" he shouted. "Matter! and listen here. I tell you to write up that concert report! Very well. Look what you've put. 'The next item on the programme was an eight bar handicap between banjo and piano. Piano had the first pull, but banjo caught up on the sixth lap and came in an easy first amid enthusiastic applause.'"

"Well, you told me to make it bright and descriptive," I said, "without losing sight of accuracy."

"Losing sight of accuracy," said the Editor, "I wish to heaven you'd lose sight of yourself!"

* * *

And he went out and banged the door. I considered his parting words unkind. I could have sat down and cried about it, because it is so discouraging to do your very best for anyone and then have them turn around on you like that. But it's always the way in this world. And I think the Editor means well, too, only he has an unfortunate manner. Now the banjo is a subject that I do really know a good deal about, because I was an amateur once, and only forsook the pursuit at the earnest entreaty of my relatives. They considered it did not present sufficient scope for my talents. Anyway that was how they put it. But I have a friend who is in the profession. People have occasionally referred to him in my hearing as a genius, though I have known him too long to altogether endorse this. At all events, he is a clever man, as may be judged by the fact that I have only once seen him utterly and completely floored. It was by a clerical gentleman at a musicale. The clerical gentlemen said: "So I understand you are a famous performer on the—er—banjo, Mr. Smith! Indeed. Now I wonder if you can tell me something I have never quite understood. What *is* the difference between a banjo and a—mandolin?"

* * *

It cost me an even three-and-six to get him round. But even that was nothing to the remark of a lady (and this is also genuine) which I overheard once, also at a musical evening. These things seem to

happen there. A complicated banjo solo was in progress, and she broke off her *sotto-voce* conversation to remark in a loud aside. "How pretty! Do they put paper in the piano to make that noise? Oh, I *see*! It's other gentleman making it!"

And the expression on the soloist's face was worth quite fourpence.

* * *

One is always glad to see justice triumph, even in the case of the much abused London, Chatham and Dover. In a paragraph headed "Cut to pieces by Trains," a London daily related some weeks back how a man "was killed on the L. C. and D. Railway near Sheerness. *He had been summoned for defrauding the railway company on several occasions.*"

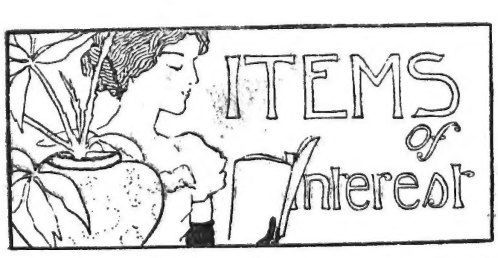
* * *

Justice of course is justice, but the sentence of capital punishment seems to me excessive, even for defrauding the company, Said company might have stretched a point and given the unfortunate man one more chance, or at the least let him off with ten years hard.

* * *

I was one of the crowd a while ago at a banjo concert, and saw a performer doing some clever trick playing. One of his tricks was to revolve two long-suffering banjos around like tops on the stage while he picked out a tune (?) on their strings. When he had finished I glanced around and saw no less than five of the audience in my immediate vicinity busily demonstrating to someone else by pantomime exactly how the trick was done. It reminded one of the old "spiral staircase" gag. "And the critic muttered behind the unstifled yawn, 'It is pretty, but is it Art?'"

THE CORNER MAN.



ANOTHER new journal is to hand, the F.O.G., hailing from Cleveland, U.S.A., and published by F. O. Gutman. It is a smart little paper, containing up-to-date articles, half-tone portraits and news in plenty. We wish the new comer every success.

Mr. Frederick Pleon's banjo, mandolin and guitar band commences the new term on Wednesday, January 9th, at eight o'clock. Mr. Pleon would be glad to welcome a few more banjeaurine and guitar players, for whom there are at present vacancies, to complete the band. Intending members will receive all particulars by addressing enquiries to Mr. Pleon's Studios, 66, Stoke Newington Road, N.W.

* * *

Mr. D. Milner, Junior, has been meeting with flattering notices of his success as zither-banjo soloist at many recent concerts. Mr. Milner ranks among the cleverest of our rising provincial artistes, and he is a great favourite in the North, whence he hails. His repertoire includes the well-known "William Tell" finale; also several of Parkes Hunter's compositions "Kennedy's Galop," "Narcissus," and "West Lawn." Mr. Milner is likewise a mandolinist of no small ability.

* * *

We are in receipt of an attractive circular from the Homer-Clifton Banjo Quartet, who are enjoying a busy concert season. This smart company, of whom the individual members are well known, have met with the greatest success both in London and the provinces. Their selections range from popular to classic. The Quartet comprises Mr. W. Ernest Homer, Miss Annette Lilley, Miss Maude Evans and Mr. Rex Clifton.

* * *

NOTHING SO COMMON.

WELL-KNOWN TEACHER:—"I understand that your's is an 'ordinary' banjo?"

PROSPECTIVE PUPIL (from an altitude):—"On the contrary, it is a most expensive instrument!"

* * *

A lady patronising a West End London paper, advertises in its educational column, "The Mandolin taught as it should be played." Terms presumably in advance.

* * *

Messrs. Edgar and Eugene are fulfilling important engagements this month at the Parthenon and the Palace, Liverpool. Mr. W. E. Temlett has received a letter from them as follows:—"We should like to have another 'Mozart' for our own use, as we find

quite a difference when we break a string on the Mozart and have to pick up the ——."

* * *

Mr. Will C. Pepper informs us that he is giving his next banjo concert at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, on Friday, March 15th. We hope to be able to give our readers full particulars in our next issue.

* * *

M. A. H. N. Kennedy has consented as president of the Aston Banjo Club to play a couple of his latest solos at their concert on the 28th inst. The Club have in rehearsal "Apollo March," "Love and Beauty" Waltzes, "Darkies Patrol" and "White Coons."

* * *

Our representative called upon Mr. Clifford Essex recently and found him very busy. He is giving a concert at the Kensington Town Hall soon, of which we hope to give further particulars next month. Mr. Essex has in band rehearsal "Reign of Love," "Columbian March" and "Dreams of Darkie Land."

* * *

Mr. Sucksmith is giving his fourth annual Pupils' Concert at Unity Hall, King Street, Oldham, on January 12th.

* * *

The Bijou Banjo Band, (Conductor, Mr. C. Whyte-Rule, Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Gray) which rehearses at Chard's Music Warehouse, Tottenham, is very busy this season. As the band can give part or the whole of a programme including banjo and zither-banjo solos, songs, glees and banjo-mandoline duets, as well as band selections, they are in considerable request in North London. Residents in the locality should not miss a chance of hearing them.

* * *

A bit of good advice for mandolin players who wish to produce tone from their instrument comes to us from Miss Beatrice Mathilde, the well-known teacher and soloist. This is, to use always a *hard* plectrum. A beginner's general failing is to use a soft one, because it is easier, and in doing so they make a great mistake.

* * *

"It isn't so much the energy, or the strength of will, or the power of brain or arm, or the training or the special fitness that enables us to accomplish things—it is the desire for the result. Desire brings concentration and concentration gives power."

* * *

Miss —— to Mrs. ——, whose daughter is at the piano: "Your daughter has a nice touch. Where did she study?"

"Oh, my daughter did not take any lessons. She is a *naturalist*?"

* * *

One day the newspapers said Verdi was practising on a bicycle. A few days afterwards they reported him at work on a requiem.—*Etude.*

* * *

The autograph manuscript of Bellini's operas, "Novina" and "Beatrice di Tenda," have been bought by the Italian Government for the National Musical Academy in order to prevent their being sold to an outside purchaser.

* * *

"At Southsea this autumn a really mysterious band of minstrels created a sensation by their performances on the pier, and the ladies in the town were wildly enthusiastic and curious about them. The less sensible of the womenkind showered presents on the masked performers, and the violinist of the company was given a fiddle which is valued at £150. Of course the minstrels were not, as was rumoured, disguised aristocrats. Mr. Concorde, the agent who sent them down from London, had simply made a new departure by getting experienced artists to sing and play thus disguised. The tenor was Mr. Reginald Brophy, who is well-known on the operatic stage, and the others of the band were performers well known on the concert platform."—*Evening News.*

* * *

"A tower is to be built near Spa on a hill 1,700ft. high, on which will be placed musical strings, which will vibrate with the breeze."—*Daily Mail.*

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS.

The Aston Banjo Club fourth annual evening concert, the Town Hall, Limehouse, E., on Monday, the 28th inst. Popular prices from 6d.

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(Signed) MAYS & HUNTER.

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